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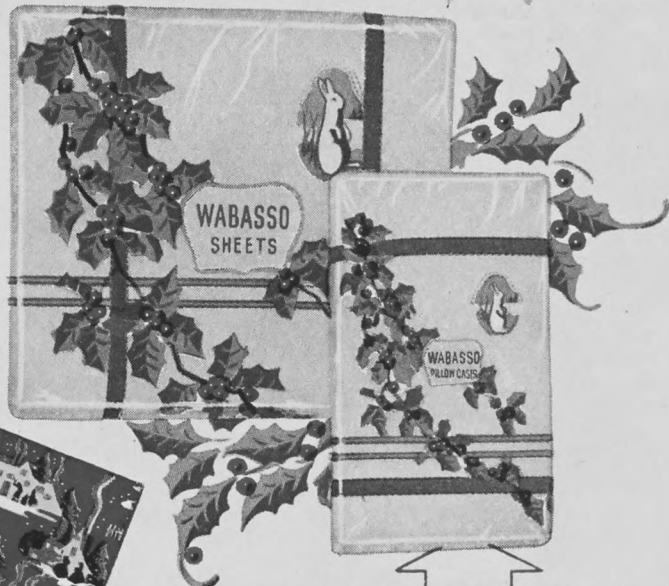
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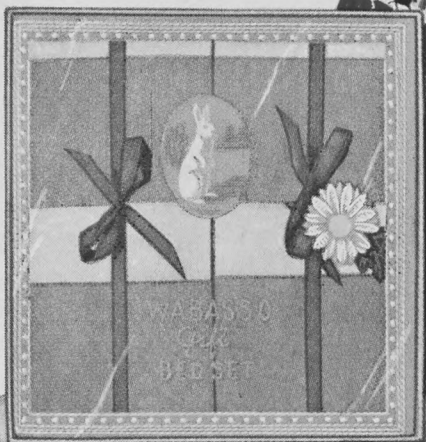
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More Grain Will Go West

B.C.'s postwar agriculture will take new angles

By CHAS. L. SHAW

IMPROVEMENT in the shipping situation on the Pacific, due to virtual elimination of enemy sinkings, the Allies' mastery of trans-ocean routes and the tremendous increase in freighter building, may result in a much larger diversion of grain to British Columbia ports before the close of

the present crop year. cal clearing of land. This means a great deal in a province such as British Columbia, where forests are heavy and widespread and costs of land clearing are often ruinous to the small farmer.

The government plans to establish a series of depots from which farmers may rent land-clearing machinery such as stump-pullers, bull-dozer, tractors and trucks at reasonable expense. It is expected that there will be a large surplus of this machinery after the war and that it can be profitably employed in British Columbia's farm areas.

The program is a part of the government's long-term plan to encourage agricultural settlement after the war. There are 13,250,000 acres of agricultural land in the province, of which only 4,000,000 acres, or less than one-third, has so far been occupied. Another part of the plan is the building of new highways and the improvement of existing roads, especially those serving farm areas.

The Okanagan is working on a post-war scheme to provide all-season employment and eliminate the sudden emergencies that invariably arise during spraying and harvesting periods. Some of the Okanagan communities have 10 per cent or more of their men and women in the war services, and they will presumably be looking for employment in their home region when the war is over. During the last two or three years the Okanagan has been forced to mobilize workers from outside to help during the critical times of labor shortage, but when normal conditions return the orchard country will probably not have to look far afield for its supply of farm help. But as conditions are today there may be long intervals between employment peaks. How will the men and women be provided with jobs during those periods?

To find the answer to this riddle some of the Okanagan cities, notably Vernon, are sending out questionnaires. They hope to receive replies such as will suggest what industries should be encouraged for all-year operation. Possibly dehydration and cold storage plants, such as have sprung up through the valley during the past year or so, will relieve the situation to some extent.

Varnished Cherries and Pitless Apricots

Two new and promising varieties of fruit are being developed at the Summerland Experimental Station. One is a cherry with a natural varnish that strongly tends to prevent splitting. The other is a new type of apricot, free from the stone. At present there is said to be only one tree in the world bearing this fruit, whose taste is described as delicious.

Community cold storage lockers are growing in popularity in British Columbia's country districts.

Crews from the United States, armed with spraying equipment, are helping to battle the pear psylla in British Columbia orchards this year. Special traps are also being set—flat pieces of material covered with a yellow sticky substance that are hung on trees. The yellow color is said to attract the psylla.

A wild plant, native to Cowichan on Vancouver Island, may play a part in supplying the world with rubber if experiments being carried on in Burnaby, near Vancouver, and by a Chinese grower near Duncan are brought to a successful conclusion.

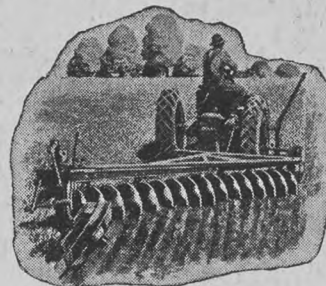
The plant is the *lactuca biennis* (Moench) fern, commonly known as wild lettuce. It grows to a height of some 11 feet and is found in low-lying, swampy land. The flower resembles the thistle. It is an annual and the seed must be planted each year.

A Hollander, Nich Boldt, living in Burnaby, says that tests conducted during the last six years show that the plant has a potential yield of 3,500 pounds of latex a year per acre, at a cost of 25 cents per pound, against 80 cents per pound on the conventional rubber plantation.

Tribute to the men in the Royal Canadian Navy



Royal Canadian Navy Photo



TO THE MEN in the Royal Canadian Navy goes a large share of the honor and gratitude of the United Nations.

Escorting convoys in the North Atlantic... serving in the Mediterranean and the Aleutian Islands... and manning flotillas in the troop landings in Africa, Sicily and France, these men have played a magnificent part in shaping history.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Right now the most important assignment of the Crucible Steel Company of America is the manufacture of many fighting tools for allied victory... high explosive and armor-piercing shells of all dimensions, big guns for war and merchant ships and technically precise periscope tubes for submarines. In addition to these, Crucible also supplies hundreds of thousands of tons of quality steels to other companies for the manufacture of many important fighting weapons.

Workers at Crucible are proud of the war-time job they are doing. They are proud also of the job they have done in producing increased quantities of La Belle Disk Blades for the "Food Front"... both in Canada and the United States. Demands for these blades have been unusually heavy, and Crucible is making every effort to distribute them equitably.



CRUCIBLE STEEL COMPANY of America

Agricultural Division

405 LEXINGTON AVENUE . . . NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



the present crop year.

One factor contributing to such a movement is the short crop of grain in Australia and the inability of that country to make good on supply contracts to buyers outside the commonwealth.

Shipping wheat by way of the Pacific ports would ease pressure on the railroads to some extent because it would relieve congestion at eastern terminals. In recent months there has been a substantial increase in the volume of lumber shipped by deep sea routes from British Columbia ports, and there is no reason why the ships loading lumber should not augment their cargoes with grain, as they used to do before the war virtually paralyzed the Pacific grain export route.

Before the war, of course, a considerable proportion of the grain harvested in the western prairies was shipped through Vancouver or other Pacific coast ports. In 1932-33, more than 90,000,000 bushels of wheat were exported by that route, but when the war placed a premium on shipping and it was necessary to transfer most of the available tonnage to the Atlantic, grain and other deep sea shipments from Vancouver declined to a mere trickle. Now, however, the tide seems to be turning. Vancouver is the natural port for shipment from Alberta, being 642 miles from Calgary, or about half the distance from Calgary to the head of the Lakes. The freight rate from Calgary to Vancouver is 20 cents a hundred as compared with 26 cents a hundred from Calgary to Fort William. For that reason many Alberta grain growers as well as business and shipping interests on the coast will welcome a return of the westward flow of grain.

B.C.F.A. in Session

Delegates representing some 15,000 primary producers in British Columbia were expected to attend the eleventh annual meeting of the British Columbia Federation of Agriculture late in November. Among the important subjects slated for discussion was the projected price floor for farm products and the need for a federal natural products marketing law. A draft of proposed legislation along this line has been completed by a committee of the federation headed by George A. Barrat, chairman of Tree Fruits Board of Kelowna, and this will form the basis for discussion.

Some growers are rather anxious because of the prospect of wartime controls being removed from farming after the war. Such action might conceivably cripple the co-operative efforts of fruit growers in the Okanagan and other farmers who have been able to maintain stabilized markets through wartime support of Ottawa. The well-being of the Okanagan fruit industry is largely based on the principle of compulsory co-operative marketing, and to remove the props from that system might have far-reaching effect. Growers are hopeful that the federal government, impressed by the excellent record made during the war with the aid of special legislation, will take steps to make the machinery permanently operative.

The provincial government is providing increased facilities for the mechan-

The Christmas Chimes of Big Ben

Few will begrudge the honors which the passing centuries of Time have bequeathed to Big Ben, the ancient clock in the tower of Westminster, above the mother of parliaments, cradle of much of the world's accepted law and its free institutions.

Throughout the siege of London, from 1940 onward; amid the terror of fire and destruction from bombs; amid the later menace of the robot bomb, Big Ben has continued to peal out the defiant anthem of the Free. . . .

Its valorous, victorious chimes are heard all over the world---an inspiration to free peoples, and a stern warning to those who would decry freedom. . . .

On Christmas morning this hoary old time-piece will once again ring out the glad tidings of Peace and Good Will. Our own Canadian carillon will join in happy unison; for despite the sadness and the sorrow caused by war, Peace remains the ultimate aim and high destiny of humanity.

The reign of Peace on Earth is the goal of the heroism and sacrifice of the thousands who have fought and died for freedom's sake, as it is the responsibility of every citizen for whom so much that is precious has been sacrificed. . . .

May Peace on Earth be the answered prayer of millions of men, women and children throughout the civilized world in the days to come.

*On behalf of the Board of Directors of
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED
I extend to you and yours the Season's
Greetings*

HAMILTON BUILDING,
WINNIPEG, CANADA,
December,
Nineteen-forty-four

R. A. Law.
President.



TIME

Marches Past

THE Country GUIDE

The Vengeance Weapons

WHEN Hitler, while he could still talk, boasted of his secret weapons, he had something up his sleeve all right. Early in the morning of June 13, the first Robot bomb arrived. It was shot down. But there were more to follow. In the 2½ months that the bomb siege lasted, 8,070 robots were counted. Of these about one quarter fell into the channel or went wandering; some 3,700 were stopped by guns, balloons and fighter planes, over 2,300 reached London. Nearly 25,000 homes were destroyed, over 50,000 badly damaged and nearly a million less seriously damaged. The human toll was 5,864 killed, 17,197 seriously injured and over 23,000 slightly hurt. They were mostly civilians.

V1 was a pilotless plane, roughly 17½ feet in wingspread and over 25 feet long. Its jet propulsion engine was mounted on top and fuelled for a trip with 125 gallons of gasoline. Of its gross weight of 3½ tons, one ton was high explosive. It had a speed between 300 and 400 m.p.h. and flew at an average height of 2,300 feet.

V2, the flying telegraph pole, has no wings and the jet propulsion mechanism is within the body. It is a giant rocket, 30 to 60 feet long, has a range of about 300 miles and reaches a height of 60 or 70 miles. It travels from 1,000 to 3,500 miles an hour, and strikes almost perpendicularly, with a speed that is faster than sound, so that it cannot be heard coming. It buries itself deeply and creates a big crater, but its ton of explosive does not cause such widespread damage as V1.

The rocket bomb may be the great weapon of the next war, if there is to be a next war. The Germans have threatened to start landing V3 on New York by the end of this month. If they do it should shut and padlock the trap of the last isolationist.

Pro-Nazi Weather

THE British are loath to be hard on the weatherman. For saving them at Dunkerque they are ready to overlook a lot of his vagaries. The Russians too, for that first winter of their great trial, have reason to bless him. The supermen hadn't counted on living outdoors on the steppes through a Russian winter and Russia had seen half a dozen czars and the revolution since she had seen such a winter as that.

Then the weather went pro-Nazi. There have been some bad springs and falls for chasing supermen off the Black Earth of the Ukraine. As for the other Allies, the weather in Algiers was bad enough, but when they got to sunny Italy the sun quit shining and for months they bogged down in the gooey mud. Even the Channel went pro-Nazi, and it the English Channel at that. D-day on the Normandy coast had to be postponed but finally the dash was made

and the Atlantic Wall was breached by seasick soldiers. Not for 60 years has such weather prevailed as that which raged for weeks while a great army and the thousands of things any army wants, from bandages to tanks, had to be landed on an open beach.

But the unkindest cut of all was staged by the weather while those heroic paratroopers were holding back the Nazis at Arnhem. Without the rains, the British Second army could have reached them. With clear skies the bombers and fighters could have mixed the Germans with the ground they stood on. Ever since we reached the dykelands of Holland it has been mines and mud, mud, mines and floods. On the American Front the Nazis have had reason to bless the rains that hindered the tanks, guns and trucks this fall and the clouds that hampered their air support. Dropping bombs a few yards ahead of advancing troops requires a clear visibility. On the other side of the world, on Leyte, it has been the same story. There it was the whipping gales of the monsoon.

There is one great power which the Allies would welcome to their side. It is Field Marshal Weather.

Battle For Supply Lines

THE Japs are taking Leyte seriously. The Philippines are in their home defense waters. Established there, the Americans would command the sea routes from Tokyo to the East Indies, Indo-China and Singapore. The naval battle, described last month, was an at-

tempt to cut MacArthur's supply lines and isolate him. That was why the Japs risked the Imperial Fleet. It took an awful drubbing.

But that didn't settle it. The Japs are throwing everything they can at and into Leyte. From land bases their airforce is strafing the Americans constantly. They have even denuded their home air defense to do it. That is why the Superfortresses find little air opposition over Japan.

The Americans have been delayed, by the monsoon and by the strafing, in getting their land bases built. Even bulldozers can't build bases out of mud. MacArthur has to depend largely on carriers to launch his air protection, though at that he is playing hob with Jap shipping and installations. When he gets his bases ready, he will be able to put the Jap bases on the other Philippines out of business. The Japs have been also throwing their best available troops into the Leyte fight. From adjacent islands they were able to sneak some in at night. MacArthur landed with four divisions. They are good, but they have had tough going in the mud. The fighting is for the northern end of the 125-mile long island. The concentrated fury of the Pacific War rages on, above and around this little island on the waist line of the Philippines.

War-Weary China

THINGS have been going badly in China. They climaxed when Chiang Kai-Shek asked for the recall of General Stilwell, who had been his chief of staff, commander of the American forces on continental Asia and lend-lease administrator in China.

China is not a democracy, nor is it a united country. The Kuomintang is supreme in the south, but in the north the communists are in control. There is suspicion, friction and at times even violence between the two factions. The Kuomintang is accused of being reactionary, favoring the lending and land owning classes, opposed to reforms, and anti-democratic. On the other hand the communists seem to be more a party of the people; apparently they are not orthodox communists, but favor land reform and democratic institutions rather than state ownership and dictatorship.

There is a left wing of the Kuomintang which wants a break-away from the semi-feudal economy of China. It has charged some of the men around Chiang Kai-Shek with graft and incompetence, with being more opposed to the communists than to the Japanese

invaders. It wants to see a real democracy set up. Economic chaos, with retail prices 440 times higher than in 1939, is one powerful argument against the Chungking government.

But Chiang Kai-Shek has shuffled his government. His brother-in-law, one of the famous Soong family has been made premier and relations with the communists have been improved.

Reverses in the field have serious implications. The American airfields have been lost. There is danger that China may be cut off from Burma from the north, and the new Ledo road from India, together with the pipe lines, rendered useless. And one great fact of grand strategy remains. It will still be necessary to land on the Chinese coast, fight great battles with the Japs there, and establish air bases from which to blanket Japan with bombers.

Statistics and Sacrifice

WARS cost casualties. Up to September 30 this one had cost Canada 70,000 of them. Of these 26,212 were dead, 11,638 missing and 32,157 wounded.

War takes its toll in different ways of the different services. The R.C.A.F., with a total intake up to June 30 of 221,298 men had 10,658 dead, 5,362 missing and only 965 wounded. The Canadian navy, with a total intake of 93,273 men, had 1,338 dead, 312 missing and 350 wounded. The army, with a net total of enlistments had 14,216 dead, 5,964 missing and 30,842 wounded.

Of the total men enlisted in the different services one in 42 of the navy personnel became a casualty; one in 12½ in the army and one in 13 in the airforce. As to fatalities, they ran as follows: Navy, one in 65; army, one in 32 and airforce one in 18. The number listed as wounded in the airforce is very low, while the missing are 50 per cent the number of the fatalities. In the army, the wounded exceed the fatalities by over two to one. In the last war the total casualties were 60,000 dead and 150,000 wounded.

The Expendables

THE Allies estimate that the Germans have somewhere around 1½ million men facing the Russians. On the Siegfried Line they have from 700,000 to 900,000 good troops. Then there are probably a couple of hundred thousand in the Balkans and an equal number each in the Scandinavian countries and in Italy.

The German scheme in yielding ground is not to make last ditch and hedgerow stands with good troops and precious armament. They do it with poorer troops, including boys and elderly Nazis. These are expendable. They just love to be spent for the dear Fuhrer, who may have been liquidated for all they know. Some think he is confined to Berchtesgaden with a sore throat, others that he has gone crazy, and that Himmler the Butcher has seized power. Anyway, it would be a mistake to think that the hundreds of thousands of prisoners corralled in France and Belgium represent former crack divisions. The more expendable were sacrificed to keep the crack divisions and their armor intact. That was why the sweep to the Siegfried line was made so easily. The crack divisions got back to the border fortifications, where they are putting up a vicious defense. Now the defenses of the crack divisions of the cracked Fuhrer are beginning to crack.



The Jinx of the Allied Armies—The Weather.



Prime Minister Mackenzie King in an outdoor speaking pose.

IF you want to follow this crisis right through, you have to start with Ralston. The then Minister of National Defense, Hon. J. L. Ralston, came back from Italy, and France, utterly and absolutely convinced that Canada had to have more reserves overseas. Casualties, particularly in the infantry, had been much higher than anticipated. Other casualties were about as forecast. Col. Ralston also was persuaded that the only way Canada could get more reinforcements was to send the draftee army overseas.

Here is no place for recriminations, to stop and consider that the Canadian Army might not have got itself into this fix, if Ralston's policies had not put it where it was. But let this be pointed out. Ralston rather let the Brass Hats, the Slater Street Commandos, get away from him, and they persuaded him to have a big army. There is this contention (and it may only be a contention) that the Big Army policy under Ralston permitted us to build up an army where it was not possible to get reserves in sufficient numbers, once the trouble started. For instance, to take an exaggerated comparison; if you make your army 120,000 and have no reserves, you are in a bad spot. But if you should have had an army of 90,000, with 30,000 reserves, obviously, you are in a safer and saner position. It is therefore the contention of a number of people here that Ralston let himself be badly advised. Whether he did or whether he didn't, it is all water over the dam now.

NOW then, when the cabinet crisis happened, Premier King was certainly upset. First of all, his trusted minister had, in his opinion, put the whole government in a spot where it never should have been at all. In other words, the Big Army policy, which called for endless expansion, and without enough reserves, was a chicken finally coming home to roost. It seemed to others of the cabinet that Ralston was to blame for this, that instead of being on top of the officers, that they were on top of him. They told him, not he them.

Now all this high policy may seem of little consequence, but when a policy lands the country in a crisis, and when in the opinion of the cabinet, this crisis could have been avoided, then naturally Ralston becomes no hero to his fellow cabinet members. This is a point which little interests the public, but if the administration falls by the mistakes in judgment of Ralston since 1940, then ultimately the public should be aware of who did what. On the other hand, Ralston is now a popular hero. But then so was McNaughton a few weeks ago. Ergo, do not judge too hastily. Reserve your cheers and jeers till the end of the war.

Reason No. 1 then that King did not want to make any change in the present arrangement was that perhaps he felt this situation should never have arisen. Ralston had said the Canadian Army could be used "like a sectional book case" in pieces, or as



THE MANPOWER CRISIS

Behind the lines of the battle raging on Parliament Hill

By AUSTIN F. CROSS

a unit. From this view McNaughton dissented, and came home. The paper which then praised McNaughton and abused Ralston now have reversed themselves. Ralston is the hero, McNaughton is on the spot. Let's remember all this as I said above when we assess blame and

Thus today you have the paradox of the man on the street, who knows nothing, dictating the nation's policy, and the man who knows everything the collective brains of the world's leaders know, rendered helpless. By this time in 1945, King's attitude may be far better understood, much more greatly appreciated, than it is right now.

Lastly, there are all kinds of conceptions that apparently did not strike the public at all. That this could be a war of materiel as well as men, is emphatically possible. Then there is the French Army, coming into action. The Belgians have got organized. The Dutch are itching to fight. Thus here are hundreds



Hon. J. L. Ralston talks informally with Canadian troops in Belgium.

praise six months after the Armistice.

The second reason King did not want a change is that it is his profound conviction that conscription is a mistake. First of all, he hates the idea of dragooning anybody into anything. His old time Liberalism, his background, his lifelong conviction all combine to make him feel that a voluntary effort is the best effort. That he is contemptuous of those who do not think this country worth fighting for, I do not doubt. I imagine he despises a man who won't fight, and King would not even spare J. S. Woodsworth, in his parliamentary obsequies, when the time came after the late C.C.F. leader's death. King quoted Woodsworth's pacifist words, and even after death refused to accept the former Winnipeg North Centre member's verdict that Canada should never fight anybody. On the other hand, if King disliked those who would not fight under any circumstances, he equally disliked the idea of making people fight who didn't want to, and the chief theme of his notable address before the British parliament last spring was that Canada's war effort was "a voluntary effort." Those who saw the printed text noted particularly that he caused to be inserted there, a subhead just ahead of that particular paragraph, labelled "A Voluntary Effort."

KING then, hated to send the zombies, as a matter of principle. It goes against his very soul to try to compel a man to do his duty. He thinks a man should see it and do it. He despises press gang methods.

Third reason why King did not want to send the conscripts overseas cannot yet be told. It is easy enough for Ralston or others to talk, but King, who knows the inside story, who is constantly in communication with Churchill, Roosevelt, and others, cannot speak. You will recall that President Roosevelt lost dozens of seats in the 1942 congress because his war effort did not seem aggressive enough. Yet at that very time, during the whole campaign, the notable armada was on its way to liberate North Africa. Roosevelt could not possibly divulge that information. He had to sit helplessly by and lose a congressional election. King today is in the same position. What he knows he cannot tell.



General McNaughton when he was head of the Canadian Army in Britain and Hon. J. L. Ralston, then his civilian head.

of thousands, perhaps millions, who have had to stay outside the fight for the first five and a half years, and who now want to get a crack at the Nazis. Finally, the Americans have taken over the western front, to a large degree. That is not to say, that Uncle Sam is fighting other people's battles. Far from it. But it is true that in sheer force of numbers, he is playing a dominant role.

I say that it is possible there are half a dozen other considerations, which dare not even be mentioned here, but which are active in King's mind, and which induced him to try and postpone conscription as long as possible.

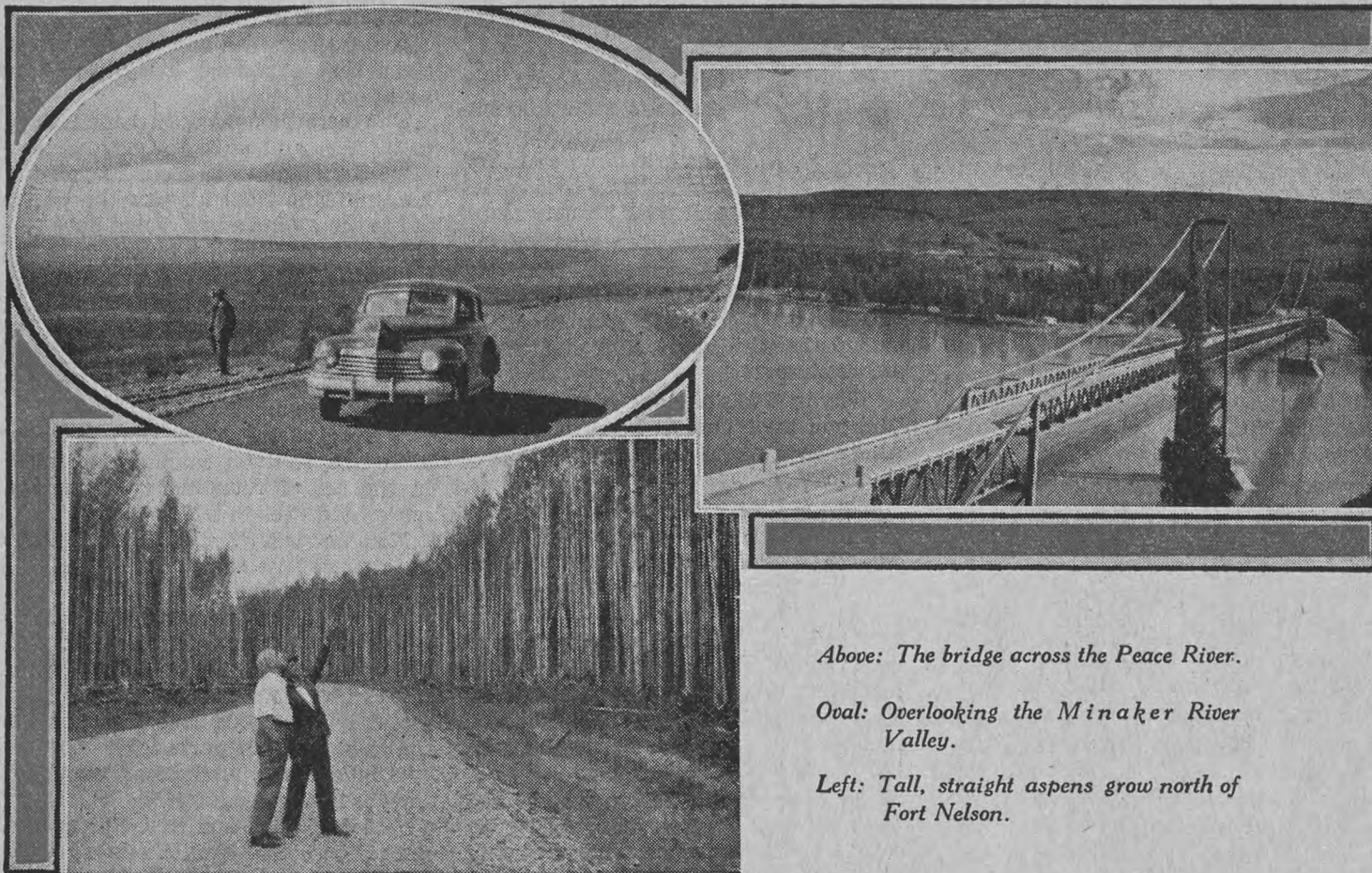
King however, long since had weighed the advantages to national unity of sending the draftees as against not sending them. He believed that the welfare of all Canada was better served by not making them go. However, events forced him to capitulate.

NOW then, one mingling in political circles, here in Ottawa, before parliament met, had a chance to gauge party sentiment. Nationally negligible, the Social Credit party pretty much plumped for conscription. This not being the time when the C.C.F. wanted an election, and not being convinced on the efficacy of conscription anywhere, they reiterated their dictum, no conscription of men without conscription of money. In a sense, they obliquely supported King. The Progressive Conservatives, 39 strong, were for conscription all the way. They said they were not going to go home till they got it. They got it.

But the Progressive Conservatives, cocky this time as they haven't been this whole war and the five sessions of parliament, would not have been so confident, had they been imbued merely with righteous indignation. They knew that for once, the people were with them.

I concentrated however, on the Liberals. After all, with all their losses, boltings, and other casualties, they still could round up about 160 members, and that meant a majority over all, in a normal vote. But more important, the Liberals are the government.

Turn to page 41



Above: The bridge across the Peace River.

Oval: Overlooking the Minkler River Valley.

Left: Tall, straight aspens grow north of Fort Nelson.

DAWSON CREEK TO FORT NELSON

Some observations about the B.C. Peace River country along the Alaska military highway north to Fort Nelson

By H. S. FRY

I SHOULD like to be able to say that I had driven, by car, the full length of the Alaska Highway, from Edmonton, Alberta, to Fairbanks, Alaska. It would be an interesting one-way trip, but after having gone part way up the Highway during the past summer, I am not so certain about the return trip. If one were not alone, and well supplied with time and equipment, even the return journey could be made very interesting, no doubt, with the aid of unlimited conversation and the expedient of stopping frequently to examine and record the changing face of the country, and more particularly the variations in soil and vegetation.

It had really been our intention to go as far as the Liard Valley, perhaps 250 miles beyond Fort Nelson, or perhaps to Watson Lake, located just over the northern boundary of British Columbia inside the Yukon territory. I say, "our" intention deliberately, because W. D. Albright, Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station at Beaverlodge, was responsible for enticing me beyond Fort St. John, the most northerly point I had hoped to reach this summer. The station at Beaverlodge being the focal point for most of the experimental and research work under development in all of that great northern country by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Mr. Albright was very anxious to visit the Liard Valley and form some idea as to its agricultural possibilities. He was, therefore, commissioned by Dr. E. S. Archibald, Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms Service, to go with me along the Highway and keep an eye open for likely locations for new experimental sub-stations, or other testing centres.

The full irony of this situation was only partly unfolded for me when I sought permits in Edmonton to travel on the Highway, and was under the necessity of signing a document, as driver of the car, which made me responsible for the behavior and general good conduct of the party. When we

reached Fort St. John, however, and found J. W. Abbott not yet started northward to the 800-acre farm 106 miles west of Whitehorse, where he had been commissioned to develop an experimental sub-station for the Dominion government, my responsibilities were more than doubled. Mr. Abbott, much to our benefit and good fortune, was persuaded to go with us. It was the first time I had ever assumed responsibility for a man who was a returned soldier of the First World War, an old-timer of some 25 years standing in the district, through which we were travelling, an operator for many years of a Dominion experimental sub-station at Baldonnel, a bachelor, the pioneer alfalfa grower of the district, and a stipendiary magistrate of more than 20 years standing as well.

When Mr. Albright and I had left Dawson Creek for the 48-mile drive to Fort St. John, we found that settlement more or less petered out after a few miles, the soil becoming poorer and lighter in color, as well as quite gravelly. The tree growth was aspen and black poplar, with quite a bit of willow scrub. Somewhat to my surprise, the roadside was a riot of weeds and wild flowers, including goldenrod, the ubiquitous fireweed, some Indian paintbrush, yarrow, asters, and a branched, yellow flower that we failed to recognize.

Thirty-two miles north of Dawson Creek we descended several hundred feet to the Peace River by a beautifully graded and curved road, over which our downhill speed was never more than 30 miles per hour, without any braking except the engine in high gear. When we got down to the river, we made a long and gradual approach to the graceful and slender suspension bridge crossing the Peace River, the greatest waterway along the whole length of the Alaska Highway. Up the first 150-foot ascent from the river, we reached the earliest cultivated area in the district, an area perhaps one and a half miles wide and five miles long, known in earlier days as

Taylor's Flats. Several hundred feet of further ascent took us to the uplands; and thence, through some sparsely settled country, to Fort St. John, about 16 miles from the river.

NORTH of the river the soil was better, and in one place I saw a crop of barley at least as good as anything I had seen thus far this year. The roadside growth was taller than south of the river, with some sweet clover growing here and there, and several types of grasses, as well as two widespread enemies, shepherd's purse and wild mustard. Wheat seen here and there seemed to be doing fairly well, but showing slight tip burn; and some cultivated brome grass was in evidence.

The Alaska Highway was not suggested in order to develop the agricultural possibilities of the northland. It was a military highway, and its engineers sought the shortest and safest route between Dawson Creek and Alaska. Low lying land, likely to be more fertile, but also softer and less secure for a much-travelled highway, was therefore avoided. The edges of hilly country, which were frequently traversed, were likely to be more gravelly, and able to furnish more suitable material for a gravelled surface. In a country characterized by hills and plateaus broken by relatively deep ravines and valleys, the soil is apt to be readily washed and eroded. Thus the Highway runs northwesterly from Fort St. John for perhaps half the distance to Fort Nelson, whereas the largest and best settled area in the Fort St. John district is north, toward Montney, northeast of Charley Lake. This settled area also extends southeast from Fort St. John to Baldonnel, and for several miles beyond. Westward from Fort St. John for a distance of perhaps 60 miles along the Peace River as far as Hudson Hope, some scattered settlement exists; and, in fact, the great triangle known as the Peace River district of British Columbia,

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For a Free and Abundant Life

The Saskatoon Dairy Pool after seventeen years has developed both a good business and a philosophy

"WHAT we need is not a brave, new world, but brave, new people to take and use the resources of our present world to fashion for themselves the free and abundant life that can be ours if we so determine."

These were not idle words when they were spoken before the last annual meeting of the Saskatoon Dairy Pool, by C. T. Gooding, President and General Manager. Behind them lies a conviction and a philosophy about farmers in co-operative business that has played no small part in the success of the Saskatoon Dairy pool during the 17 years of its existence. Organized in 1927, in order to correct certain grievances, the association last year manufactured more than 8,000,000 pounds of butter and handled more than 18,500,000 pounds of fluid milk. Of this large amount, about 13,000,000 pounds, or nearly 500,000 pounds of butterfat, went to the whole milk market, and the rest was manufactured in the form of butter, cheese, skim milk powder, dried buttermilk, or ice cream.

In addition to the whole milk received, cream shippers, to the number of about 12,000, supplied 6,802,879 pounds of butterfat, for which they received \$2,118,706. All told, the Association handled 7,714,447 pounds of butterfat for whole milk producers, cream producers, and cheese milk producers (equal to 220 million pounds of 3.5 per cent milk), for which they received \$2,698,890. Total income of the Association for the year amounted to \$3,624,743. Net worth was increased by \$159,000 during the year and total assets stood at \$705,000.

All of this after 17 years, during which time something over \$13,000,000 has been paid out to members as basic price for milk or cream, plus \$660,285 credited to the individual member's reserve account. Of the latter amount, \$159,402 has been refunded.

THESE are interesting figures, especially if coupled with the net worth (member's equity) figure of \$677,035, as at December 31, 1943. Originally the Saskatoon Dairy Pool was established with no share capital and a membership fee of \$10, for the purpose of selling milk in wholesale quantities to milk distributors and assuming the burden of any surplus that developed throughout the year. It was proposed to manufacture this surplus into butter or some other product. It was difficult, however, to find a sufficient volume of cream for regular churning from the surplus alone. In 1929, a cheese factory was purchased at Leroy, Saskatchewan, which had been operated co-operatively for some years, and a drier was purchased at about the same time for skim milk. The next logical step was to admit the cream shipper to the association. Furthermore, as the association developed, it was necessary to recognize the fact that the northern part of the province possessed three natural milk sheds, namely, those of Saskatoon, North Battleford, and Prince Albert. These three, however, had nearly everything in common, and from this fact had arisen the policy which is, next to the co-operative basis of the organization, a cardinal principle with the Saskatoon Dairy Pool. This policy is to regard the regional basis of operation as the proper one for co-operative dairy organizations. The North Battleford area has not been entered, except for a creamery which was operated at Biggar, but has now affiliated at North Battleford. Kamsack, where the Saskatoon

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A Christmas Message.

By Rev. W. GERALD BURCH

This will be our sixth wartime Christmas. For well over five years countless millions of lives have been affected in one way or the other. The war has left its mark on this generation. So many do not know which way to turn in their sorrow and disillusionment. But thank God for the Star of Bethlehem! God is a God of Love, and His Love is so clearly shown in this breathtakingly beautiful story. The humility of Mary; the sympathy and understanding of countless mother hearts at her plight at the birth of her Son; the ethereal vision of those simple shepherds as they saw and heard the celestial choir and the message of the Angels—these things strike a responsive chord in the heart of the most hardened.

So we must not call it a story. It is more—it is fact. There was a star that guided the shepherds. There is a star still guiding us. It is the eternal Star of God in His Heaven. It is the star that leads us in the spirit to Bethlehem where we find in the wee baby not just a sentimental and lovely picture of supreme mother-love, but the answer to every man's problems. Yes! even the answer to war! Why did God, who is All Holy and All Righteous, bother to come down and be born of a woman and be laid in a manger for His bed? The answer is simple. There was no other way to show men what God is like. Would we know God? Let us turn to Jesus and we will see Him. There He is, first of all a helpless babe wrapped in swaddling clothes; then the teacher and man of sorrows acquainted with grief, giving his life for men because men would not accept the Good News from God.

Christmas can mean so very much to us if only we can follow the Star and see in the Baby Jesus the Saviour of the World. It is when we divorce Jesus' death and sufferings from the celebration of His birth that the latter loses so much of its significance and degenerates into a semi-pagan festival with little emphasis on the religious side. The ancient carol, "The Holly and the Ivy," reminds us of the origin of holly being used at Christmas. The holly and the ivy and all the evergreens are in their glory then. The holly is the king of the wood because it tells the story of our Lord. It is said that you can see the figure of the crucified on the leaf. The flower in its season seemed to picture the whiteness of our Saviour's soul. The prickly is reminiscent of the crown of thorns and the red berries of the drops of blood that ran down Jesus' face. The bark is bitter as the taste of gall.

And so, centuries ago, the Christians composed this delightful carol, and its message comes singing down the ages to us today. It tells us to pause at Christmas as we contemplate the Holy Family. It tells us to look long at that little baby whose birthday we celebrate, for that baby is not just another baby nor a symbol of all babies. That baby is God's great venture for man. That baby is God's supreme love for man. Pause a moment. Look into the baby's future. You can only understand His significance if you take His whole life. When you follow Him to Calvary's Cross and to the Resurrection Garden that baby takes on an entirely new and vital significance. Christmas is lifted out of the realm of mere jollity and merriment. The good cheer will remain for it is the happiest of festivals. But its happiness will be that deep sort of happiness that gets inside your heart and can never be removed. It is not

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PART IV.

HE command not to cause Nell any anxiety had been disobeyed. For the boys, riding double on Flicka, hardly got home in time to hurry Howard into his clothes and pack his suitcase.

After he had gone, Ken sat down by his father's desk in the study and told the details of all that had happened. Rob sat in his square wooden chair, turned slightly toward Ken and puffed at his pipe.

"Why in God's name!" said he at last, "did you take Thunderhead to a place where there were mares and another stallion?"

"But dad!" exclaimed Ken woefully, "he's been there often before! And he had his own regular place to watch them from—perfectly safe—up there on top of that rampart."

"And so you figured he'd continue to do as he always had done. And that's where you made your mistake. After all, Thunderhead's three years old now, and in some ways, for a horse, that's grown up."

Ken's tired and dirty face turned away and his eyes wandered, then came back to his father. "But he's never done any hell-raising. And he's been trained for running and racing. You said yourself a horse will develop the way he's trained."

Rob's sardonic smile showed a line of white teeth beside his pipe-stem. "There's still Nature, my boy. It's all very well to call it hell-raising when Thunderhead begins to live and behave as we don't want him to—but that's Nature. And if you forget that, you've got a jolt coming."

There was a silence. Then Rob said, "Have you any idea where Thunderhead took the mares?"

"Well, we went far enough up the valley to see that it went out into other valleys, and other valleys branched off of those. That left a lot of places where the horses could have gone. It just looked like a—a labyrinth of mountains and draws and gorges and valleys—" Ken turned his head away again oppressed by the memory of the scene—the clouds of snow, the glaciers, pockets of emerald grass, the soaring grades of the peaks.

"It was just hopeless, and for the last two hours it snowed. And it was getting dark."

"You sure can get yourself in the damndest predicaments!" Rob said. "Anyone else would be dead if they'd been caught in half the jams you've been in! First with Flicka. And then the eagle got your gizzard. And now this."

Ken's head swayed again in complete agreement.

Rob smoked for a few moments. In his mind the scene lived again. The hidden valley, the fight of the two stallions.

"I'd like to have seen that fight!" he exclaimed

Ken wagged his head wearily. "You just oughta seen it. They both looked so big—as big as elephants—maybe that was because they were up on their hind legs all the time and their heads so high and their hoofs pawing. And then after Thunderhead had won, the way he stood up and screeched! It went right through you like something filing on glass—only as loud as a locomotive."

"And that's when you walked up to him and mounted him!"

Ken nodded with another of the deep sighs that expressed his physical exhaustion.

The mere thought of it made Rob get to his feet and walk around the room. "But Ken! Didn't it occur to you that he could throw out his paw the way he did to the Albino and it would have gone through your head like butter?"

"But he wasn't mad at me. He didn't pay any attention to me at all."

Rob dropped in his chair again. He was bursting with pride. He leaned forward and squeezed Ken's knee and in spite of himself the boy winced.

"I suppose you know that it doesn't often happen that a man rides a stallion in the act of rounding up a band of mares and lives to tell the tale."

Ken nodded. "I did think I was a goner once," he said.

"When was that?"

"When I fell off Thunderhead and the mares were coming right behind."

"No horse will step on a living thing if it can be avoided. If they have time to see, they'll jump. What's that blood on the inside of your pants leg?"

"That's from Thunderhead," said Ken.

"Was he much cut up?"

"A lot of bites and rips. But nothing seemed to bother him. He didn't act as if he knew he was wounded."

Rob made a little gesture with his hand. "Well! The king is dead! Long live the king!"

"You mean Thunderhead!"

"Thunderhead. The Throwback." And that took them both back to the day three years ago when the ungainly little white foal had been born.

"Dad—"

"Well?"

Ken hardly dared to say it, "Do you suppose if you took a lot of men—maybe ten or twenty—with horses and lari-

ats up to the valley—I could show you the way—you could get him back? Because you see there's only a little more than a month before the race—"

Rob answered gravely. "It would take a regiment of cavalry—and then they wouldn't get him."

Ken lifted his white face with a look of straight-seeing courage and resignation in his eyes. "Dad," he said, "won't he come back?"

"Of his own accord?"

"He always has before."

There was a little sadness in Rob's sardonic smile this time. "Ken! You know horses! He's got a band of mares now, hasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will he abandon them?"

The question needed no answer. Ken had reached that same conclusion in his own thoughts every time. His head sank on his chest and Rob saw that the boy was trembling all over. He hadn't yet had a bath or change or a night's sleep or a solid meal.

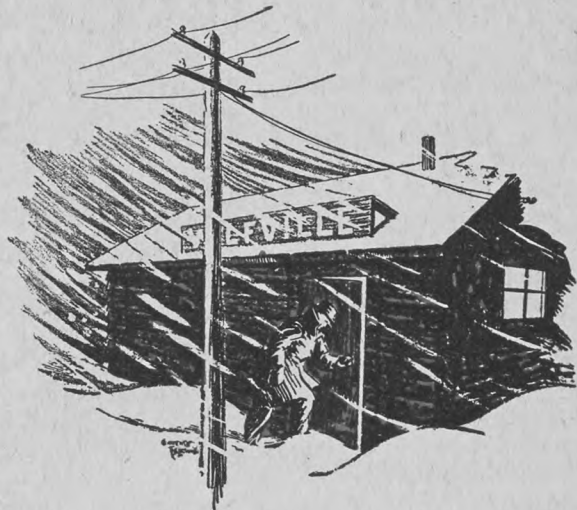
"You go clean up now, son, and get ready for dinner, or you'll be keeling over. You've had a great adventure. It didn't end the way you wanted it to, and I'm as disappointed as you are about losing the colt—"

"Are you, Dad?" Ken raised his head and his eyes went to his father's face.

"Yes, I am. I had come to have confidence in him and his future. He's a great horse, but we're both out of luck and we'll just have to take it."

"With fortitude," suggested Ken with a gleam in his eye.

"Exactly. No use crying over spilt



milk. I can tell you this, if it'll make you feel any better—"They both got to their feet. "I'm damned proud of you!"

"Of me?"

"Of you. My God, Ken! You rode a stallion at work! No one but a fool even goes near a stallion when he's rounding up his mares—let alone tries to mount him or could stick if he did!"

"I didn't stick."

"Sure you did—till he darned near killed you. You behaved with courage. You tried to get your colt back. You tried to master him. You got on him and rode him to hell and gone. You did something I've never done—and I'm proud as punch!"

Ken was overwhelmed.

Rob dropped a hand on his shoulder. "Now go on and get a good hot bath. Supper'll be ready in an hour and I want to see you eat! And I've got a surprise for you—something you'll like. I'm going to talk it over with your mother first."

KEN lay in his hot bath, luxuriating. As the sore knotted muscles eased and relaxed he began to feel happier. He examined and counted all his wounds, while his mind rolled forward on a fascinating tale. Thunderhead would always live in that valley with his mares, but he would yearn and grieve for Ken, and Ken would visit him now and then, and Thunderhead would be glad to see him, would even let him ride him (though not while rounding up his mares).

He noticed that his head rested easily on the back of the tub while his toes were braced against the end. Drying himself gingerly on the bathmat, Ken decided that he most certainly was taller.

He got the iodine bottle from the medicine chest and attended painstakingly to his wounds. He was dotted and smeared all over when he finally sat down with slicked hair and startlingly clean fingernails to the supper of fried chicken and mashed potatoes whipped with hot cream as only his mother could make it.

And at last Rob told his boy of the important thing. That none of his plans need be changed. He could still go to Saginaw Falls with Charley Sargent. He could still send a race horse of his own in Charley Sargent's express car. There would still be a Goose Bar entry in the races. The only change would be that it would be the two-year-old filly, Touch and Go, instead of the three-year-old stallion, Thunderhead.

And so when the big black Buick rolled down the mountain passes of the Wyoming-Idaho highway on October eleventh there were two racehorse-owners sitting in the front seat; Charley Sargent, quite formal-looking in a black overcoat and derby hat, and Ken, feeling at least ten years older than ever before.

THUNDERHEAD lifted his nose high and searched the wind.

It was a bare craggy peak overlooking the southern end of the valley that he had chosen for his lookout. From here he could see below him where his mares were grazing. He could turn and look at the tiers of mountains behind him.

A new message was on the wind this early morning. There was a heavy storm coming. The temperature was twenty below already and still falling.

The mares and colts were protected by a long growth of thick hair which they had started growing in September in preparation for this early storm. But Thunderhead was warmed only by the inner heat of the stallion. His coat was,

est and would prevail. An easterner.

Memory tingled through him and his pawing hoof rang on the rock.

When the cold burns too deep, when there is death in the wind, take the way down the mountain. Gates are open. Mangers are full of hay. There is shelter and food and kindness for all. And the

screaming whiteness cannot follow you in.

He made several abrupt movements of his head, then turned and picked his way down the crag.

Thunderhead rounded up his mares and headed them north down the valley. When he had them running he took the lead, with a black mare and her white colt close behind him. His pace was carefully chosen so that the smallest colt could keep up.

They strung out single file going through the keyhole and down the river gorge. Now and then Thunderhead circled to see that there were no stragglers, giving a few nips to the tail-enders.

Below, on the plains, they spread out, kicking and biting, wild with the heat of their blood, and the excitement of the run, and the fierce beating of the wind and snow.

THEY neared the ranch in the late afternoon, Thunderhead swinging along at a canter, finding his way through the white smother with the ease of infallible instinct. He was on his own ground now.

Reaching the crest of the Saddle Back, he halted to survey his domain and his mares crowded up around him. Nothing could be seen through the snow, but to his inner eye, every building, every fence post was visible, and as he plunged down the slope he indulged in some coltish bucks of pure joy. With those thirty handsome mares and colts behind him he could be forgiven for feeling the pride of a young heir when he brings home his bride and displays her to the family.

Down the Saddle Back they poured at a full gallop, up the Country Road—the gate was open! Thunderhead made the sharp turn, the mares following close, cantered down through the Stable Pasture to the corral—again the gates were open! They surged in—

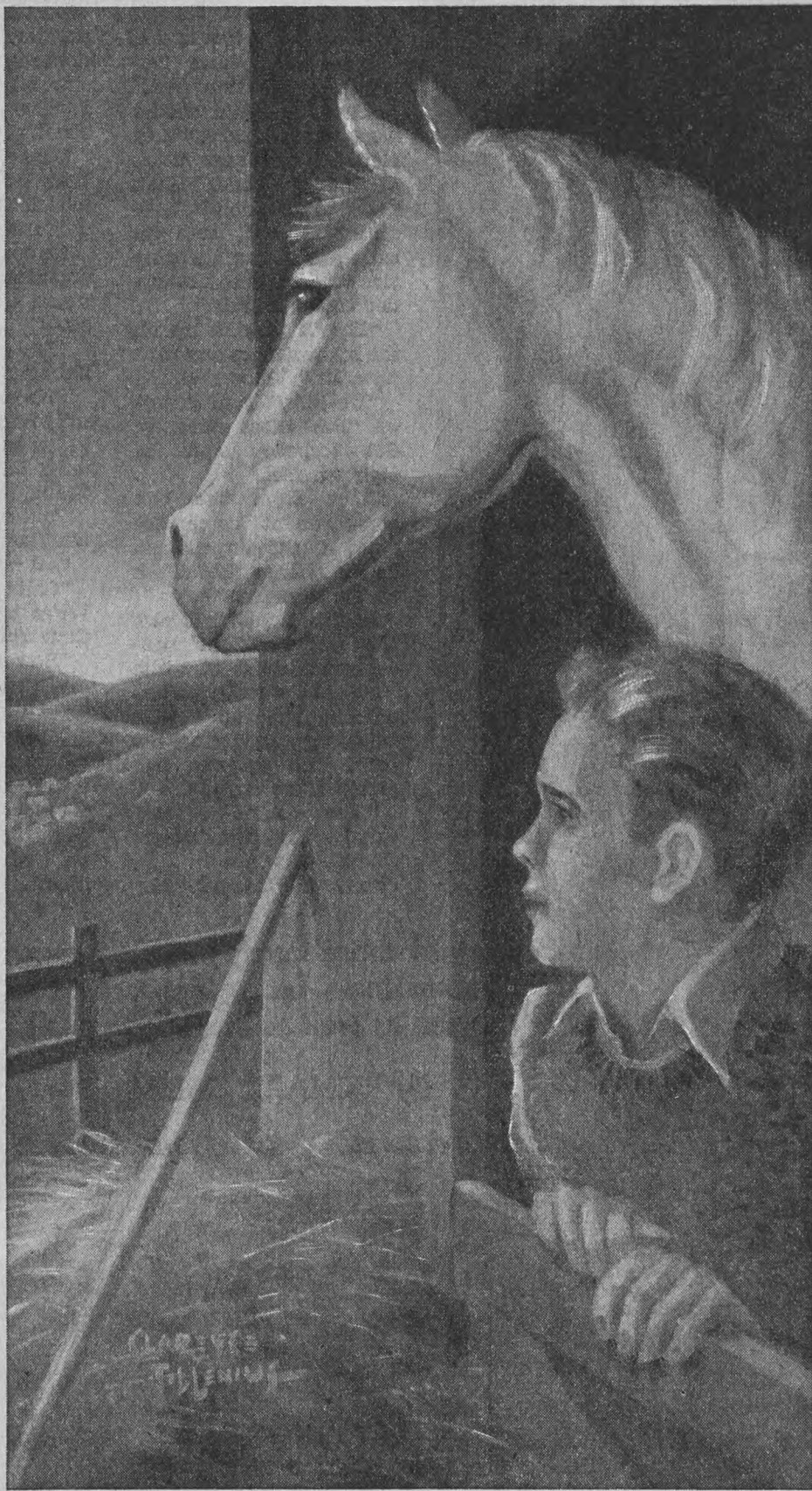
It was already full of mares and colts. All the familiar old smells. Every brood mare as comfortable to him as mother's milk! Oats and hay. The corral and stables. Banner—

Thunderhead nickered and squealed in an ecstasy of homecoming. He plunged through the mares to the feed racks and tore out a great mouthful of hay—Castle Rock Meadow hay that he had been brought up on. His mares pushed in behind him, mixing with the other mares, starting little fights and scuffles.

Banner met him in the centre of the corral. The two stallions stood nose to nose, quivering and squealing, half rearing. They were filled with the excitement that goes with the meeting of old friends—and something else, too, because of those milling mares and colts. They turned away from each other and began to wander around and investigate. These strange mares were new and exciting to Banner! His own quota was incomplete. With a mere ten brood mares any self-respecting stallion is looking for more.

Banner pursued three of Thunderhead's mares that were in a little group together. His head snaked along the ground. He drove them over to his group. Thunderhead tossed his head high over the crush where he was

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Ken stood beside the stallion at the half-door. Together they watched the sunrise.

THUNDERHEAD

In this final chapter Goose Bar stables puts up a racer and a monarch returns to his domain

by
MARY O'HARA

as always, silky and shining, scarred only by patches of rough, long hair under his throat and on his shoulder, where he had been wounded. Dangling from his black halter was a bit of rope, frayed and worn at the end.

Around the mountain peaks many storms were tossing, rolling down the slopes, colliding with each other, carried on opposing currents of air. A boiling mass of wind-cloud swept north over the

valley with an eagle sailing before it. Now and then the storms united and came down in a deep white blanket, then were broken up again and, roaring, separated and moved in every direction. Gradually the smother thickened and snow fell.

THUNDERHEAD reared his crest high into the storm. His mane streamed to the west. The eastern wind was strong-

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE TILLENIOUS



A story of those lonely hunters---men
of a submarine---facing dangers from
the sea as well as enemy attack

By RICHARD SALE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN STABLES

Off Tokyo Bay

LIEUTENANT Commander Paul Haydn, U.S.N., removed his eyes from the shield of the submarine Squid's periscope and stared for a second into Lieutenant John Vidor's face. Johnny Vidor, his junior officer, stood beside him with Hannigan, the boatswain, who held the inter-compartment phone ready to relay all orders. "Sweetheart," said Paul quietly, "it's the dream of every guy who ever wet his feet in the tank of New London. Have a look."

Vidor had a look, briefly, and stepped away while the skipper resumed the stalk. The junior officer looked stunned, pleased, and surprised. "Godfrey in a Momsen," he said. "If Red Wilson could only see this!"

Red Wilson was captain of the U.S. Submarine Seahorse, which, with the Squid, was also stalking prey off Tokyo Bay. But the Seahorse was on the north-east tangent of the bay, out of range for this show, and Red Wilson was probably tearing out his hair in frustration.

Paul Haydn, back at the periscope, said, "Course two two five, dead slow, and, for God's sake, hold her down. If she broaches now, they'll bury you in Nippon."

There was deep silence while the submarine's bow swung around very slowly toward the northwest. In the cross hairs of the periscope was a pig boat's dream. The sea above the sub was placid as a pond, bathed in heavy, bright moonlight from which there was no blacking out. It was this brilliant light which had forced the Squid, earlier in the night, to break off charging her batteries and submerge. A Japanese patrol plane had flown overhead, and it was too much to hope that she would not have spotted them, on the surface in the glow.

Now, contrarily, the moonlight which forced them down was rewarding them. The Squid was lying at periscope depth, three miles southeast of the mouth of Tokyo Bay. Down the bay, bows southward, came five ships. Four were destroyers. The fifth was an aircraft carrier. All of them were in the cross hairs. That carrier looked like a battleship. She was huge,

nearly eight hundred feet long. The Akagi. She had a hull which had been meant for battle-cruiser service, and had been converted to aircraft. Though he wasn't sure it was she.

"The cans have her screened too damn' well," Paul said. His knuckles were white where they clenched the focus levers of the periscope. "She's going to head south, hugging the land, and the cans are taking the outside track. Got to fire under them, Johnny."

"They'll pick us up on the hydrophones any time now, sir," Vidor said.

"Uh-huh," Paul grunted. "Bow tubes stand by. Set torpedo depth at eighteen feet."

Back from the bow compartment came the voice of the torpedoman in the phone: "Set depth at eighteen feet."

In the sight, Paul saw the last destroyer suddenly coming about, white water at its bow, its over-gunned, piled-up topside careening heavily on the turn. The tin can had picked them up.

"Fire one," he said calmly. "Fire two. Change course, two-two-oh . . . Fire three. Fire four. Take

to forty feet and we'll have another look. Engines dead slow."

The Squid trembled as her screws turned and she started nosing up slowly, heading after the destroyer southwest. She had not gone a thousand yards when she was shaken violently. Every light in the submarine went out. And with startling speed, her nose sagged, and she dived for the bottom, where she struck hard, remained at the precarious angle for a moment, and then settled in the mud, broken and silent . . .

When Paul Haydn opened his eyes, he found that Hannigan, the boatswain, had beat him to consciousness. Lieutenant Vidor joined them shortly. The other men in the control-room began to come around.

He could not see the men, but he could hear them groaning. The compartment was black as pitch. Hannigan kept saying, "Captain, sir— Captain—captain, sir—"

"Try a fuse," said Paul. "We seem to be watertight here."

The boatswain groped through the darkness, presently remembered to use the water-proof electric torch in his belt. He inserted a new fuse, and four unshattered bulbs, freaks, lighted brightly; they could see again.

Paul sat down and put his head in his hands. "Is the phone working, Hannigan?"

"I'll try, sir."

"Call the bow compartment and ask them to report. We're making water here. The plates have shorn their rivets somewhere."

"Bow compartment does not report, sir."

"Try the engine-room. If the chief engineer is alive, have him come forward."

The stern compartment reported in. All hands safe. Making some water, but not much.

"Tell them to come forward," Paul said.

Vidor was up and around then. He looked very pasty, but he was game. "What the hell happened to us, Captain? Did that can come back? Why didn't the man at the hydrophone—?"

"No," Paul said. "Take it easy, Johnny. That was no depth charge. We hit a mine."

"Oh," Vidor said wearily. "Oh."

"We nosed right up into it, I guess," said Paul. "The bow must be a mess. We ought to be dead. Very lucky."

Vidor looked at the skipper's eyes with faint derision. Paul ignored what he saw there. Vidor was thinking, What's lucky about it? That was a quick way to go, if we had to go. This way isn't going to be so good.

Baskin, the engineer, came forward with blood on his face from a cut. "Don't know where I got it," he said. "Captain, we'll have to blow out of here. The sea is knee-deep back there and when it reaches the batteries—chlorine. We can't shut the watertight door. It's buckled out of line."

"We struck a mine," Paul said.

THAT explained everything. He saw the depth. A little under one hundred feet. The black water in the control-room was getting to the knees. Yes, they had to get out of there, if they could. A couple of the enlisted men had glassy stares. But Hannigan reported that the control-room escape hatch was jammed. No getting it open. The bow escape hatch was out of the question.

"Try the stern hatch," said Paul.

They did. It would not open.

One of the men began to cry.

Paul said, "Attention!"

It did not bring the response he wanted. Aside, he told Vidor to go up into the conning tower and see if it was whole. While Vidor was gone he stuck his pistol in his belt, cocked, the safety on. He said, "Men, I'll have no panic. For the safety of the majority, I'll shoot any man who panics. We're going to get out of here. But it takes guts and nerve. We're going to get out."

They were silent.

Presently Vidor descended from the conning tower. "All sound up there," he said. "She's not making water anywhere I could see, sir."

"All right," said Paul quietly. "Hannigan, an escape line. Make it fast down here. We'll float it to the surface when we open the conning tower hatches."

Nobody moved. They stared at him, and someone began to cry again. It was the blond kid who sat by the hydrophone equipment.

The boatswain frowned at the skipper, finally said, "Yes, sir," and went after to the stern escape hatch for the gear.

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her down to eighty feet."

He withdrew the periscope beneath the surface as the Squid dived, feeling the impulse of her discharged torpedoes. "Damn it all," he said, tense. "Couldn't stay to see the fun. Hibiki destroyer making for us with blood in her eye. We'll have a hot time in the old town in just about a minute. What's our bottom here? A hundred?"

"Hundred feet, Skipper," said Vidor, confirming.

"Listen!" Paul Haydn said, staring at his watch. There was a remote detonation, in the sea, which shivered them very faintly. "Number one got home." He stared at his watch. For a long time there was no sound. "Hell." Number two had missed. They kept timing. "Hell," he said again. Number three had missed. Twenty-four thousand dollars' worth of torpedoes out the window with no result. Then at last a solid krumpf very far away. "Number four got home." He grinned at Vidor in relief and took a breath. "I only hope it was the carrier and not the cans. Those cans drag ten feet mean draft, and the big carriers around twenty-one feet."

"Eighty feet, sir," said the boatswain.

"Engines off," said Paul cheerfully. "Let's see how good the lady upstairs is."

SHE was not so good. The depth charges were dropping, the steady explosions shaking them, but none were dangerously near, the only two electric bulbs in the control compartment shattered. The sub hovered in the sea until the hydrophones told them the avenging destroyer had beat off southwest at top speed.

"Gone to do some rescue work," said Vidor. "I hope you got her, Skipper."

"We got something," Paul grinned. "Take her up

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The Crisis

A government has two paramount responsibilities. One is to defend the country against aggression from without. The other is to preserve national unity within. These two responsibilities are in conflict in Canada. Hence one of the gravest political crises in its history.

The people of eight of the nine provinces voted overwhelmingly, in a national plebiscite, for all-out conscription. The people of Quebec voted overwhelmingly against it. There is a deep schism on a question of vital import between the two races. Their differences are aggravated by war and cannot be healed by argument.

The idea of preserving national unity has always weighed heavily on Prime Minister Mackenzie King. He adopted a middle course. Conscription is the wartime law of Canada. But it was for a limited service only. For service overseas, the volunteer principle was retained. Bill 80 gave the government power, if necessary, to impose conscription for service anywhere by order-in-council.

The Canadian forces in Italy have been fighting hard and gloriously. Since D-day the Canadian army in France and the Low Countries has been fighting hard and gloriously. Hard and glorious fighting means heavy casualties. The casualties have been greater than had been estimated. The ability of the volunteer system to produce replacements enough to keep the armies at the front up to strength was questioned.

This country is committed to an all-out war effort. Canadians recognized from the first that nothing but an all-out effort, by freedom-loving peoples everywhere, could save humanity from a fate worse than the vilest slavery. It is not an all-out effort while the fully trained men of the "defense army" are kept in Canada. The defenders of Canada are on the battle fronts of Europe.

When Defense Minister Ralston resigned, the people of Canada made their decision. It was that Canada should live up to her commitments for an all-out contribution to this war. In the eight provinces arose the demand that the Canadian forces at the front should not lack reinforcements while fully trained men remained idle in Canada.

The Prime Minister has a guiding principle. It is that parliament shall decide. Following the cabinet crisis he summoned parliament. Fresh from their constituencies the members carried to Ottawa the overwhelming demand of the vast majority of the people that the trained men of the defense army should be sent to reinforce the Canadian armies at the front.

The will of the majority prevailed. It didn't come to a vote of parliament. The government yielded. Bill 80 was implemented by order-in-council. The Department of National Defense now has power to maintain Canada's fighting forces in the European theatre at full strength while there are trained men in Canada to reinforce them and until Nazidom is obliterated.

The change of front by the prime minister was not motivated by military considerations. It was induced by political pressure. It was not the brigadiers who forced the change of policy. It was the M.P.'s. General McNaughton then had to recast his military policy to fit a political mould. Not being a politician he didn't make a very good job of explaining why he did it.

The question of national disunity remains. It was serious before this crisis moved to a climax and then to anti-climax. It is more serious now. But it is not as disastrous as the mendacity of early news releases seemed to indicate. The Quebec ministers did not walk out in a body. Only one of them, Air Minister Power, resigned. There have been a few defections among private French Canadian members, but the position of the government is not threatened.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier deemed that his great mission was to cultivate a better understanding between the French and English speaking sections of Canada. The last war left his work in ruins about his feet. Mr. Mackenzie King sought to close the rift caused by the maladroit handling of Quebec in the last war. By instinct, temperament and policy a temporizer; he made the great mistake of his political life. He temporized. Conscription for service anywhere should have been proclaimed when war was declared, or at the latest when the fall of France shook the world. If that had been done, there is good reason to believe that the relationship between the two races would have been better than it is today. It certainly would have been no worse.

Christmas Greetings

The Country Guide wishes all its readers everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The words "Merry" and "Happy" may still seem inappropriate. The war still rages with unabated ferocity and Canadian men are in the thickest of it. But are they so inappropriate after all? What are the soldiers, the airmen and the sailors wishing their kinfolk at home? It is that they be merry and happy during the approaching festive season. The Country Guide can wish no less for its many readers.

This is the sixth wartime Christmas. Four of them were spent under the weight of heavy forebodings. What horrors were in store besides those which were already being inflicted, no one could foresee or imagine. Through it all, however, one thing must be said of the British people everywhere. Their faith in final victory never faltered. They did not and could not believe that it was in the divine purpose that this evil thing which had appeared on the earth should prevail. At no time could this be said of them more truly than when they stood alone and when the air battle over Britain was raging at its fiercest.

Their faith has been justified by events. At last the slowly gathering might of the Allied nations began to check the onrush of the aggressors. It turned back the tide. It is now driving them within the walls of their inner fortress. On both the east and the west, the battle rages on German soil. All but Holland, Denmark, Norway and parts of Central Europe are free and their agony cannot last much longer. The evil architects of this destruction, Mussolini and Hitler, have faded from the scene. In Europe, complete and overwhelming victory must surely crown the cause of right and justice in a matter of weeks or months; certainly long before another Christmas season arrives. In the far east, the fall of Japan will speedily follow.

Peace is in sight. How glorious it will be, when the mid-winter festive season can again be celebrated with the skies not darkened by the clouds of war. In the hope that the peace will be enduring, The Country Guide wishes its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Power of the Press

The power of the press to influence public opinion is very great. Not, however, by its editorials and comments, but by giving information and publishing facts. With the information before them, the people proceed to draw their own conclusions and, in political matters, to vote accordingly. Another example of this has been provided in the United States. Printer and Publisher, the national organ of publishers and editors, recently made a survey which showed that 68.5 per cent of the entire circulation of the American press supported Dewey; 13.8 per cent was neutral; only 17.7 per cent supported Roosevelt. If the people had voted as advised to do by the papers they read, Roosevelt would have been snowed out of sight, American war leadership would have been completely repudiated and Dewey would now be getting ready to take over next January instead of resting in the South.

It is not necessary to go to the United States for examples of the same fact. The press of Alberta certainly was not an asset to the Social Credit party in 1935, in 1940, nor in 1944, yet every one knows what happened there. Similarly, in Saskatchewan, the C.C.F. had little support from the press. The Saskatchewan press is predominantly Liberal in politics, yet a Liberal government was swamped and the C.C.F. came into power in one of the most sensational land-slides in Canadian political history.

Triumph On The Home Front

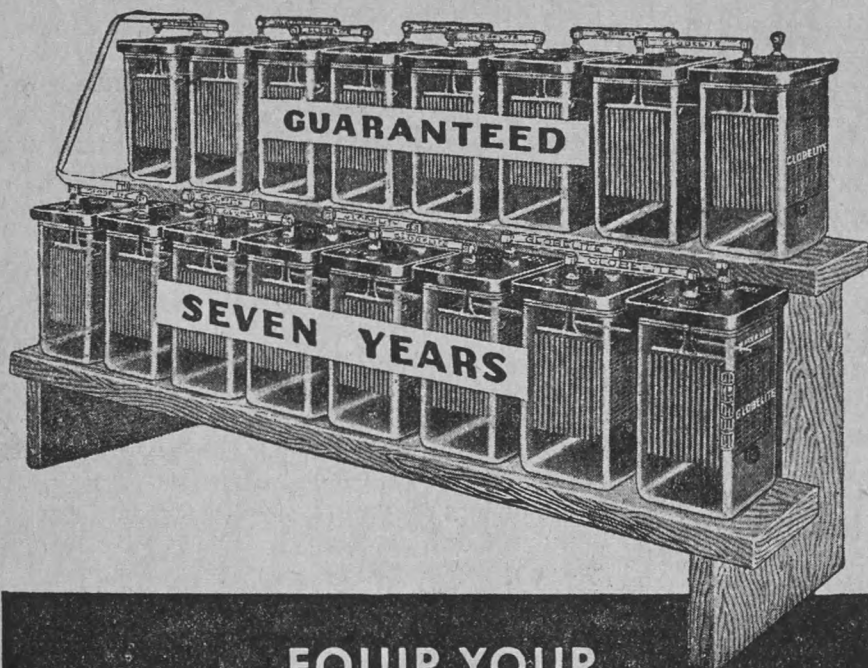
There was no slacking on the Victory Loan front. The campaign yielded over a billion and a half dollars. At this rate the country is raising in a single year and in loans alone, an amount almost equal to the net pre-war public debt of Canada, outside its railway commitments. About an equal amount is being raised by taxation. It is a tremendous achievement. It is also a tremendous sacrifice, though the real sacrifice, as in all wars, is being made by those splendid young Canadians on the far flung battle fronts. The result of the Seventh Victory Loan is further assurance to them that the people on the home front are behind them as they fight on to final victory.

Auction Sales and Income Tax

There is still considerable misunderstanding of the income tax regulations as they apply to income from auction sales. The same regulations apply as for sales by private treaty. The money realized for farm machinery, including an automobile or a truck, is not treated as income, but as a realization of capital assets and is not, therefore, taxable. On the other hand, money received for livestock, poultry and hay is treated as income and is subject to tax. The reason given for this procedure is that when work horses or breeding stock are purchased the price is allowed as an expense in the year of purchase, and, therefore, when they are sold, the proceeds are treated as income. This is also true when the farmer has raised the animals. The cost of raising them has been allowed as an expense during the period in which they were raised.

It is realized, however, that when a farmer sells out it would be unfair to tax, in one year, the total sum realized for his livestock. The practice is to spread out the tax over several years. Suppose, for example, it is spread over three years. One-third would be taxed in the year of the sale, one-third for the year prior to the sale and the remaining one-third in the year following the sale. In such a case, one-third of the sum realized from the sale of taxable assets is added to the other income for each of these three years and the income tax rate struck accordingly. When a farmer, after selling out, leaves the country, the total amount is collected before he gets away.

Income tax officials have full authority to deal with individual cases. The proper procedure is for a farmer to get in touch with his income tax office, present his case in full detail, and have it dealt with on its merits.

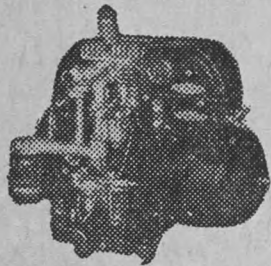


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NEWS of AGRICULTURE

Taxation of Co-ops

THE exemption of co-operatives from income taxation by the Dominion government does not leave Canada the only country where such exemptions are challenged. In the United States, as in Canada, vigorous protest has been entered by organizations set up for the purpose. Recently, the tax court of the United States in Washington upheld the right of co-operative corporations and of profit business corporations as well, to deduct from gross income, before payment of taxes, the amount of money returned to patrons of the company. This was permitted in cases where the by-laws of the company, or co-operative, require any money saved to be returned to customers or members. Tax exemptions for patronage or savings dividends have been well established in the United States, but in view of the activity of the National Tax Equality Association, which is urging the taxation of patronage dividends in the United States, a favorable decision secured by United Co-operative Incorporated of Alliance, Ohio, against the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was regarded as a victory for co-operatives. The Commissioner had thought to collect Federal income taxes on the gross income of the co-operative for three years, 1937-39.

What appears to be a curious decision by the Attorney-General of Texas recently, was to the effect that farm co-operatives cannot engage in the oil business in that State. The Indiana Farm Bureau Co-operative Association Inc. had applied for a Texas charter in order to extend the oil exploration.

The five-man Dominion Royal Commission investigating the taxability of Canadian co-operatives consists of Mr. Justice E. McDougall, Montreal; G. A. Elliott, Professor of Political Economy, University of Alberta; J. M. Nadeau, Lecturer in Economics, the University of Montreal; B. N. Arnason, Deputy Minister, Department of Co-operation and Co-operative Development, Saskatchewan, and J. J. Baughan, Toronto.

Sugar Beet Volume

THE total 1944 crop of sugar beets in Canada is estimated at 608,000 tons, or 28 per cent greater than last year. Of this amount, Alberta harvested the most valuable crop of sugar beets ever grown in the province, amounting to 335,000 tons from 29,000 acres. Sugar extraction from the Alberta crop is expected to amount to nearly 110,000,000 pounds. Ontario this year produced 125,000 tons of beets, and Quebec 55,000. The tonnage produced in Manitoba this year was somewhat smaller than in 1943.

Last year's Alberta crop from about the same acreage produced 298,934 tons of beets and yielded 83,263,260 pounds of sugar. Alberta sugar beet producers numbering about 1,300 secured \$10.33 per ton last year, which compared with \$9.53 per ton for the bumper crop of 342,000 tons grown on 27,550 acres in 1942.

Livestock Slaughtering

THE possibility of a serious packing-house strike among about 10,000 of the employees of three leading companies in Canada, was eliminated on November 3 when settlement of the dispute was reached as a result of the investigation by Mr. Justice S. E. Richards of the Manitoba Court of Appeal, appointed for the purpose by the Federal Department of Labor. Agreement for full co-operation in the handling of the maximum quantity of livestock was also reached between the two parties to the dispute, along with certain other agreements which have been points of contention between the management and the United Packinghouse Workers Union.

Settlement of this strike issue practically coincided with the beginning of the fall rush of western hogs to market. Edmonton reported on November 4 that there were 14,000 hogs in the yards of local packing plants and public stockyards. Late in October, however, most western markets were at one time or another congested with proportionately large numbers of plain, unfinished cattle, producing heavy week-end carry-overs. Failure of Ottawa officials to follow through on plans originally proposed for prevention of livestock market gluts led to repeated embargoes imposed by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture on the Winnipeg market; and eventually an embargo was placed on the Toronto market towards the middle of November on all classes of livestock except hogs. As the season progressed, more labor became available from the farms of western Canada and killing capacity increased. Hog carcasses graded up to Nov. 11 this year numbered 7,539,273, as compared with 5,685,266 for the same period last year. Inspected slaughtering of cattle for 45 weeks this year numbered 1,097,127, which compared with 860,579 last year for the same period; calves numbered 593,936 as compared with 537,756; and sheep 786,948 as compared with 702,092.

Boosted Beef Contract

HON. J. G. GARDINER, Dominion Minister of Agriculture, announced on November 15 that the minimum amount involved in the Canadian Beef Contract with the British Ministry of Food has been raised from 50 million pounds in each of the two years 1944 and 1945 to 112 million pounds in 1944 and 134,400,000 pounds in 1945. The British Minister of Food had also announced in the British House of Commons that if further amounts were available from Canada, the Ministry would be glad to take delivery of them.

Mr. Gardiner announced that the Beef Contract was the first instance where a maximum as well as a minimum quantity had been fixed.

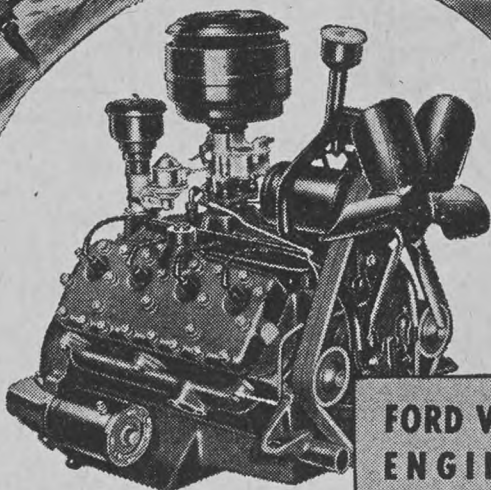
National Junior Club Contests

THE development in Canada of boys' and girls' club work has necessarily suffered as a result of the war. Notwithstanding the heavy drain of persons of all active ages from the farms, however, 36,252 young men and women were enrolled in these clubs in the nine provinces in 1943, the last year for which a complete report is available. This compares with the high point of 47,047 reached in 1940.

Crowning feature of the year's work in junior clubs is the National Judging Competition held at Toronto each year in November. These national trials of skill are preceded by provincial elimination competitions, and in Toronto this year 29 teams competed. Nine provinces were represented in Dairy Cattle, the Manitoba team taking first place, British Columbia fourth, Saskatchewan fifth, and Alberta eighth. Only the four western provinces sent Beef Cattle judging teams, British Columbia taking first place, Saskatchewan second, Alberta third, and Manitoba fourth. In Swine judging, seven teams competed, Alberta taking third place, Manitoba fourth, Saskatchewan fifth and British Columbia sixth. In Poultry judging, British Columbia competed against two Maritime provinces and secured first place. Again the three prairie provinces were alone with Ontario in the Seed Grain competition, where Alberta took first place, Manitoba second and Saskatchewan fourth.

British Columbia was the only province to come out of the competition with two first prizes. B.C. teams also took one fourth and one sixth. Alberta secured one first and two thirds, as well as one



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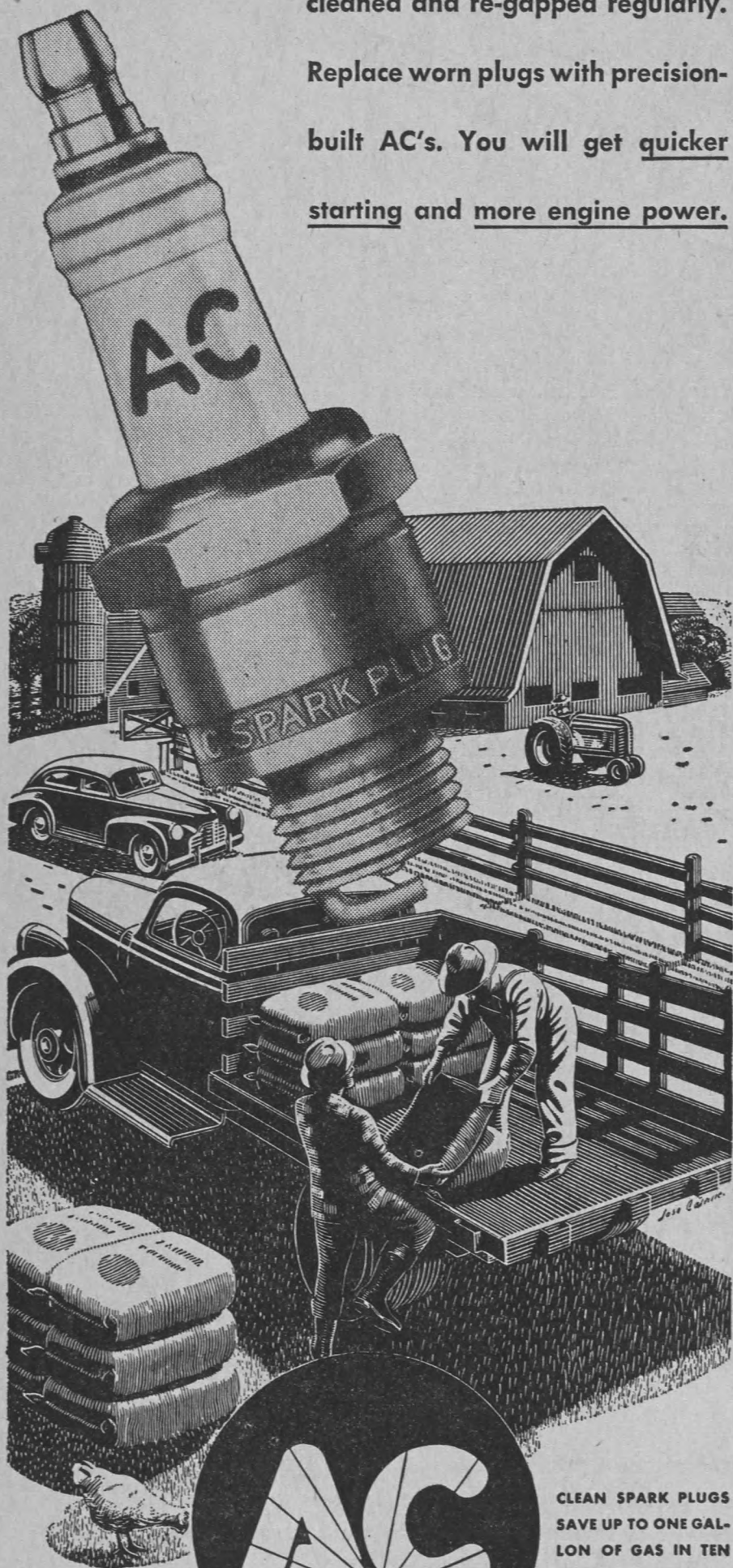
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eight. Saskatchewan was awarded one second, one fourth and two fifths, while Manitoba had a second, a third, and two fourths.

Members of western prize-winning teams were: Manitoba: (Dairy Cattle) Mary J. Benjamin and Martin Carrico, both of St. Norbert; (Beef Cattle) Lloyd Brown, Souris, and Jack McSorley, Deleau; (Swine) Alvin Anderson and Douglas Pontifex, both of Cypress River; (Seed Grain) Douglas Tolton and Hayden Tolton, both of Otterburne. Saskatchewan: (Dairy Cattle) Chas. S. McNutt, Saltcoats, and Borden V. Rosasen, Hinchliffe; (Beef Cattle) James Webster, St. Walburg, and Louis Hardes, Paradise Hill; (Swine) Eric W. Hemsley and Vera E. Hemsley, both of Sylvania; (Seed Grain) Victory Cookman, Meadow Lake, and Robert O. Donally, Four Corners. Alberta: (Dairy Cattle) Ila Mae Nichols and Mildred J. Pederson, both of Rosalind; (Beef Cattle) Robert G. Moore, North Edmonton, and Frank Rigney, Bon Accord; (Swine) Earl P. Bergman and Sheridan Clark, Erskine; (Grain) Clarence R. Furerst and Kenneth R. Puffer, both of Bashaw. British Columbia: (Dairy Cattle) James A. Bailey and George R. Fleming, both of Chilliwack; (Beef Cattle) Bernard L. Donchi, Vinsulla and Benjamin A. Gessner, Hefley Creek; (Swine) Peter Ewert, Yarrow, and Ervin Shinkel, Rosedale; (Poultry) Elizabeth M. Slater and Thelma Tuey, both of Fort Langley.

Wheat and Flour

FOR the last year or more Canadian flour mills have been setting records in the production of flour. For the crop year ending July 31, they produced 24,300,000 barrels, which compared with 23,600,000 barrels for the crop year 1943-44. To produce this flour required an average of 110,000,000 bushels a year, or about one-quarter of the average production for the two years. Domestic consumption amounted to about 11,000,000 barrels, leaving the balance for export. In 1939-40, flour exports amounted to only 6,800,000 barrels.

The 1944 wheat crop estimate has been raised slightly by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics to 453,200,000 bushels. Oats have now been placed at 522,000,000 bushels; barley at 199,100,000; and flax seed at 9,700,000. These figures mean a lowering of the oats and barley estimates by something over four million bushels each, and an increase in the wheat estimate of 5,600,000 bushels. Estimate for the rye crop has been reduced from 10,600,000 bushels to 8,300,000.

M. E. Hartnett To Direct Representatives

MAURICE E. HARTNETT, newly appointed Director of Agricultural Representatives for the Province of Saskatchewan, will take up his duties in the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture before January 1, 1945. This appointment, badly needed in the province for some time, marks one of the most important moves in this most important of all Saskatchewan government departments.

Born at Kinmount, Ontario, his parents moved to a homestead west of Saskatoon in 1906. Scholarships won in livestock judging at farm boys' camps took him to the University of Saskatchewan in 1922, from which he later was graduated. For several years after graduation he was on the staff of the Extension Department of the University of Saskatchewan and judged livestock at many fairs and exhibitions in the province. From 1931 to 1941, he was engaged in agricultural journalism and became exceptionally well known to the leading livestock breeders and exhibitors in western Canada. In 1941 he became Director of Agricultural Trade Relations (Canada) Limited, for the three prairie provinces; and soon after being transferred to Vancouver in 1942, he became Agricultural Consultant to Safeway Stores Limited, from which position he goes to his new appointment.

For three years Mr. Hartnett was

President of the Alumni Association of the University of Saskatchewan, and at various times he has been a Director of the Saskatoon Exhibition Board, Secretary of the Western Section of the Society of Animal Production, and a member of the Senate of the University of Saskatchewan. He is now a member of the Board of Governors of that institution, and an honorary life member of the Saskatchewan Field Husbandry Association. He has, for a number of years, operated his own farm in Saskatchewan.

Announcement of this appointment was made by Dr. F. H. Auld, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Saskatchewan, who, up to the present time has directed the activities of the 21 Agricultural Representatives so far appointed in the Province. It is expected that the number of Representatives will be brought to about 40; and the service, according to the Deputy Minister, "will be substantially increased as soon as qualified men now engaged in the armed services and in war undertakings are available for civil employment." The duties of Agricultural Representatives in Saskatchewan so far have been largely administrative, but it is expected that they "will be increasingly educational as the Branch is expanded and more men become available."

Program For Crop Utilization

AN expansion program closely tied to crop utilization, and estimated to cost about \$2,500,000, was given formal approval recently by delegates of Saskatchewan Co-operative Producers Limited. A 21-acre site has been acquired at Saskatoon, and construction work on the first unit, a two-exPELLER vegetable oil plant with a capacity of 1,000 bushels of flax per day, will be started about March 15 next year.

Other items in the program call for a glycol plant to handle 2,000 bushels of wheat per day by a process developed by the National Research Council; a modern flour-milling plant for the distribution of flour through co-operative channels in western Canada; grain handling and storage facilities to handle flax and other cereals; a seed-mixing plant, to handle by-products of the other units in the development; warehousing facilities to serve the various units; and the construction of a plant for manufacturing starch from wheat and other grains as a step in the production of glucose and other products.

It is intended that the entire development will be operated as a unit, with separate divisions to be developed one at a time. Glycol is considered to be an excellent antifreeze for western Canadian conditions. Starch is used very widely in Canada and for the manufacture of baking powder alone, the amount has been placed at five million pounds per year. It is the base from which corn syrup is manufactured, but the use of wheat starch for such syrup is merely a matter of comparative cost. Recently the shortage of cornstarch for the manufacture of glucose syrups, or corn syrups, led the United States Department of Agriculture to develop two new processes for producing starch from wheat flour. These are the alkali process and the batter process, the first of which is said to be able to produce a starch of from 94-98 per cent purity, and therefore satisfactory for conversion to syrups, sugars, or for fermentation. In this process, the alkali treatment alters the protein chemically so that it loses much of its gluten properties. Soft wheat is higher in starch than the hard wheat commonly grown in western Canada. By the batter process, about 15 tons of starch and three tons of gluten can be produced from 25 tons of flour, and one of the large Canadian flour-milling companies has a starch plant at Fort William. There is also a wheat syrup plant at Vancouver.

THE IMPRESSION ON THE GROUND *determines* TRACTION



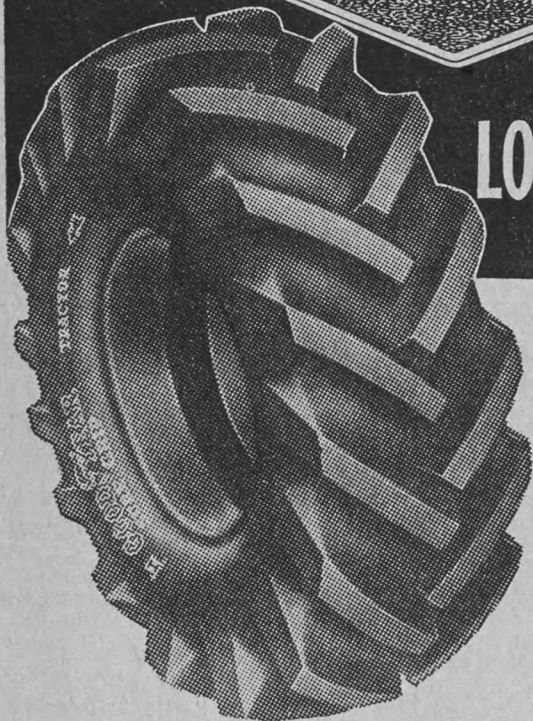
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C Buttressed base—no lug tear. Each lug is self-reinforced. No need to join them together to hold them on. They're strong enough to stand alone.

WHEN a tractor wheel slips, it is because the ground under the tire is disturbed or sheared off. The ground (not the tire tread) is the weaker of the two surfaces which, together, must support traction.

The Goodyear Sure-Grip "Open-Centre" tread leaves the ground segments joined and supported for greater strength where strength is most needed. It gives an **UNBROKEN PATTERN** instead of cutting the ground into small disconnected pieces, as a joined tread will do. Small pieces of ground naturally shear off more easily, resulting in slippage and loss of traction.

The individual **SELF-CLEANING** lugs; of the Sure-Grip "Open-Centre" tread, seldom disturb ground enough to lift dirt on the tire. Also, the "Open-Centre" tread *cleans automatically*. The lugs being independent and flexible, compress closer together when on the ground. On leaving the ground they spread and release any dirt sticking to them. A clean tire assures better traction!

Better traction saves time, work, fuel and money.

Insist on Goodyear Sure-Grip tires for your farm tractor.

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A number of Goodyear dealers at strategic points across Canada have equipped themselves to re-lug all sizes of farm tractor tires. Special equipment assures a strong, durable, uniform cure of the new rubber on tractor tires of any size or make.

This is the time of year to have this work done on your tires. Now, while

your tractor equipment is not urgently needed, re-lug your tractor tires and be sure of strong, reliable traction in time for spring work.

Your nearest Goodyear dealer is a farm tire expert. Take your tires to him for a complete examination. He will arrange to have them re-lugged if advisable.

FP34

I know what's going on around here



I'm the milk scale and I put my finger on the trouble around here. That heavy milker was light this morning. That new heifer has been off her feed for three days.

The herd in this barn needs Stock Tonic. Its tonics would help pep up some of these appetites and step up the activity of digestive systems so that they can handle this roughage. Stock Tonic also provides vitamin D. This herd isn't getting much sunshine, I'll bet it needs D all right. Somebody ought to tip this dairyman off to Stock Tonic—just tell him he can get it from the Dr. Hess Dealer.

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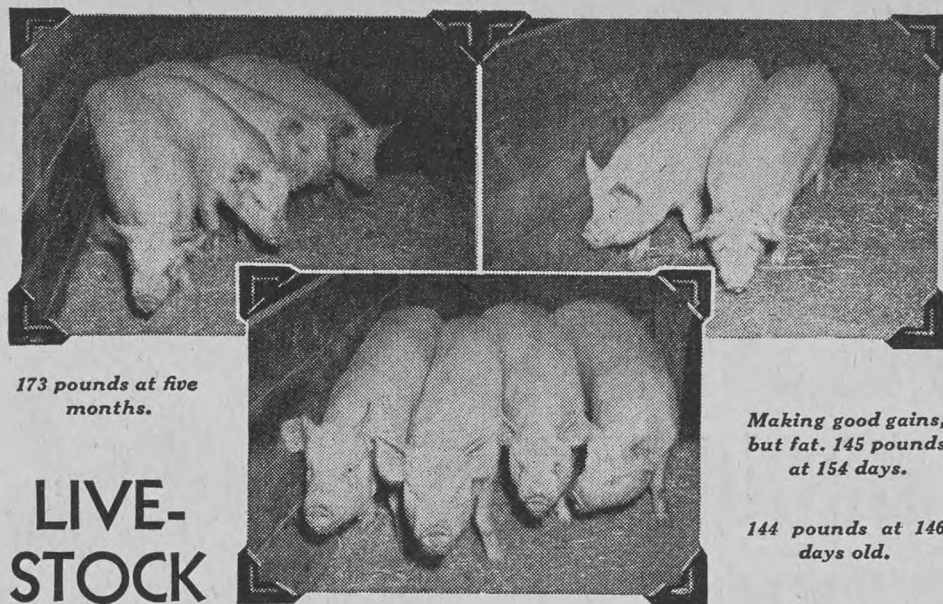
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144 pounds at 146 days old.

Is There Time To Get Ready?

Postwar bacon market will demand higher quality bacon. Have we the breeding stock to produce it?

IT is now more or less generally recognized, we believe, that Canada should be able to hold a fairly large share of the British bacon market after the war. We believe it is fair to say that Canada has shown remarkable ability to rise to the occasion during wartime and to produce for Britain under the handicap of extreme farm labor shortage very large quantities of reasonably good bacon. Canadian bacon exports to Britain after the war will require to be of higher quality than our wartime shipments. European countries will be anxious to regain a foothold in the world's number one food market. The British people will demand a return to pre-war standards of quality. Moreover, Britain will have no money to throw away, and while Canada's services in wartime will be remembered, they cannot be expected to do more than guarantee us a fairly good market if we produce what the market wants.

We Have Progressed, But Not Enough

Aside from our willingness to produce large quantities of market hogs in wartime at what must be admitted were satisfactory prices, Canada's bacon hog showing over the last 40 years has not been, by any means, remarkable. It required more than 15 years, including a world war and a disastrous experience following it, to bring us to the point where live-hog grading was introduced. It took another 18 years, during which time a system of advanced registry was established, before we arrived at rail grading. After four years of rail grading, accompanied by extensive wartime production, we are still marketing about 30 per cent of grade A hogs. Even this figure is high, because in no single week of 1944 have the hogs marketed in any one of the three prairie provinces of Canada averaged 30 per cent grade A. For Canada as a whole, this percentage was reached in only one week this year, the week ending April 8, when 30.7 per cent of grade A were graded. Ontario, on the other hand, has not fallen below 35 per cent in any week this year since the week ending February 19, and has reached 39 per cent on two occasions recently.

Nor in any week since the beginning of this year has Canada produced more than 47.4 per cent of B1 hogs. Not even in any one week since January 1 have the hogs marketed in Manitoba, Alberta or Ontario averaged 50 per cent B1. Saskatchewan, for five weeks in succession during March and April achieved just over 50 per cent.

After the war, when some of the men now raising hogs only for the money there is in it, have sloughed themselves off from the hog industry, and when labor is more plentiful on Canadian farms, a substantially higher combined percentage of grade A's and B1's should be easily possible. It is apparent, however, that to put the Canadian swine industry on a sound and permanent basis, a thorough-going swine improvement policy needs to be got under way. We have more or less eliminated practically all breeds from the Canadian scene except the Yorkshire, but there is certainly serious room for doubting as

to whether we have kept the Yorkshire up to scratch. Too many cases are developing of ridglings, ruptures, and slow-growing pigs, to permit any complacency about the satisfaction the breed is giving in Canada under all conditions. In western Canada there are complaints that many Yorkshires lack sufficient strength and constitution, and too many farmers are finding it difficult to market a grade A or even a B1 in six or seven months.

The Western Canadian Society of Animal Production is considering now a swine improvement program for our institutions and universities. Co-ordination of effort is late getting started, and it was only seriously considered when alarming reports began to appear of individual farmers and communities resorting to the disastrous practice of indiscriminate cross-breeding, in order to achieve something known as hybrid vigor.

At a recent visit to an Advanced Registry Station, four pens of pigs there admirably illustrated the need for a thorough-going breeding program for swine improvement. Pigs entered for testing in Advanced Registry are supposed to go on test at 70 days of age, and are supposed to weigh 30 pounds each. Four pigs from each litter to be tested must be provided, and once put on test all the pens entered are fed and treated exactly alike, so that an accurate check may be kept on their feed consumption, rate of gain and, eventually, their grade.

One of the lots pictured on this page contained four pigs that were five months old the day before the picture was taken. They weighed from 60-64 pounds each, and averaged 62½ pounds at 70 days when entered on test. When exactly five months old (154 days) they weighed 168, 169, 174 and 175 pounds. To make an average weight of 200 pounds each in 180 days, this lot needed to gain only 4.4 pounds per day for 26 days, or an average of 1.1 pound per day each, whereas, under conditions of full feeding and well balanced rations, gains of 1¼ to 1½ pounds per day are not improbable.

We Cannot Progress With These

Next to these pigs were another lot that weighed 30.75 pounds at 70 days when entering the test. Their individual weights were 30, 30, 31 and 32 pounds. Two days before I saw them, they were 140 days old and their weights were 102, 107, 115 and 96 pounds. To average 200 pounds each at 180 days, they would need to gain 2.4 pounds per day each, or 9.5 pounds for the group as compared with 4.4 pounds for the other group.

Next to these again was a lot of four which, at 70 days, had weighed 20, 29, 30 and 28 pounds each, only one of them having reached 30 pounds at ten weeks of age. Twelve days before I saw them they were 196 days old, and their weights were 140, 136, 140 and 159 pounds. In type, they were as good as any pen at the station. Their treatment was the same as the others, but their breeding was such that they could not make economical use of feed. In spite of the

\$1

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UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET, JULY 31, 1944

ASSETS

CURRENT AND WORKING ASSETS:

Cash on hand and in banks	\$ 597,843.52	
Dominion of Canada bonds	300,000.00	
Par value \$300,000.00 at cost—quoted value July 31, 1944, \$298,500.00		
Accounts and bills receivable	764,371.29	
Including storage and carrying charges and other accruals, after providing for estimated doubtful accounts.		
Inventories:		
As determined and certified by responsible officers of the Companies:		
Grain	\$17,387,100.38	
Representing net book stocks of (a) wheat and flax acquired on behalf of and deliverable to The Canadian Wheat Board, valued on basis of fixed prices set by that Board; (b) wheat originally acquired by the Company on its own behalf, but now held on behalf of and deliverable to The Canadian Wheat Board (Order-in-Council P.C. 7942), valued on basis of cost; (c) coarse grains valued on basis of quoted market prices.		
Twine, coal and sundry merchandise—at cost	908,347.04	
Deferred and prepaid charges	18,295,447.42	
	124,982.55	
		\$20,082,644.78

INVESTMENTS:

Memberships	\$ 1.00	
Mortgages and agreement of sale	80,358.41	
Other securities—common stocks	1,661.00	
At book values.		82,020.41

EMPLOYEES' PENSIONS:

Representing payment to the Annuities Branch of the Dominion Government—less amounts written off. 262,558.04

BOND DISCOUNT AND EXPENSES—less amounts written off.

82,318.04

CAPITAL ASSETS:

Country and terminal elevators, sites, warehouses and other equipment, etc.—at cost	\$11,847,441.05	
Less—Reserve for depreciation	6,337,198.39	
	\$ 5,510,242.66	
Publication establishment account:	93,275.93	
Establishment costs of "The Country Guide"—net		5,603,518.59
		<u>\$26,113,059.86</u>

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES:

Bank loans and overdrafts—secured	\$10,659,585.92	
Grain cash tickets and orders outstanding	3,834,375.56	
Accounts payable and accrued liabilities	1,188,402.21	
Reserve for income and excess profits taxes	262,697.27	
After applying instalment payments in respect of such taxes for the current year.		
Patronage dividends	2,000,000.00	
Amounts allocated hereto for the 1941, 1942 and 1943 crop years but held in reserve pending clarification of the question of the Company's liability, if any, for income and excess profits taxes in connection therewith.		
Shareholders' dividends	171,546.92	
Including unclaimed dividends of prior years.		\$18,116,607.88

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS:

Authorized \$7,500,000.00		
Issued		
Serial bonds—maturing annually in the amount of \$200,000.00		
3 per cent bonds—due March 1, 1945	\$ 200,000.00	
3½ per cent bonds—due March 1, 1946, 1947, 1948	600,000.00	
4 per cent bonds—due March 1, 1949, 1950	400,000.00	
	\$ 1,200,000.00	
Sinking fund bonds:	1,400,000.00	
4¼ per cent bonds due March 1, 1958		2,600,000.00

CAPITAL, RESERVE AND SURPLUS:

Capital stock:		
Class A non-cumulative preferred redeemable shares:		
Authorized 200,000 shares—par value \$20.00 each.		
Outstanding 143,631 shares	\$ 2,872,620.00	
after redemption of 4,551 shares to date.		
Class B (membership) shares:		
Authorized 200,000 shares—par value \$5.00 each.		
Outstanding 52,882 shares	264,410.00	
exclusive of 1,962 shares acquired and held in Treasury.		\$ 3,137,030.00
General reserve:		
Balance July 31, 1943—unchanged	1,647,057.42	
Capital surplus:		
Balance July 31, 1943	\$ 80,748.61	
Add—Amount arising from redemption of Class A shares during the year	32,548.96	
		113,297.57
Earned surplus:		
In terms of separate statement	499,066.99	
		5,396,451.98

Approved on behalf of the Board of Directors:

R. S. LAW,
J. E. BROWNLEE, } Directors

\$26,113,059.86

AUDITOR'S REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

We have made an examination of the books and accounts of United Grain Growers Limited and its Subsidiary Companies for the fiscal year ending July 31, 1944, and all our requirements, as auditors, have been complied with.

The cash in banks was confirmed by certificates obtained by us direct from the Companies' bankers and adequate provision has been made, in our opinion, for possible losses on accounts doubtful of collection. The stocks of grain, twine, coal and sundry merchandise have been certified by responsible officers of the Companies and we have taken reasonable care to satisfy ourselves that all liabilities as at July 31, 1944, have been taken up on the books as at that date; the question of income and excess profits taxes in relation to patronage dividends as noted above, awaits final clarification. Depreciation for the year has been provided for in full at the customary rates and the accumulated reserve for depreciation at July 31, 1944, amounts to \$6,337,198.39.

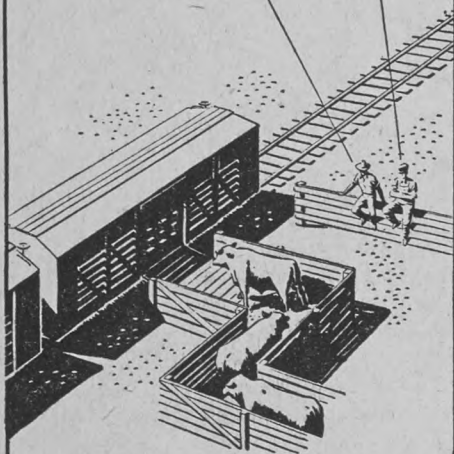
We have obtained all information and explanations we have required and, subject to the foregoing remarks, we report that, in our opinion, the above consolidated balance sheet as at July 31, 1944, is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Companies' affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Companies.

Winnipeg, October 23, 1944.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.,
Auditors.

"Mighty fine looking bunch of two-year-olds you've got there, Ed."

"Sure are. . . That Alox Linseed Meal puts a finish on that means real money."



You, too, by feeding Alox Linseed Meal, can raise animals with those sleek, glossy coats and well-meated flanks which indicate top grade and for which every cattle buyer gladly pays you top market prices.

For sale in 100 lb. sacks at leading feed stores everywhere



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HEY! SARGE WHERE'S YOUR MINARD'S

SOLDIERS RUB OUT TIRED ACHES

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fact that they were already 16 days over the 180 days in age, they still had to put on 225 pounds of weight to average 200 pounds each.

Finally, there was a fourth lot close to these others, which at 70 days of age had entered the test weighing 31, 36, 39 and 40 pounds each. Four days before I saw them they were 154 days of age and had weighed 143, 135, 147 and 155 pounds. These pigs, to average 200 pounds each at 180 days, would have to gain 2.11 pounds each for 26 days. At a good normal gain of, say, 1.3 pounds each per day, they would finish at 197 days, or 6½ months. However, at least two of the pigs in this lot were definitely off type as bacon hogs. They were fat, wide-shouldered, with flabby bellies and thick jowls, which meant that they were entirely out of place as bacon-type Yorkshires.

The facts about these four pens of hogs seem to point definitely to three conclusions. First, that any farmer, hoping to make efficient use of his time and money in raising bacon hogs for market,

should invariably choose Advance Registry sows and boars or their progeny for his breeding stock. In all probability, three out of four of the pens described above would not qualify, which leaves Advance Registry pointing clearly to the one good pen in the lot. The second conclusion is that the good breeders of purebred Yorkshires, and there are plenty of them, should demand and cooperate in carrying out, a strong and energetic breed improvement policy, not only for their own good, but for the good of the bacon hog industry in Canada in the years to come. The third conclusion is that the sooner our departments of agriculture, both Dominion and provincial, together with our provincial universities, inaugurate an energetic, well conceived and thorough program of research, testing and experiment among breeding lines of Yorkshire swine, the sooner we may expect fundamental improvement in the quality of hogs reaching our markets and in the percentage of the higher grades which qualify for premium prices.—H.S.F.

Poor Cream Costs as Much To Produce

THE scarcity of help on farms has had an effect on the quality of cream produced, according to D. H. McCallum, Dairy Commissioner for the province of Alberta. Mr. McCallum reports that, in 1939, special grade cream constituted 68.1 per cent of the total receipts of Alberta creameries, while for the first eight months of 1944 this percentage dropped to 52.4 per cent.

The growth of bacteria which is responsible for most of the cream defects, is a factor quite independent of labor shortages and all other difficulties the cream producer may face. Further, the high-average quality of creamery butter from western Canada is the result of long years of cream grading, butter grading and a high standard of manufacture, that have created a place for western butter in eastern Canada, which it would be difficult to regain if it were once lost. Not much relaxation of the high standards previously maintained is required to reduce the average quality of butter manufactured.

It takes special grade cream to make first grade butter, and this quality of cream can only come from farms where contamination by bacteria is kept at a minimum. Bacteria are small plants, so very tiny that one hundred million can exist in a spoonful of milk. When the temperature is between 40 and 50 degrees, bacteria, like other plants, can make very little growth, and therefore they multiply more slowly. This is the reason for cooling milk and cream in order to keep it sweet and pure. If the temperature gets up to 60 degrees, the bacteria can multiply 15 times in a matter of 12 hours, whereas, if the milk or cream were stored at 70 degrees, it has been reported that bacteria can multiply 700 times, and at 80 degrees, the rate of multiplication goes up to 3,000.

It is easy to see from these rather astonishing figures that if every farm in western Canada producing cream, provided storage at a temperature be-

low 50 degrees, the average quality of creamery butter would increase surprisingly. Similarly, if every person taking care of milk pails, strainers, cream separators and shipping cans on farms where cream is shipped, were to clean them thoroughly each time they are used, the contamination of cream or milk would be very greatly lessened.

It is very hard to realize, since bacteria are so very small, that unless the greatest care is used, dairy utensils handled in rooms not spotlessly clean, will be covered with many, many millions of bacteria. Any single one of these could, under favorable conditions, cause a tablespoonful of milk or cream to turn sour.

"Winter flavor" is common at this season of the year, and is characterized by a bitterness, which may vary from slight to very bitter. Cream carrying this flavor, even though it may not be sour, will still be degraded according to the amount of bitterness it contains. Mr. McCallum points out that this bitter flavor is not due to the growth of bacteria, but to the activity of one of the milk enzymes, which is commonly more active in milk produced at the end of the lactation period. The suggestion is made, therefore, that milk from "stripper" cows should be avoided.

If milk or cream has been cooled to below 50 degrees, and then allowed to warm up, either by adding warm, freshly separated cream to the cold cream, or by storing in a place where the temperature varies, bitterness may develop very readily. Cream that is freshly frozen develops a bitter flavor quickly, and the Alberta Dairy Commissioner reports that almost all cans of frozen cream show some bitterness.

High quality cream is worth more money than cream of poorer quality. The higher priced product can be produced by using care. Cleanliness is half the battle and storing at a temperature of less than 50 degrees is the other half.

Horse Care Over Winter

IN these days of surplus horses and scarcity of labor, there is a tendency to winter horses over without adequate care, especially if they are to be called on for much work during the winter months.

Horses are maintained on the farm in order to produce from them the maximum amount of energy and service at the minimum of cost, but at the same time they require ample feed to carry them through in condition, so that they can be put into the spring work without waste of time. Really surplus animals are frequently allowed to fend for themselves, and in certain parts of western Canada where they can find sufficient grass and ample shelter from cold winds and storms, thousands of them winter through fairly well in this way.

Horses that are required to do some work, however, must be fed to maintain them in health and good condition. Generally speaking, in western Canada

where oat sheaves are so much a part of feed reserves, idle horses or those on light winter work can be carried through satisfactorily with a mixture of three parts of oats and one part of bran fed along with some green-cured oat sheaves and a limited amount of straw.

Where horses are to be fed on a purely maintenance ration, one pound each of a good mixed hay and clean oat straw for each 100 pounds of body weight, and turnips, if available, fed in the same proportion, will provide sufficient roughage. A small daily feed of bran and oats in equal parts would be preferable. Where horses are doing some work, a grain mixture of three parts of oats and one part of barley may be used, or another mixture recommended by the Dominion Department of Agriculture consists of ten parts of oats, two parts of bran, one part of oil meal, in addition to hay.



● If your pastures produced rich, juicy June grass all the year round you'd have a continuous supply of golden yellow June butter.

A small amount of "DANDELION" BUTTER COLOR will give your butter that golden June yellow that customers look for.

If you want to sell your butter at the top of the market send for our booklet "Butter Making on the Farm". It will give you plenty of useful information and it costs you nothing. So write now, while you have it in mind.

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Everything's Jake!



We've got a flock of chickens laying like the mischief. We think they'll keep at it right on through the winter.

I'm inclined to give a lot of the credit for all this egg activity to Pan-a-min. It's the first time we've used the product, although our neighbors have been telling us to add it to the ration.

We decided to try Pan-a-min because of the feed situation. Its tonics stimulate body functions and help the layers make better use of the ration. You can see how that can help hens turn feed into more eggs. Yes sir, I feel pretty sure Pan-a-min will be used around here from now on. And if you are interested in Pan-a-min, just see your Dr. Hess Dealer about it.

Hess & Clark, Ltd.
LONDON, ONTARIO



1921

Research transformed Cast Iron

ALTHOUGH IT HAD BEEN PROVED by laboratory experiments that the quality of cast iron could be vastly improved by the addition of Nickel, it remained for the Canadian Nickel industry to lead the way in putting this knowledge to commercial use.

In 1921 Nickel investigators began intensive laboratory research on cast iron. They reviewed previous experiments carried on by other scientists. They made countless experiments of their own. They proved that cast iron could be made stronger, more uniform in texture and more resistant to corrosion and wear by adding Nickel. They sent out this information to buyers of castings. They instructed foundries how to use Nickel to get best results.

So Nickel alloy iron was adopted for scores of new uses. Another new market for Nickel had been developed to take the place of war markets wiped out in 1918.

Today Canadian Nickel is again diverted to war purposes, and again the industry looks to the future with confidence. Plans are ready to develop and expand old and new peacetime markets, so that the Nickel industry may continue, through its own initiative and enterprise, to make still greater contributions to Canada's welfare.

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GAINS
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FEED GRO-MOR**

Wise growers find they get better results faster at less cost when they balance home-grown or Western grain with Swift's famed GRO-MOR Hog Concentrate.

Years of research stand behind Swift's famous line of feeds. For really complete balanced feeding always buy Swift's balanced feeds. Swift Canadian Co. Limited.



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Production is Restricted*



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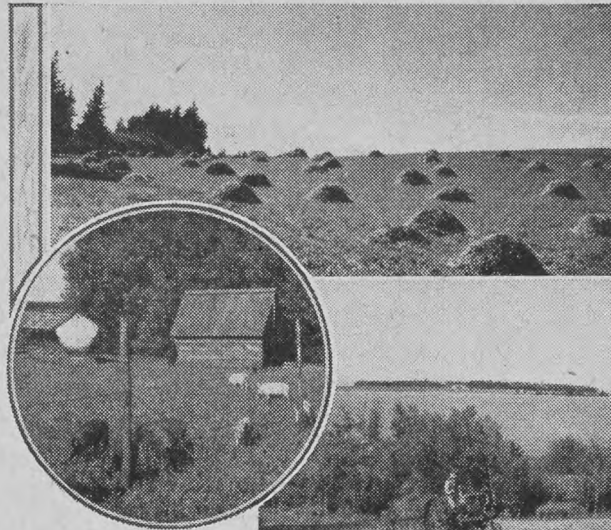
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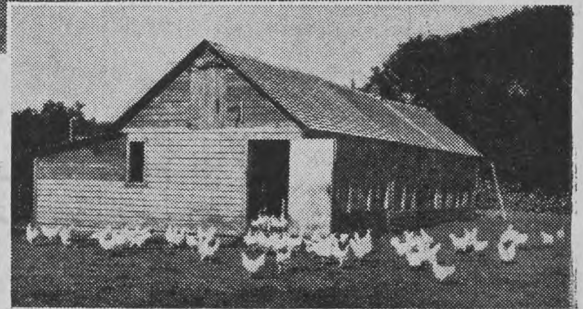
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FIELD



Scenes on the well-managed quarter-section farm of C. T. Barnfield, Kenville, Man.



Pigs and Hens on a Quarter-Section

This soldier settler from World War I has done better than average

AMONG those who began farming after the last war as soldier settlers is C. T. Barnfield, whose quarter-section farm is located two miles west of Kenville, Manitoba. The farm originally belonged to his father, who died in 1918. When the war was over, the present incumbent took over and financed the purchase through the Soldier Settlement Board. Mr. Barnfield expressed to me the hope that the present scheme under the Veterans' Land Act would be better for the veterans of this war than the old scheme was for those of World War I. While he had no personal complaint, so far as his own treatment was concerned, he believed the principle of expecting amounts still owing on old Soldier Settlement accounts to be paid off, was wrong, and that the government should write off the balance.

The farm he is on has 116 acres of crop land, some of which is very hilly. A deep gully runs through it, and because of the numerous slopes, not much of the farm is summerfallowed. This year there were 30 acres of fallow. Not much grain is sold from this farm, and the principal sources of revenue are from pigs and chickens. Mr. Barnfield told me that he had read quite a bit about contouring, but he had no special machinery for the job; and terracing, to avoid undue soil erosion, would not only require special machinery, but would take down the tops of the knolls, which were already down to hard soil. As it is, he manures every winter and tries to avoid bare ground which would cause loss of soil after heavy rain on the steep slopes.

Until last year he had worked the farm with horses. He still had four horses at the time of my visit, but had done no work on the land with them except to operate the mower, in addition to odd jobs about the place. At the time of my visit he was working a duck-foot cultivator with the tractor, on a fairly steep slope, on which there was a considerable amount of trash cover in evidence.

Among some of the young pigs running in the small pasture paddock near the barn, I had noticed some spotted

ones, and Mr. Barnfield told me that he had some Tamworths and had had a Berkshire boar. Nevertheless, his percentage of grade A's and B1's together, was about 75 per cent, largely, I concluded, because of the care and good feeding he gave them. He feeds mostly barley with about 20 to 25 per cent of wheat, although, since the price of wheat was raised, he has fed a little less wheat. He still thought, however, that it would pay to feed some wheat, even at something over a \$1.00 per bushel.

Kenville is in the Swan River country, where considerable trouble has been experienced with bullnose in pigs. Mr. Barnfield had had some bullnose, but had got rid of the pigs as quickly as possible after he had noticed some of the weanling Tamworths sneezing (for information about bullnose see page 16 of The Country Guide for November).

When I went back to the house, late in the afternoon, to enquire about the poultry, Mrs. Barnfield was just letting the hens out for exercise. They were White Leghorns, and she told me that the flock is started off in the fall with about 400 pullets. It is a hatchery approved flock, and the eggs, in the hatching season, go to Flin Flon and other places, including the co-operative association.

About 75 pullets and hens had been lost between last fall and July 11, the result of colds, which had given considerable trouble. It was possible that some two-year-old hens carried over had carried the infection forward to the pullets. Actual average egg production was not known, but Mrs. Barnfield assured me that it was well over 150. The number of hens in the flock are not recorded each month, nor is any record kept of the cost of feed. The necessary grain is taken from the bin as it is needed.

Mr. Barnfield, incidentally, was quite a believer in using the binder for cutting hay. He had some brome grass hay in stooks when I was there, and said that he thought he would try the same method with alfalfa another year.—H.S.F.

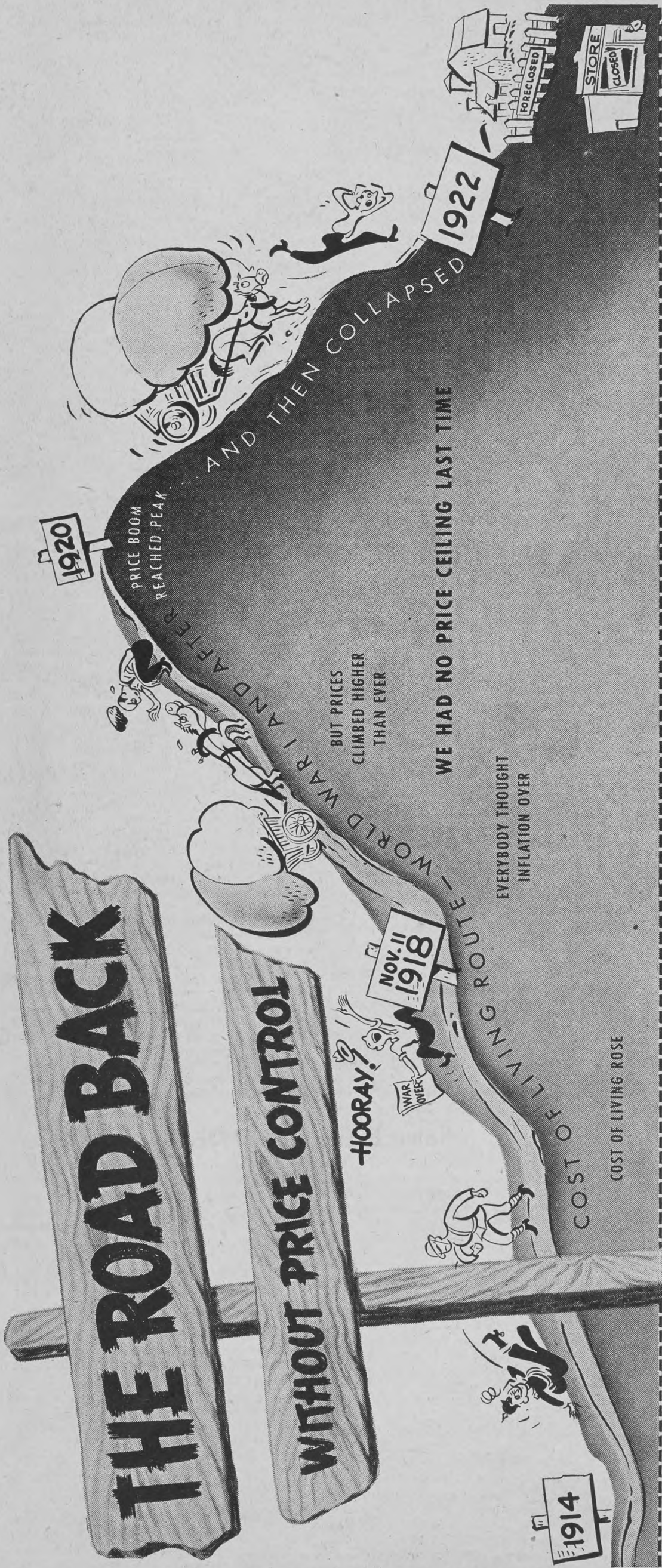
Custom Work Reduces Costs

IF a tractor is used 200 hours per year on a farm in the prairie provinces, it costs, exclusive of labor to operate it, \$1.59 per hour. If it can be used 800 hours per year, the cost of the same basis is 86 cents per hour. These figures come from the Dominion experimental station at Swift Current, where for a long time the cost of using farm implements and equipment has been

studied carefully and a great deal of information collected from all possible sources.

If a tractor is used 400 hours per year, the cost per hour of use is \$1.10, and since the average farm tractor is used less than 350 hours annually, the average cost, exclusive of labor, is probably around \$1.25.

These figures give room for serious



The worst inflation came AFTER the war the last time . . . to be followed by disastrous deflation, unemployment and confusion. For Canada to manage successfully the change back to peace, maintain employment, and meet the world's competition . . . we must continue to have stable economic conditions. To protect the individual from rising costs of living and later unemployment we must continue to prevent inflation.

To prevent a repetition of the conditions following the last war PRICE CONTROL MUST BE MAINTAINED

AS LONG AS INFLATION THREATENS US.

This can only be done if production is efficient and economical, costs are kept down and consumers refuse to pay more than ceiling prices.



One person can start it!

When one person demands more for goods or services he compels others to do the same and Price Control goes out the window.

**Both
ARE NEEDED FOR
BEST RESULTS**

**FAST
and
UNIFORM
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DE LAVAL MAGNETIC SPEEDWAY MILKER

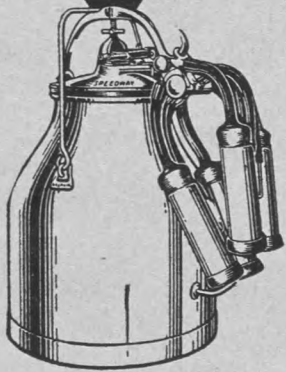
Only the De Laval Magnetic Speedway Milker provides both uniform and fast milking . . . and both are essential.

Uniform milking . . . gets the highest milk yield at every milking . . . and throughout the entire lactation period and lifetime of the cow. Change in milking speed and action lowers production . . . as demonstrated when hand milkers are changed.

Fast milking . . . with proper cow preparation . . . results in healthier udders . . . time savings . . . better production . . . less strippings and cleaner milk.

In the De Laval Magnetic Speedway Milker pulsations are controlled by magnetic force from the Pulso-Pump . . . all units milk with the same uniform speed and action at all times.

Best milking means best results . . . and that's the kind of milking you want.



- SAVE TIME AND LABOR
- PRODUCE MORE MILK
- HAVE LESS STRIPPINGS
- MAINTAIN HEALTHY UDDERS

DE LAVAL STERLING MILKER

The De Laval Sterling Milker is a worthy companion to the great De Laval Magnetic Speedway Milker and is particularly adapted for those to whom lower price is an important consideration. The Sterling Pulsator has only two moving parts, gives positive milking speed and action. De Laval Sterling single or double units may also be used on any other make of single pipe line installation.



DE LAVAL SEPARATORS

De Laval Cream Separators skim cleaner, last longer, cost less per year of use and earn more. They produce highest quality cream for highest quality butter and may easily be washed in a few minutes' time under ordinary farm conditions. De Laval Separators are made in a wide variety of sizes and styles and at prices to meet every need and purse. Hand or motor drive.



THE DE LAVAL COMPANY, Ltd.

PETERBOROUGH MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



VICTORIA POULTRY BALANCER "Keeps hens up to par"

It takes balanced feeding to keep your hens in the pink of condition and "high up" in record of performance. Grain alone doesn't contain the elements necessary to make eggs in the quantity your hens are capable of producing.

Fresh Victoria Poultry Balancer is designed for balanced feeding . . . puts egg-making protein, vitamins and minerals into the ration . . . keeps hens producing at a high level, maintains the body weight of the bird . . . while producing large, mild-flavored eggs with hard-textured shells.

Write for instructive free pamphlets. Get the informative Victoria Service Bulletin mailed you monthly . . . free.

Ask your Victoria dealer or McCabe agent.



VICTORIA
The Fresh
FEEDS AND BALANCERS

Manufactured Fresh daily by
McCABE BROS. GRAIN CO. LTD.

WINNIPEG - REGINA - SASKATOON - EDMONTON - PORT ARTHUR - BRANDON

thought, particularly by men on smaller farms who, under the extreme difficulties of wartime production and labor shortage, have bought tractors which have not afterwards been used to any extent, if at all, for custom work. The Swift Current Station points out that the tractor that is kept running at constant load and speed and operated at correct temperature will work most efficiently and will last longer with less repair cost, so that from every point of view the co-operative use of farm equipment, or the trading of work, or custom use of tractors and other equip-

ment, is more profitable in the long run. Operating a 12-foot combine, for example, for 100 hours per season means an average cost of \$2.86 per hour, but if the same machine can operate 200 hours in the season, the cost is reduced by 71 cents per hour to \$2.15.

Available records are said to show that many well balanced farms can operate their tractors over 800 hours per year, their seeding equipment over 200 hours, the tillage equipment over 450 hours and harvesting equipment over 225 hours per year.

Seed-Borne Diseases Are Numerous

ACCORDING to a recent list issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, the Science Service of the Department employs more than 50 plant pathologists. A plant pathologist is a scientifically trained person who studies the diseases of plants, and when we know that 22 of these authorities on plant diseases are located in the four western provinces, the seriousness of losses from plant diseases in western Canada will be apparent, since so many specialists would not be employed unless the problems to be solved were serious.

Not long before his retirement, Dr. A. C. Gussow, Dominion Botanist, pointed out that wheat seed alone may carry 55 different disease organisms, seed corn 26, rye 25, oats and barley each 14, sorghum nine, and millet five. At the same time he quoted an American authority on seed-borne diseases, who said that 26 kinds of cereals and grasses could carry on their seeds more than 180 different disease-causing fungi and bacteria. Twenty-five kinds of vegetable seeds would, between them, be able to introduce 115 different diseases. Field crops numbering 23 could introduce 100 diseases. The same authority reported 477 diseases carried on 131 different kinds of seeds. Of these 115 were bacterial diseases, and 335 were fungus diseases. Soybeans, for example, can carry 16 seed-borne diseases, red clover 14, flax nine, beans 17, tomatoes 14, and peas 11.

Not all of these diseases by any means are present in any one district, or on any one lot of seed, but the spread of so many different kinds of plant diseases on seed emphasizes the importance of seed testing and seed treatment.

In addition to seed-borne diseases, such other questions as germination and seed quality and purity are also important. Farmers whose crops depend on the use of good seed to such a great extent should be familiar with the sources of information on these subjects. In fact, it would probably mean a great deal of added income to farmers of western Canada if each farmer could get to know at least one plant pathologist and talk with him for long enough to appreciate the significance of seed-borne diseases. The Dominion Department of Agriculture maintains laboratories of plant pathology in each western province, and farmers who have

noticed disease in their grain fields or among their forage crops and would like information, or would prefer to send a sample for examination, could write to the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, either at Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton or Summerland, B.C. Samples should contain about a half-pound of cereals and proportionately less of smaller seeds.

Similarly, any farmer who has seed for sale and would like to obtain an official grade on it, or would like to know the grade of the seed he proposes to sow on his own farm and what its germination is, can obtain a "control sample certificate" if he will send a sample in addressed to the Plant Products Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, 730 Dominion Public Building, Winnipeg; or 523 Federal Building, Saskatoon; or Immigration Building, Calgary; or Postal Station C, Vancouver, accompanied by 75 cents in the case of cereal sample, or \$1.00 for forage crops. Extra copies of the certificate are obtainable for 25 cents each, and if a germination test only is required, the fee is 50 cents. One-pound samples of cereals and quarter-pound samples of grass or legume seed are required. The control sample certificate includes a statement showing the proper seed grade of the sample, as well as details regarding germination and impurity. The sample, in every case, should, of course, be truly representative of the entire seed lot.

In addition to these sources of information, every Agricultural Representative in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, and each District Agriculturist in Alberta, will be able to give much helpful information to any farmer who may enquire. Moreover, each of the four provincial universities at Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Vancouver, will be glad to deal with any enquiry on any subject relating to farm problems, as will each of the Dominion Experimental Farms and Stations which are located at Brandon and Morden in Manitoba, Indian Head, Melville, Scott and Swift Current in Saskatchewan, and Lethbridge, Lacombe and Beaverlodge in Alberta, and Agassiz, Prince George, Summerland and Saanichton in British Columbia. No farmer today need be without the latest information on almost any farm production problem if he will contact one of these sources of information.

Some Better Corn Hybrids

CORN growing has a promising future in certain parts of western Canada; notably, in the southern part of Manitoba, and S. B. Helgason, Dominion Experimental Station, Morden, calls attention to the increasing popularity of hybrid corn in recent years.

Last year, only six per cent of the acreage devoted to husking corn in Manitoba was seeded to hybrids. The demand for seed, however, exceeded the supply, although, as Mr. Helgason points out, the acreage seeded to hybrid corn last year was large enough to enable farmers generally to test the performance of well-adapted, early hybrids grown in fairly large acreages.

The outstanding characteristics of hybrid corn are yielding ability, coupled with resistance to lodging and disease. In other words, hybrids in this crop run true to form and show strength and vigor, which not only makes the variety more resistant to disease and to lodging, but tends to increase yields. These qualities are lacking in Falconer, which is the most popular open-pollinated variety grown in southern Manitoba.

Some of the corn hybrids which have been tested at Morden and proven most adaptable to the conditions in southern Manitoba, have been selected for special mention. Among these is Wisconsin 240, which is the earliest maturing hybrid under Manitoba conditions. It has long, flint ears of good color, and is resistant to lodging and disease. Nodakhybrid 201 is slightly later in maturity and slightly less resistant to lodging and disease, but practically equal to Wisconsin 240 in yield. The type of ear is Dent. Wisconsin 255 is similar to Nodakhybrid 201, maturing about the same time but being more resistant to lodging and disease. All three of these hybrid varieties are higher yielding and earlier maturing than Falconer. Ears are borne at a more convenient height and on stronger shanks, while the plants of each variety are superior to Falconer. Lower yielding hybrids, adaptable only for especially favored, light soils, are Wisconsin 275, Wisconsin 279, Wisconsin 355 and Kingscroste, all of which are later maturing than Falconer.

A DAY OF THIS



FOR

QUICK
RELIEF

JUST PAT ON

SLOAN'S
LINIMENT

No need to endure the torment of chilled, sore muscles. Just pat on Sloan's Liniment for quick, effective relief. Sloan's provides penetrating warmth, speeds up circulation and brings welcome comfort quickly. Always have a bottle of Sloan's handy for family emergencies.

Sloan's offers speedy relief for strains, bruises, bumps, minor sprains, neuralgia, muscular pains, frost bite and chest colds.

SLOAN'S
LINIMENTKidneys Must
Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, frequent headaches, and feeling worn out, often are caused by Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys clean out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. The iron clad money-back agreement on Cystex insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless completely satisfactory. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this money-back offer so get Cystex from your druggist today.

DAWSON CREEK TO
FORT NELSON

Continued from page 7

taking in all that part of the province lying east of the Rocky Mountains, south of the Yukon territory, and west of the Alberta boundary, had a population even in 1931, of nearly 7,000, in its 53,000 square miles of territory.

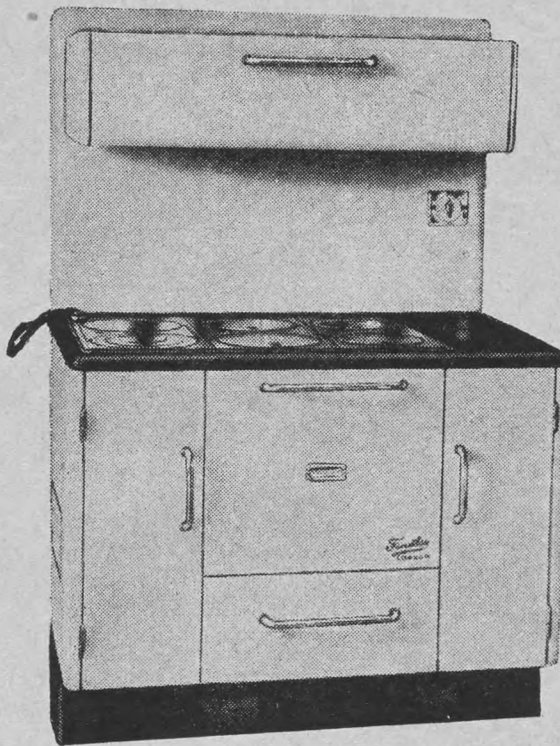
As we proceeded northward from Fort St. John on the long trek of 257 miles to Fort Nelson, I was again impressed, as I had been the day before, with the excellent surface of the Highway. The Highway is open for ordinary traffic as far as mile 57 from Dawson Creek, in order to serve the numerous settlers and provide access to the railroad at Dawson Creek. Traffic must have been extremely heavy over the Highway during the period of its construction; but it had been well maintained, and with the exception of perhaps 50 miles near Fort Nelson, where there were many ravines, some fairly sharp curves, and a few spots where chuckholes had developed, it was, on the average, as good as any gravelled highway I have ever travelled on, either in Canada or the United States. The kind of surface gravel used, depended, of course, on the type of gravel found in the locality. In some places this was fairly coarse, but in others it made a surface as smooth and level as a table top. In a few places, where the road rounded the shoulder of a large hill bulging out to the side of a river valley or ravine, the edges had shown a tendency to break away for a few feet inward, but in no place would it have been impossible for two cars to pass.

NORTH of Fort St. John, indications of reasonably good land appeared in the straight, slim poplars, and the willows growing on the uplands. Roadside growth was generous, and 25 miles northward we had reached an altitude of 2,510 feet, by the aneroid barometer which Mr. Abbott carried. There we found thin stands of spruce, some birch, and a few pine. Although it had been very dry during the summer in the Alberta Peace River district, and the roads were very dusty all the way to Dawson Creek, we began to notice water in the roadside ditches when we reached an altitude of 2,600 feet (mile 30, north of Fort St. John). Farther on there was still more standing water, and at mile 53 we ran into an area of low scrub that had been burned over, on which the jack pine seemed to be dominant.

For the last few miles there had been few weeds, except fireweed, which, with its perennial creeping rootstocks, is distributed so generously through all that northern country. Ten miles farther on we reached an altitude of 2,900 feet. Pines predominated, and at mile 77, with an altitude of 3,160 feet, we saw our first sight of the mountain tips, as well as the first sight of a forest fire through the hazy atmosphere. All this time we were climbing more or less steadily. At mile 99, altitude 3,660 feet, we ran into a stand of heavy spruce, none of which was of timber size, however. Then, at mile 103, we crossed what must have been the Sikanni Chief River, and 28 miles farther on, the Bucking Horse River, which empties into the Sikanni Chief perhaps 40 miles east of the Highway, the latter then flowing northward and westward to join the Fontas River from the east. The two rivers then form the Fort Nelson River, which flows through Fort Nelson and northward to empty into the Liard. This, in turn, flows into the Mackenzie River, by which waters from the Rocky Mountains north of the 57th parallel of latitude, eventually reach the Arctic Ocean via Fort Norman, Aklavik, and Mackenzie Bay.

At mile 145 we reached an altitude of 3,940 feet, the highest spot we touched between Dawson Creek and Fort Nelson. Here we were perhaps 1,200 feet above the broad Minaker River Valley, lying immediately below us, and across which we could look to the high foothills. Even binoculars failed to indicate clearly the character of the scrub and

For Women

WHO HAVE
MANY THINGS TO DO
BESIDES COOKFindlay
RANGES

Housework ... children ... war work ... no one is busier than today's homemaker. No wonder those lucky ones who own a Findlay Range are praising its dependability to the high heavens.

Findlay Ranges play a tremendous part in the daily household routine. A Findlay Range helps you get the most out of the food you cook. It gives you the advantages of easily controlled cooking. It is smart and modern ... its dependability enables you to tend those other "must-be-done" chores that cram your day. Before you buy a range ... be sure to see a Findlay.

FINDLAYS LIMITED

Carleton Place Ontario

SINCE 1860

Because of the shortage of materials and manpower, we are not making at present the Findlay Deluxe model shown. However, we are now manufacturing a limited number of wartime models — attractive, serviceable stoves which are right up to the Findlay standard of quality. See your Findlay dealer — he will be glad to show you the ranges now available — ranges for coal and wood, gas or electricity.

COAL AND WOOD RANGES • GAS AND ELECTRIC RANGES • WARM AIR FURNACES • HEATERS

"GUM MASSAGE IS ESSENTIAL TO SOUND TEETH"

say *Canadian dentists*



Cleaning the teeth is duty half done—gums must be massaged for healthy firmness

"GUMS, too, need daily care" declare modern dentists. "Firm healthy gums form a resting place for the teeth and vigorous circulation helps to clear away minor congestion which might hinder tooth nourishment."

The food we eat these days is soft and rich, offering little exercise for our gums. Often this lack of exercise makes gums weak and flabby. That's why so many dentists urge massaging the gums whenever cleaning the teeth. For unless gums are massaged to make up for this lack of natural exercise, they show a tendency to bleed, leaving a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush—a warning of possible future dental trouble.

"Pink tooth brush"—nature's warning

Don't neglect "pink" traces on your tooth brush. Consult your dentist. He may tell you that your gums have merely grown weak and flabby due to soft modern foods—in which case

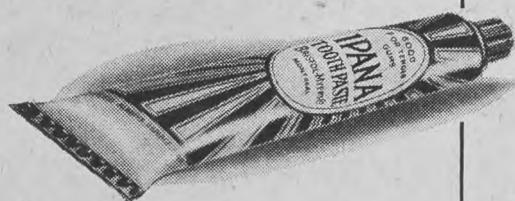
he will recommend more exercise for sluggish gums, possibly suggesting "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

Ipana—made especially to aid gum massage

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans your teeth to sparkling brightness, but, when used with massage, it also helps to tone and stimulate the gums.

Every time you brush your teeth put a little extra Ipana on your tooth brush or fingertip and gently massage the gums, rotating from the base of the gums towards the teeth. Right away you notice a fresh, tingling sensation that tells you circulation is increasing in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Do this simple exercise every day. See how soon your gums become firmer, healthier—your teeth brighter, your smile more attractive.



Gum Massage is Easy

Simply massage Ipana onto your gums with fingertip or tooth brush, rotating from the base of the gums towards the teeth. Be regular in this easy daily exercise.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers — Made in Canada

tree growth on the valley floor. We were now on a high ridge, separating the land drained by the Minaker and Prophet Rivers on our left and west, from that drained by the Sikanni Chief which at that point was drawing farther away from us eastward to join the Fontas River.

From mile 145 we dropped 1,040 feet in twelve miles, though we were still 200-300 feet above the valley floor. At mile 159, we reached Trutch, named from a creek running east to join the Sikanni Chief. Frequently, in all this distance, we had been running through tall stands of aspen, black poplar, and spruce, and at mile 170, it was as though we were travelling from High Prairie in Alberta to Grand Prairie, minus the settlements. At mile 188, we had been travelling for about six miles along the Prophet River, into which the Minaker River empties, and had reached a sawmill (altitude 1,500 feet). The soil in the valley appeared to be black, probably muskeg, but of a kind which could be farmed. (All muskeg, incidentally, is not of the kind which will not bear the weight of a wagon or a man.) We were steadily descending, and at mile 203 we

saw perhaps the finest stand of aspen tall and straight, up to eight or ten inches at the butt, a heavy, dense stand—superior to anything we had yet seen. The roadside growth was also rank, vigorous and varied. This vigorous growth continued all the way along the Prophet River Valley and for more than 40 miles the descent was very gradual. By mile 251, we had reached 1,000 feet. Here we began to approach the Muskwa River, into which the Prophet empties, and which, in turn, empties into the Fort Nelson River. We crossed a heavy gravel ridge, and eventually, at mile 256, crossed the Muskwa at an altitude of 700 feet, the river being perhaps 100 feet wide.

The trading post at Fort Nelson, which we did not see because it was several miles off the Highway, was described as consisting of a few white traders, 500 Indians, and 1,000 dogs. Instead, we proceeded northward for 37 miles to find still finer, taller and thicker-butted poplar growth than we had yet seen. In some places we saw heavy deposits of shale, perhaps 10 feet deep, overlaid on the high cut banks by about 15 feet of grey-brown soil, covered in turn by a thin layer of humus, one of the few cases along the entire route where any noticeable black soil had appeared. We noticed some highbush cranberries, some buffaloberries, and discovered some tamarack here and there near the Kledo River, where we turned back.

WE had, on the way up and back, collected samples of various weeds and grasses found along the roadside, and discovered when we emptied the trunk of the car of its various bundles, that we had, among a few unidentifiable kinds, a nodding brome, wormwood, tower mustard, painted cup or Indian paintbrush, a bluegrass, plantain, timothy, hairgrass, native rye grass, goldenrod, fireweed, yarrow, oats, false flax, dragonhead, cinquefoil, curled

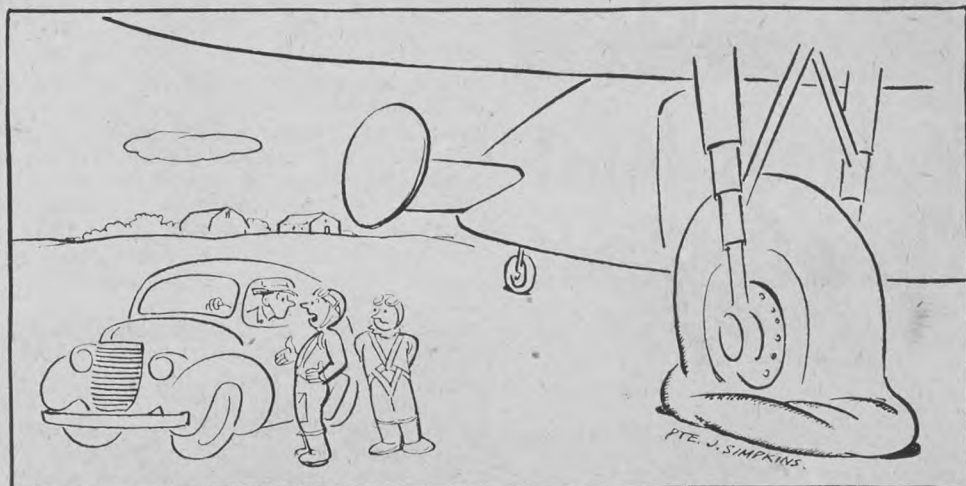
dock, a swamp grass, and several additional kinds of flowers and grasses.

It seemed obvious that settlement in this territory adjacent to the Highway should be held back until a great deal more data than is at present available is accumulated. The Government of British Columbia probably has some useful data and general information accumulated by survey parties, but soils, topography and climate should be investigated in considerable detail. No railroad is likely to penetrate that country for a long time to come. Areas where satisfactory settlement appears to be a possibility are infrequent and a long way apart. The entire country is a forest country, and one simply cannot judge of opportunities for settlement from observations made from tree-lined roads laid out to serve a military purpose.

In 1943, an agricultural survey was made by a soil survey crew travelling as far north as the Alaska boundary. It was this survey which resulted in the establishment of the experimental substation west of Whitehorse, on which Mr. Abbott has now presumably done the first

breaking. In 1943, also, G. E. DeLong, of the Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alberta, made a survey of airport soils as far north as Aklavik; and in 1944, F. V. Hutton, associate superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station at Morden, made a survey of gardening and gardening methods between Fort Providence and Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake, and Aklavik. It is probably safe to assume that exploratory work will be conducted jointly in the future by the Department of Mines and Resources and the Experimental Farm Service of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, and that gradually more and more necessary information will be collected in regard to this great unknown territory north of settlement in British Columbia and in the Yukon Territory.

Meanwhile, there is considerable interest, especially in the Peace River area, as to the immediate future of the Alaska Highway. High hope is entertained by many people that considerable tourist traffic will develop in the immediate postwar period. At this time one can only guess at the correctness of this view. For what it is worth, my own guess is that such traffic will be quite limited. At present it would not be permitted, and if it were, would be quite unsafe. At the time of my visit, the Highway was, and presumably still is, administered by the United States Army. Because there is an almost complete absence of stopping places, and a complete absence of civilian gasoline, garages and other services, any would-be traveller who gets by Mile 57 from Dawson Creek has all of the necessary papers with him, and in good order. Also, and for the same reason, it is about as hard to get out of the Highway territory as it is to get in. That is because, to get by the guard on the way out, one must show all permits and prove one's original right to go in. Also, there is a possibility of having overstayed one's welcome, since all permits carry a time limit.



"Could we borrow your tire pump for a minute?"

about the things you buy in wartime

The KIDS

ARE CERTAINLY

TOUGH

ON

SHOES!



1,300,000 MORE PAIRS OF CHILDREN'S SHOES LAST YEAR

In the last twelve months Canadian manufacturers made for Canadian children about 25% more shoes than in 1939—a fine job done by the organization and direction of production by this Board's Footwear Administration and the co-operation of manufacturers. And this was accomplished while they were making many more essential type shoes for war workers, who wear out their shoes faster than they do in their normal employment.



Now you see it...

THE DISAPPEARING ACT OF RUBBER-SOLE SHOES

In normal times most young Canadians got at least one pair of rubber soled, canvas-top shoes a year. But natural rubber supplies fell into enemy hands, and the manufacture of rubber footwear was drastically curtailed. We're now using reclaimed and synthetic rubber in these shoes—there have been more of them this year and there will be more next year. Leather-soled shoes have had to be used in place of this rubber-soled footwear but shoes made of leather need more care than running shoes. When they don't get it they wear out more quickly; when they get wet they must be dried slowly, away from direct heat—and they should be greased also. It's not always a case of poor quality; it's poor care.



Now you don't!

LEATHER GOES TO WAR

You've got to have good strong leather for children's shoes, but the soldiers are taking most of ours for their boots. For these leathers, a substantial portion of the hides came from South America and other countries. War cut down these imports and there have been difficulties in getting enough of these and our own hides tanned into leather due to shortage of workers. The production of high grade leather shoes has, however, been main-

tained at the highest level consistent with the labour and materials available. While shoe factories have been working overtime, factory capacity for civilian shoes cannot be expanded in wartime and it's not possible to change plants from the manufacture of one type of shoe to another,—for instance, from women's to children's. The processes, the machines and the lasts are different.

TURNING HIDES INTO SHOES

There are very large war uses of leather—for instance, in footwear. A soldier requires four pairs of shoes in the first year of his service and about three pairs per year thereafter. But, what is more important, he needs to have his shoes re-soled four or five times a year. His shoes are

of the highest quality leathers obtainable, leaving the other grades of leather for civilian use. Airmen need leather for jackets and mitts. War factories need leather for belting and farmers need leather for harness. Leather—the best leathers—has gone to war.



Through its Standards and its Supply Division, the Board watches the production of civilian goods to ensure that everything possible is done to provide the necessary quantities and to maintain the quality. The limitations imposed by the shortage of labour and materials, however, mean that you can't get all you want in wartime.

Chairman,
War-time Prices and Trade Board.

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

THIS IS ONE OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS GIVING THE FACTS ABOUT THE SUPPLY SITUATION OF VARIOUS WIDELY USED COMMODITIES

Call for



PHILIP MORRIS PIPE MIXTURE

Acclaimed by smokers Everywhere!

Safeguard

YOUR WAR SECURITIES
with this low-cost plan



We will keep your Victory Bonds in our vaults, clip the coupons and credit the amounts to your savings account—for 10¢ per annum for each \$100 of bonds, minimum charge 25¢.

We will keep your War Savings Certificates for the entire 7½ years to maturity—for 10¢ per \$5, up to \$1 per \$500 certificate.

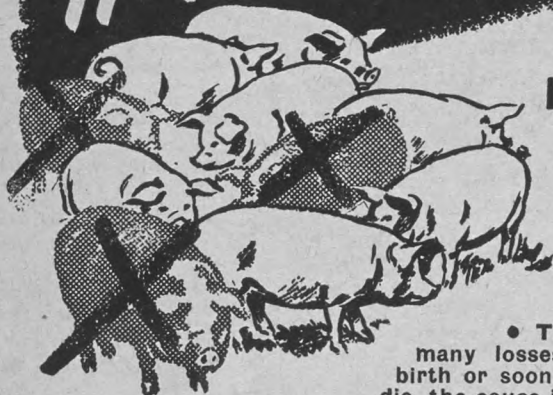
If you should need cash, you can BORROW from the Bank, using your Victory Bonds as security.

BANK OF MONTREAL

FOUNDED IN 1817

A 228

IF THEY DIE...



**DO YOU
KNOW WHY
?**

• There is no need for many losses of young pigs at birth or soon afterwards. If they die, the cause is usually poor management, carelessness with the sow and more often improper feeding. This last fault can be easily overcome by giving the sow "Miracle" Sow and Starter Supplement two months before the pigs are born. The "Miracle" name assures you that the sow will get everything she needs in the feed in exact balanced proportions to build strong, healthy young pigs. The reason for this is that every ingredient in "Miracle" Sow and Starter Supplement is scientifically tested for food value before it goes into the "Miracle" bag. Overcome your hog feeding problems by using "Miracle" Hog Feeds . . . get them at the leading dealer in your town.

"MIRACLE"

SOW AND STARTER SUPPLEMENT

If it's Ogilvie...it's good!



THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED

FOR A FREE AND ABUNDANT LIFE

Continued from page 7

Dairy Pool operates a creamery, is somewhat outside the natural Saskatoon territory. Aside from these two instances, however, creameries are operated at Speers, Parkside, Young, and Rosthern, while cheese factories are operated at Debden, Melfort, Leroy, Lanigan and Prud'homme.

With no share capital, and cream producers originally charged a membership fee of only \$3.00, working capital was required early in the history of the organization. This was secured by a deduction of five percent of the amount due the producers (originally from whole milk producers only), and at the present time, working capital is accumulating at the rate of about \$3,000 monthly.

A unique and valuable feature of the Saskatoon Dairy Pool is the use of the members' pass-book, in which he is credited with all deductions made, and which enables him to see once each year the exact amount of his own equity in the organization. Suggestions for such a pass-book was originally made by E. W. Geall, who, in his work as a field man, met with so many questions from members as to the amounts credited to them by the dairy pool and other matters, that he suggested something in the nature of a bank pass-book. As a result, the present separate reserve pass-books

the deductions and the refunding.

The story of the Saskatoon Dairy Pool is not complete without mention of the fact that it is also the operating and selling agency for the Saskatchewan Poultry Pool. During the war years, poultry products have been much in demand, and last year egg receipts increased 35 per cent, live poultry handling increased 275 per cent, and the volume of dressed poultry increased 17 per cent.

And so we come back again to the sentence quoted at the beginning of this article. The Saskatchewan Dairy Pool operates on a producer's contract, which is self-renewable for periods of one year, as from June 1. It publishes its own educational house organ or journal, with a circulation of approximately 28,000. There is an apparent contradiction, perhaps, in the legal contract, when the organization itself has opposed too much centralization and monopoly, and has regarded voluntary co-operation as a vital necessity; but contracts are voluntarily signed by the member, and may be ended in any year, while their existence assures stability that would not be present without them.

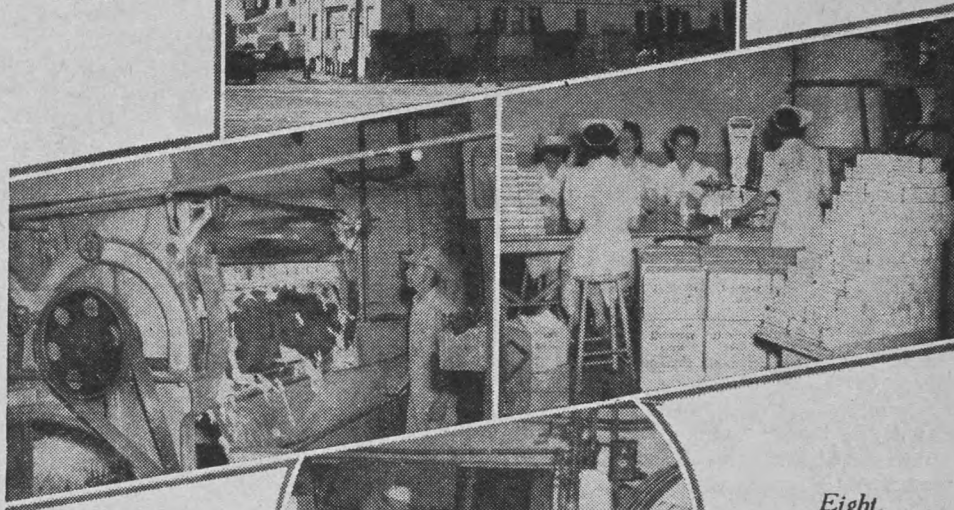
Mr. Gooding, and presumably his directors and members, believe strongly in regional organization. In his Presidential address already referred to, he also said: "Our big problem, as I see it, is how to keep control of our co-operatives firmly in the hands of the members; how to keep our co-operatives close to their membership, and yet, at the same time, to secure any benefit or savings which can be devised from the most efficient marketing of our commodities."

"The Dairy Pool has always taken the stand that the best way to do this is by

The
Saskatoon
Dairy
Pool
Plant.



The girls
below are
packaging
"Primrose"
processed cheese.



Dried
buttermilk
comes off in
flakes from
the machine
above.

Eight,
million
pounds of
creamery
butter were
manufactured
last year.

for milk members and for cream producers were devised. They must be presented once each year, and any credits to which members are entitled are not credited to them unless the pass-book is turned in. "Of all the things we have done," said Mr. Gooding, "the institution of this pass-book has been the most important. It is the key to membership interest, and has been of far more value than any other means of educating our members. I do not know of any other organizations using such a pass-book. We have now 12,000 of these pass-books out, and as far as I know, not one of them has been mislaid."

The use of a revolving door plan for refunding credits to members, is not, of course, confined to the Saskatoon Dairy Pool. This method was resorted to as deductions were built up to the point where they provided sufficient working capital. At the present time, the basis of refunding is six clear years between

the operation of regional pools serving a territory which is a natural geographic unit, and by co-operation between regional pools in the marketing of their surplus products. This can best be accomplished by the setting up of central selling agencies.

"... When you concentrate all phases of co-operative effort in one organization, you have built something so big that the individual member is only a small and unimportant cog in a giant machine. The enterprise is too complicated for the member to grasp all its ins and outs, and accordingly he has less and less to say about policy. As his direct control of the organization dwindles, so does his enthusiasm and interest."

"If a co-operative fails, something much more vital than money has been lost—something which it may take years to kindle again—the state and enthusiasm of its members."—H.S.F.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY

Delegates at 38th U.G.G. Annual Meeting Hear Report of Successful Year's Operations

The 38th annual meeting of the United Grain Growers Limited took place in Calgary on November 9 and 10, 1944, with approximately 300 delegates present, representing 38,000 members of the Company.

The annual report presented by the president, Mr. R. S. Law, on behalf of the directors, showed satisfactory operating results for the fiscal year ending July 31, 1944. The balance sheet is published on another page of this issue of The Guide.

The profit for the year, subject to taxation, was \$475,152.79, from which amount there was deducted provision for taxes under the Dominion Income and Excess Profits Taxation Acts to an estimated amount of \$230,000.00, leaving as net profit after taxation for the year an amount of \$245,152.79. A dividend of five per cent was paid for the year on the Company's Class "A" shares. Provision was also made for the same rate of dividend on Class "B" Membership shares.

The amount provided for interest on bonds, before arriving at profit for the year, was \$105,959.41 and provision for depreciation of capital assets amounted to \$493,272.95. Before arriving at profit for the year appropriation was made of \$1,225,000.00 to patronage dividend reserve.

The report stated that during the year under review the volume of business done by the Company's elevators was much larger than anticipated at the beginning of the season and that more grain than ever before passed through the country and terminal elevators of United Grain Growers Limited. In spite of the fact that the crop of 1943 was a small one, there were very large deliveries of grain which had been carried over on farms from previous years. These large handlings tended to produce substantial earnings for the Company and also important was the large extent to which the grain storage facilities of the Company were employed during most of the season. The report went on to say:

"To a considerable extent these facilities were occupied by Crown Wheat, that is wheat which had been acquired for government purposes by the government of Canada in September of 1943. That transaction meant the transfer to government ownership of considerable quantities of wheat which earlier had been owned by the Company. The circumstances under which the government acquired this wheat added largely to the revenue for the year of this company and all other elevator companies, as did also the storage charges subsequently paid on it by the government. It must not be assumed that repetition of the circumstances of the past year is to be expected under normal conditions and it must be recognized that some of the important developments affecting revenues for the past year arose as a result of war. Some time in the near future we must both expect and hope for such a change in conditions, arising from termination of the war as will cause a rapid flow out of Canadian elevators of the stocks of grain now stored therein."

The Company's elevator system includes 529 country elevators and there are at country points 61 permanent annexes, 381 temporary annexes, 285 coal sheds, 250 flour houses, five miscellaneous sheds and 261 cottages.

At Port Arthur the Company owns and operates a terminal elevator with a capacity of 5,500,000 bushels and temporary annexes adjacent thereto with a capacity of 4,000,000 bushels, a total capacity at Port Arthur of 9,500,000 bushels. At Vancouver, B.C., a terminal elevator with a capacity of 2,600,000 bushels is operated under lease from the Dominion Harbors Board and at Vic-

toria, B.C., a million bushel terminal elevator, leased from the City of Victoria.

The Company also operates as a terminal, an elevator at Edmonton, acquired from its former owner the Gillespie Grain Company. It is found particularly useful in marketing re-cleaned, high quality oats from northern Alberta.

It will be recalled that in 1943 the number of the Company's country elevators was increased by 82, largely by the purchase of elevators formerly operated by the Gillespie Grain Company in Alberta, while there were also other purchases. It has been very gratifying to see the results of this change of ownership, and the fact that former customers continued to patronize them while new customers have been attracted through the operation of these elevators by United Grain Growers Limited. Operating results for the past year have fully justified the purchase of these elevators.

Operations of subsidiary companies owned and controlled by the Company, and with the same directorate, contributed to the earnings for the year. These companies are The Country Guide Limited and The Public Press Limited through which the publishing and printing of The Country Guide is carried on; The United Grain Growers Securities Company Limited, through which the insurance department of the Company is conducted and United Grain Growers Terminals Limited through which the terminal elevators at the lakehead and Pacific Coast are operated. Satisfactory development was reported of the Company's feed manufacturing plant at Edmonton.

Patronage Dividend Reserve

The report included a discussion of the tax problem in relation to the Company's Patronage Dividend Reserve, including the following:

"As is shown in the statement of Profit and Loss and Earned Surplus, an amount of \$1,225,000.00 was set aside for Patronage Dividend Reserve before arriving at profit for the year, which amount would be sufficient to pay a Patronage Dividend at more than two cents per bushel on grain handled during the past year. As is the case, however, with corresponding amounts appropriated for the two preceding years, this amount is not being paid out pending final settlement of the question of the Company's tax liability in connection with patronage dividends. As is shown on the Balance Sheet the total amount now included in the Patronage Dividend Reserve is \$2,000,000.00.

"While Patronage Dividends were paid for the fiscal years ending in 1927 and 1928, it was not until the fiscal year ending in 1941 that the Company entered on a period of years when it was again found possible to make appropriations for this purpose. The following appropriations have been made.

1941	\$ 200,000.00
1942	375,000.00
1943	400,000.00
1944	1,225,000.00
Total	\$2,000,000.00

"The first of these amounts, \$200,000.00 for the year ended 1941, was paid out although as indicated in the annual report for that year, there was some doubt at that time as to the Company's tax status in connection therewith. Before any subsequent payments of this kind could be made the Income Tax Department brought up the question of taxation and later informed the Company that the Department of Justice had ruled that the Company could not claim these amounts as deductions from Income for taxation purposes. That opinion was not accepted by the Com-



R. S. LAW
President United Grain Growers Limited who presided at the 38th annual meeting of the Company.

pany as finally disposing of the matter, inasmuch as certain tax cases were to be heard before the Exchequer Court of Canada, expected to lead to decisions which might have a bearing on the Company's tax position.

"It is planned, as soon as an actual assessment is made against the Company for any of the four years in question, to make an appeal which in due course will bring the Company's case before the Exchequer Court, unless prior Court decisions are so conclusive as to make that step unnecessary. The first steps in that direction have not yet been taken, since assessments against this Company by the Income Tax department have been delayed. Hearing of the cases first referred to has been suspended because of appointment of the Royal Commission, and it will be some time yet before the situation is cleared up. If it is ultimately found that the Company is taxable with respect to the patronage dividends paid and provided, most of the patronage dividend reserve above referred to will be absorbed in taxes, and will have to be paid to the government instead of to customers of the Company.

"The Company is not, and has not been, in the position of seeking to evade any taxes. Instead it is seeking a final and authoritative decision, such as only a court can give, as to what taxes are due to the government. Whatever the law may be, it is both the duty of the government to enforce it, and of individuals and corporations to abide thereby. Whether or not the law should be changed is a matter to be separately dealt with, and finally to be settled only by parliament, as no doubt will be done following the report of the Royal Commission."

Election of Directors

Three of the four retiring directors were re-elected: Messrs. John Morrison of Yellowgrass, Sask.; M. T. Allan, of Neville, Sask., and J. Stevens, of Morinville, Alta. Succeeding Mr. F. J. Collyer, of Welwyn, Sask., Mr. J. Harvey Lane of Huronville, Sask., was elected to the Board. On Mr. Collyer's retirement the delegates passed a resolution of thanks in recognition of the thirty years' service he had given to the Company on its Board of Directors.

The directors elected will serve for a three-year term. The other directors are: Messrs. J. J. MacLellan, of Purple Springs, Alta.; C. E. Hope, of Fort Langley, B.C.; R. Shannon, of Grandora, Sask.; S. S. Sears, of Nanton, Alta.; R. C. Brown, of Pilot Mound, Manitoba, and E. E. Bayne, of Winnipeg, Man. At a subsequent meeting of the Board Mr. R. S. Law was re-elected as president, Mr. J. E. Brownlee as first vice-president and Mr. John Morrison as second vice-president.

The meeting closed with expressions of thanks from the delegates to the shareholders and staff of the Company for their work during the past year.

The closing section of the Directors' Report included the following:

Agricultural Problems to Come

"Throughout the course of the war your directors have been accustomed to put before the delegates each year, suggestions for changes in the agricultural policy of Canada, designed to make agriculture as efficient as possible in the war purposes of this country. These have subsequently formed the bases of representations to the government, usually through the Canadian Federation of Agriculture. Further suggestions of that nature and for that purpose, are not called for at this moment. No further important changes based on war-time considerations are likely to be made in Canadian agricultural policy. We should recognize that a large number of the suggestions put forward by this Company have been incorporated in the public policy of Canada.

"The time will soon arrive, and perhaps within the coming year, when adjustments in agricultural policy and agricultural production will be required to meet changing conditions. From time to time your directors may have to put forward suggestions in that respect, which suggestions when made, will be based upon principles already declared by the Board and approved in the past by representatives of the shareholders.

"For another year at least it seems probable that the maximum agricultural effort of which this country is capable, will be required, either in connection with prosecuting the war or in providing relief to war-torn countries. It must be hoped that in the period to follow, conditions will justify such production being maintained, and that agriculture can thus make the maximum contribution towards getting the economy of this country on a satisfactory peace-time basis. There is already assurance that a policy of floor prices for agricultural products will be maintained during the transition period. It is interesting to recall that this Company, three years ago, put forward the first suggestion of price guarantees to offset the fears of producers for a postwar decline in agricultural prices. It must not be supposed, however, that the agricultural problems of this country are solved when public opinion and government policy recognize the importance of reasonable prices for agricultural products. For permanent prosperity of Canadian agriculture more is required. There are needed export outlets of such a nature, and world political and economic organization of such a kind that our export products can be satisfactorily marketed throughout the world. For that we depend only to a limited extent on policies that can be formulated within Canada and put into effect by this country alone. More will depend upon the international structure for the maintenance of peace and upon the economic organization of the world that will develop after the war. The prosperity of Canadian agriculture and the welfare of all those engaged therein are bound up with the success of efforts now being made to insure collaboration of the nations of the world.

"One year from now the Company will enter on its fortieth year of service to the farmers of western Canada. Its record over many years is one in which its members may properly take pride, and one which justifies the hope that in the future it will serve the interests of western agriculture as successfully as it has been able to do in the past."

F. J. COLLYER, of Welwyn, Sask., was accorded a resolution of thanks by the delegates after serving on the U.G.G. Board of Directors for 30 years.





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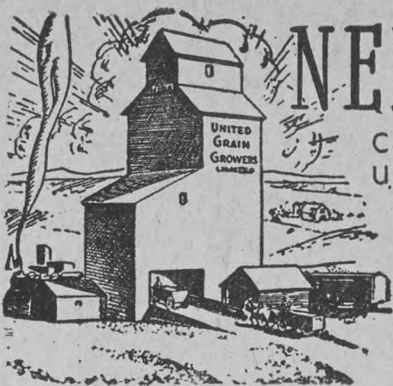
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NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

Diamond Wedding

Diamond weddings are scarce, but one has just been celebrated at Vimy, Alberta. Philemon Lanouette and his wife, the former Miss Josephine Damien, were entertained by their family and friends after having completed 60 years of happy wedded life, on November 23.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lanouette were born in Quebec in 1864, and both families moved from Quebec to New England in 1880, settling at Fitchburg, Mass., where the present Mr. and Mrs. Lanouette were married on November 23, 1884, at St. Bernard's Church, by the Reverend Father Fields.

They moved to Alberta in 1907, settling at Vimy, where they homesteaded and where they have lived ever since. Of their five children, one is the present agent for the United Grain Growers Limited at Vimy, Alberta, W. Lanouette. Grandchildren are now serving in the armed forces of Canada.—Vimy, Alta.

Loan Over-Subscribed by \$11,000.00

In the recent Victory Loan campaign this village and locality over-subscribed their quota by more than \$11,000. The amount allotted to this point was \$65,000, and the amount subscribed over \$76,000. A truly fine record.—Madison, Sask.

D.F.C. Awarded Angusville Boy

One of Angusville's young men, F.O. Forrest A. Mann, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Mann, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for gallantry during operations. "Frosty," as he was known to all his friends was born at Englefield, Sask, 1921. After attending school at Humboldt and Russell, he was employed by the Royal Bank at both Russell and Minto. Joining the R.C.A.F. he took his wings at Yorkton, leaving for overseas in 1942. As a bomber pilot he completed 40 operational flights over enemy territory in September. He is at present a heavy-bomber instructor somewhere in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Mann have been the recipients of the warm congratulations of many friends on their gallant son's award.

Sixty Years Married

Mr. and Mrs. John Caskey, old neighbors of the Stenen district, will celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary Dec. 17. The couple were married at Campbellford, Ontario, December 17, 1884, coming west in 1892. From 1903 to 1921 they lived in the Yorkton district, moving to Stenen in 1921.

Both have been regular readers of The Guide since the first number of the magazine. Mr. Caskey became a member of the Grain Growers Association in 1906, and was a delegate to U.G.G. annual meetings as late as 1941—a long record.—Stenen, Sask.

Calf Club Fair

The Hartney-Lauder Calf Club held a successful annual fair at Hartney, with a very fine exhibit of calves. Winner of first prize was Beverly Thomas, second prize, Freida Morrison, and third prize, Aileen Robson. Allan Johnston of Carman, judged the calves.—Hartney, Man.

U.G.G. Agent Marries

A wedding of interest to this district was solemnized at Young United Church in Winnipeg, when Mary Louise, only daughter of Mrs. A. McVicar and the late Mr. McVicar, of Otterburne, became the bride of Milton A. Rigby, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Rigby, Killarney. Mr. and Mrs. Rigby will reside in Otterburne, where Mr. Rigby is agent for United Grain Growers Ltd.—Otterburne, Man.

A Fine Yield of Thatcher

John Sturtz, a U.G.G. shareholder, reports that he threshed 815 bushels of Thatcher wheat off 10 acres. He also threshed 1,250 bushels off 30 acres.—Leduc, Alta.

Junior Oat Club Fair

At the Clive Junior Oat Club annual seed fair, Mr. Birdsall, district agriculturist, and Mr. Eaglesham from the Department of Agriculture, Edmonton, were judges. Some really good seed was exhibited, and the judges both agreed that the Clive Oat Club ranks among the highest in the province.

Prizes for the best seed exhibits were as follows: 1st prize, A. Wagner; 2nd, Stan. Hecht; 3rd, May Hecht; 4th, H. Lakeman; 5th, Floyd Westling. A prize of \$3.00 was awarded to Floyd Westling, and a second prize of \$2.00 to May Hecht for the best seed oat plot. These prizes were sponsored by the U.G.G., and the presentation was made by the agent, R. H. Kane, on behalf of the company.

Three special cash prizes for the best plot border was sponsored by the Clive businessmen, and were awarded as follows: 1st, A. Wagner; 2nd, Floyd Westling; 3rd, Iris and Gloria King. Clive, Alta.

Passing of a Pioneer

An old-timer of the Kingsley district passed away recently in Freemason's Hospital, Morden, in the person of Joseph P. Shewfelt. Mr. Shewfelt lived in the Kingsley district for 53 years, coming from Kincardine, Bruce County, Ont. He was in his 67th year, and is survived by his widow, five sons, five daughters and five brothers. Two sons and three sons-in-law are serving in the armed forces.—Somerset, Man.

F.O. Waddell on Leave

After being reported missing for three months, and having his plane shot down over France, as the result of which he suffered a severe leg injury, Flying Officer T. Waddell, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Waddell, has enjoyed the "luxury" of 30 days' home leave. F.O. Waddell had been overseas a year and a half. Most of his operational flights were over Germany.—Newdale, Man.

Former U.G.G. Agent Passes

A. Bonnefoy, former U.G.G. agent, recently passed away at his home at St. Claude, Man. He was 70 years of age. Mr. Bonnefoy was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in trouble and assisted in every way possible to make his community a better place to live in. He was well respected by all who knew him. During the period 1917 to 1929 he represented United Grain Growers here as their local agent.—St. Claude, Man.

Peas—a Profitable Commercial Crop

Peas as a commercial field crop are fast becoming an important and profitable crop in the Codette district. Over 50,000 bushels were harvested this year, and were shipped to Quebec. A good deal of the credit for this new industry is due to H. G. Neufeldt, a prominent seed grower, who did much of the pioneering in introducing the growing of peas as a commercial crop in this district.—Codette, Sask.

A Fine Red Cross Effort

The district Red Cross committee carnival held recently realized the grand total of \$1,200 for one afternoon and evening entertainment, together with a sale of produce donated by the people of the community. W. Hurst donated a horse. Bert McComb a pair of pigs, and Tom McDonald one pig. T. W. Millar, as convener of the carnival, did a fine job of organization, and great credit for the fine result achieved is due to all who took part.

Wm. Cassells reports a very good crop of flax, the average yield being 17 1/2 bushels per acre.—Shoal Lake, Man.

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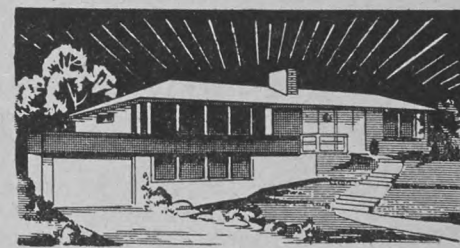


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Prices for Street Wheat Delivered to Canadian Wheat Board

The changes in the bases for prices for street wheat and other grains which came into effect during October, 1944, were discussed in the annual report presented by the directors to the annual meeting of United Grain Growers Limited in Calgary, on November 9. The discussion related close to the tax situation in respect of these changes and to certain responsibilities of The Canadian Wheat Board. "The Canadian Wheat Board's contract with this and all other elevator companies," said the report, for handling Board wheat during the current crop year, specified a charge of three cents per bushel for handling street wheat in country elevators. The same rate prevailed during the preceding year and represented the lowest margin on which street wheat had ever been handled in country elevators. The contract also included a schedule of prices which the companies were bound to pay at country elevators on behalf of the Wheat Board, which prices were declared in the contract to be "the prices fixed by the Board and approved by the Governor in Council."

The report then described an increase of two cents per bushel in payment for Wheat Board street wheat which was introduced in October by certain elevator interests. Concurrently with the change with respect to wheat, there were announced increases in prices for flax, oats, barley and rye of two cents per bushel in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In Alberta where a somewhat different basis of street prices had prevailed, the increase on coarse grains was somewhat less. It was also announced that these new price bases would be made retroactive to August, 1944, and additional payments would be made to farmers who had delivered grain prior to the price changes.

The Tax Problem

The Company, it was stated, as a matter of competitive necessity met the situation and announced corresponding price increases as from August 1, 1944. The report then continues as follows:

"The foregoing facts, as will appear have a highly important bearing upon the Company's tax position and it is equally important to make official record of them as is here being done."

Section 6 (2) of the Income War Tax Act reads as follows:

"The Minister may disallow any expense which he, in his discretion, may determine to be in excess of what is reasonable or normal for the business carried on by the taxpayer, or which was incurred in respect of any transaction or operation which, in his opinion, has unduly or artificially reduced the income."

Section 32A (1) of the same Act reads as follows:

"Notwithstanding any of the provisions of this Act, where the Treasury Board is of the opinion that the main purpose for which any transaction or transactions was or were effected (whether before or after the passing of this Act) was the avoidance or reduction of liability to tax under this Act, it may, if it thinks fit, direct that such adjustment shall be made as respects liability to tax under this Act as it considers appropriate, so as to counteract the avoidance or reduction of liability to tax under this Act, which would otherwise be effected by such transaction or transactions, and tax shall be assessed and levied accordingly and shall be payable as in this Act provided."

It appeared to your Board of Directors which met in special session to consider this situation, that if the extra payments in question were deliberately and voluntarily made, and not as a matter of competitive necessity, they might well be considered by the authorities as made to "unduly or artificially reduce the income" or for the purpose of "avoidance or reduction of liability to tax." There should be no such danger about making such payments to meet competition, and thereby to avoid loss of business.

Your Board felt that it could not adopt any policy under which your Company could be accused of attempts at tax evasion. Moreover, it would have been highly dangerous to pay out large sums of money, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and at the same time incur a risk of having later to pay Income Tax on such amounts. The situation in that respect corresponds exactly to the situation in respect to the Company's Patronage Dividend Reserve, as already explained.

Responsibility of Canadian Wheat Board

The Canadian Wheat Board was involved in this situation. Only the Board may buy wheat, which is received and paid for at country elevators by the elevator companies as agents for the Wheat Board. Under its Act of incorporation, it is the duty of that body to provide:

"That each producer shall receive for the same grade and quality of wheat the same price on the Fort William-Port Arthur or Vancouver basis."

It was, in the opinion of your Board, an obligation of The Canadian Wheat Board to see that payments for wheat made by its different agents or made by its agents during different periods of the year were equalized. The interest of your Company, however, demanded that there should be no further delay than absolutely necessary in equalizing payments made at your Company's elevators with those elsewhere made. It could not afford to wait for adjustment to be made by the Wheat Board which already had had a week in which to consider its position, in the period during which wheat prices in Alberta were on a lower basis than in other provinces.

Further Changes in Prices

The situation has been aggravated during the past week, in such a way as to emphasize still more present divergence from The Canadian Wheat Board Act, and the responsibility of The Canadian Wheat Board in this connection. As a result of the events already described still higher prices for Wheat Board wheat are now being paid at a number of points in western Canada, where some elevator companies have advanced their payments for Board street wheat by another one or two cents per bushel. Thus, at the points in question, some farmers are now getting paid for wheat delivered to the Wheat Board on one price basis, while the majority of farmers are being paid by the agents of the Wheat Board on another and lower basis. Such discrepancies may quite possibly become more exaggerated in the near future. Continuance of such a state of affairs can easily involve The Canadian Wheat Board in difficulties from claims of some producers for adjustments, while there is danger also of bringing discredit upon the Board.

The Canadian Wheat Board is the only body permitted by law to purchase wheat from producers in Canada. It acts through agents for which it must be finally responsible in all matters affecting price. The Canadian Wheat Board Act requires it to see that all producers of wheat receive the same prices for the same grades. That is not being done.

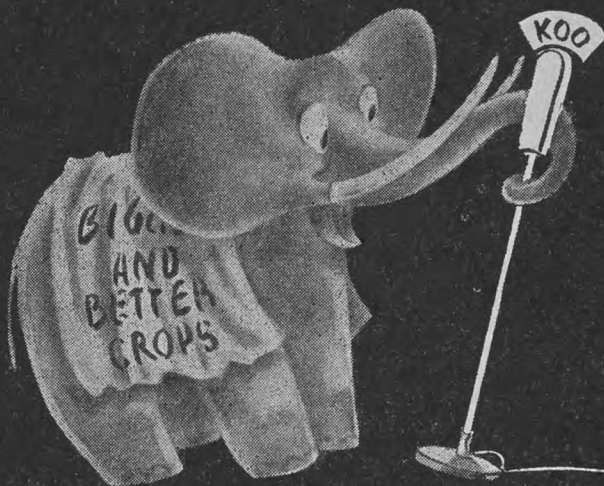
The Wheat Board will find it necessary, sooner or later, to insist upon uniformity of treatment of farmers by its agents.

In any event the present basis for handling street wheat cannot continue for very long. It has been made possible only because elevator companies have been receiving large revenues for storing wheat. Such storage charges, for more than a year, have been paid largely by the Government of Canada, on the wheat it took over for Government purposes on September 27, 1943. Revenue from that source may disappear to a large extent in the fairly near future when western wheat is shipped out to fill requirements in Britain and other countries overseas.

Proceeds from Fowl Supper

At a very enjoyable fowl supper held recently in the Community Hall by the Inglis Ladies' Aid, the sum of \$122.00 was realized. The supper was followed by a concert.—*Inglis, Man.*

Speaking of Fertilizer



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Since germs first came to be understood, any number of chemicals, mostly poisonous, have been found to kill them. But, strange to tell, the germs which cause disease are of a substance very like the life-giving cells of the human body.

To find the formula which would kill the germ and save

the body tissue—that was the problem which baffled medical science for two generations. That is the problem which is solved by this modern antiseptic 'Dettol'.

To the germs of infection 'Dettol' is deadly, but to tender human tissue 'Dettol' is kind and gentle and safe.



DON'T KEEP CHICKENS, MAKE THEM KEEP YOU.

RAISE BOLIVAR R.O.P. SIRE

Leghorn, Barred Rock, R.I. Red or Approved New Hampshire Chicks.

Price per 100	Unsexed	Pullets
Leghorns	\$14.00	\$29.00
Hamps., Rocks, Reds.	15.00	28.00

SPECIAL GRADE CHICKS

Leghorns	16.00	33.00
Hamps., Rocks, Reds.	17.00	30.00

Cockerels, per 100
Leghorns \$3.00 Heavy Breeds \$8.00

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New Hampshires

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R.O.P. Sired Leghorns
THE BEST GRADE Produced in Commercial Quantities. Also Government Approved B. Rocks, Hamps., Reds.

Write for 1945 calendar catalog. Competitive prices.

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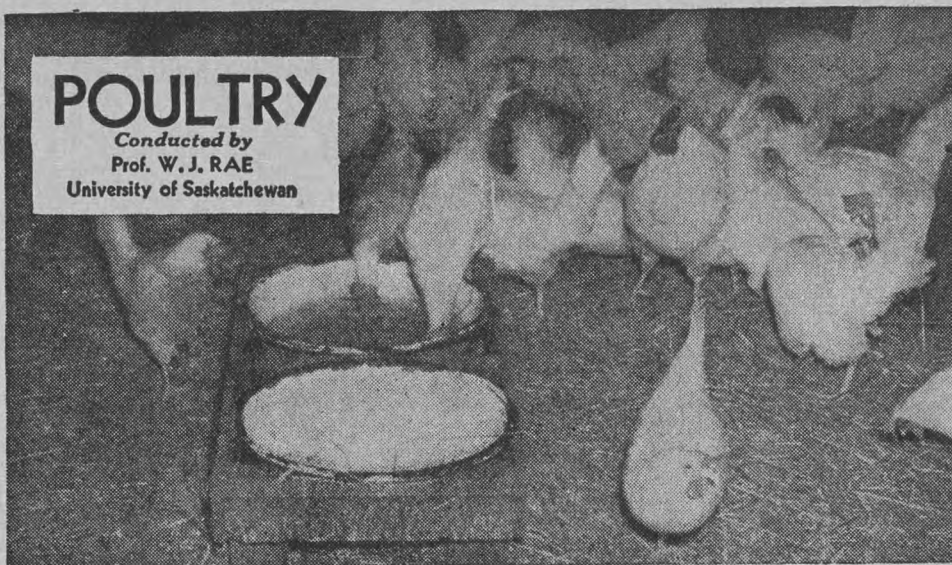
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An Old Established Chick Hatchery

wants agents in certain localities in Canada to take orders for chicks in your spare time. The commission is good and the chicks are well and favorably known. Write for full details Box No. 157, The Country Guide, Winnipeg.

POULTRY

Conducted by
Prof. W. J. RAE
University of Saskatchewan



Fresh water or milk in clean pans helps a lot in the laying pen.

Soft Shelled Eggs

THE appearance of soft-shelled eggs in the poultry flock is more pronounced at this time of year than at any other season. The first indication of this trouble may be overlooked unless the poultryman is watching for any change in the texture of the egg shells. When the pullets first come into production, shell texture is usually good, providing, of course, that the pullets have been properly cared for while on range during the growing season. Prior to laying, the pullets have an opportunity of storing the minerals necessary for good shell formation, but if these minerals are not provided in the laying mash and if oyster shell or a suitable substitute is not available, the birds will draw on their reserves once they come into production. The amount of mineral, particularly calcium, that can be withdrawn from the bird's skeleton is limited, and as this reserve is depleted, it is reflected in the thickness of the shell.

The first noticeable symptom is a few thin-shelled eggs. This will be followed by some soft shells; and unless remedied, production may drop appreciably. Egg eating may develop and if such should be the case, this vice is hard to overcome, even though the cause has been removed.

The feeding of a well balanced laying mash supplemented with whole grains and additional calcium (oyster shell or limestone grit) in free choice hoppers is the best method of preventing this trouble. While calcium is very necessary for good egg shells, it is also of equal importance that the birds should receive sufficient fish oil. In the summer when they are on range and are getting plenty of sunshine, this condition does not occur. One without the other will not solve this problem. Occasionally, within a well managed flock, there may be found the odd thin or soft-shelled egg. If there is no increase in the number, then the only suggestion is to try to find the offender for she will be an inefficient utilizer of calcium.

Do You Know Your Birds?

CULLING should be a continuous campaign from the time the pullets are put in their winter quarters until they are finally disposed of, either as market birds, or as future breeders. With greater emphasis now being placed on economical production, the removal of your "star boarders" is more necessary than ever. Contrary to common opinion, culling is not a difficult job—just a little practice in comparing the producers with the non-producers is all that is necessary. A little time spent in the hen house will afford ample opportunity for you to become acquainted with these two types of birds. The listless, dull-eyed, crow-headed non-producers will be found on the roosts or on the fringe of the more active ones. Keep a catching hook handy and remove these birds and market at the first opportunity.

The good layers are active, alert, with a bright eye and will be busily engaged in eating and laying eggs. They possess a bright red comb, a stout rather short beak, and well proportioned body possessing both width and depth which are indicative of a good capacity so necessary for good production. By com-

paring these two types of birds, the art of culling is soon mastered and, if practised throughout the year, the time and effort is well repaid.

Feeding For Hatchability

WHILE the hatching season still seems a long way off, it is not too soon to give some thought to this all important period in the life of the bird. Special attention is required at this time since it is essential that the birds not only be in good production, but also they must lay eggs that will hatch well. A breeder's mash differs from a laying mash in that more vitamins are required to ensure maximum hatchability. Not only must the breeders have a greater supply of these vitamins, particularly A (green feed), D (fish oil), and G (milk), but these must be made available sufficiently far in advance so that the birds can transfer them to the egg. Once the egg is laid, nothing can be added that will help it to hatch into a strong husky chick. The minimum length of time to change to a breeding mash prior to saving eggs is three weeks. However, to be on the safe side, allow at least a month. If the birds have not been receiving a good laying mash during the winter, it may be necessary to feed a breeders' mash for a longer period.

If skim milk is available, it is a very helpful addition. It is not necessary to provide water as well. Even if there is only sufficient milk for half a day, it should be given to the birds. The drinking pans should not be galvanized, as the acid in the milk will react with the zinc coating and the resulting product may prove toxic to the birds. Enamel or earthenware containers are best.

Don't forget to provide as good treatment for the male birds since, individually, they are 12-15 times as important as a pullet or hen. Also give them an opportunity to become accustomed to one another or the result will be a very battered, and, maybe, a dead male in the pen.

Evils of Forcing the Pullets

UNDER our present price structure, there is a tendency to hatch our birds earlier in the spring and force them during the growing season, in order to take advantage of the period of high prices in the early fall when the demand for eggs exceeds the supply. Such a practice often results in small body size and small eggs. The pullets will not reach their maximum body size until spring and, if they are forced to lay heavily as well as continue to grow, the strain may prove too much, with the result that production may be reduced considerably. As the days shorten, some of these early maturing pullets may go into a partial moult. This is more prevalent where artificial lights are not used. While the use of light will not overcome this difficulty entirely, it will tend to reduce the severity and perhaps the duration. The lights provide a longer day, thereby giving the birds a greater opportunity to eat and drink. A wet mash at noon often helps to get the birds back into production. A partial or even a complete moult may be caused by a sudden change in management—remember a pullet is a highly organized egg producer and is easily affected by changes in her environment.

THE CHICKS WHICH GIVE RESULTS



MORE THAN EVER BEFORE

is it necessary to raise GOOD BIRDS. Twenty-five years of effort and experience is behind the production of our famous chicks. Help to ENSURE your SUCCESS by ordering your chicks early from one of our Hatcheries.

Prices per 100	Unsexed	Pullets
White Leghorns	\$14.00	\$29.00
Rocks, Red, New Hamps.	15.00	28.00
Light Sussex	17.00	30.00
Leghorn Ckls. \$3-100; Heavy Ckls., \$8-100		

SUPER CHICKS Sired by R.O.P. Males
Leghorns 16.00 32.00
Rocks, Red, New Hamps. 17.00 32.00
Leghorn Ckls. \$4-100; Heavy Ckls., \$10-100

96% Sexing Accuracy Guaranteed

Order NOW—avoid disappointment and remember—
"IT'S RESULTS THAT COUNT"

Rump & Sendall LTD.

BOX G, LANGLEY PRAIRIE, B.C.

THE CHICKS WHICH GIVE RESULTS



25th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

In order to better serve our customers in the Interior of B.C. and the Prairie Provinces, we are opening a modern branch Hatchery at Vernon, B.C., in the famous Okanagan Valley—A new 78,000 Smith Electric Incubator will be installed and an expert hatcheryman will be in charge. This plant will be in operation in January and for the balance of the season.

Place your orders NOW direct from our advertisement in this issue.

Rump & Sendall LTD.

BOX G - - - VERNON, B.C.

Do You Want Top Notch Chicks?

Of course you do because you know that Top Notch chicks are profit makers. You know that they are Government Approved from blood-tested breeders that are acclaimed for their livability, fast growth and high production. But here's something you don't know until you send for our early booking price list (how much you will save by placing your order early). Send for Early Booking price list today. Also laying and ready to lay pullets for immediate delivery. Top Notch Chickeries, Guelph, Ont.

MR. CHICK BUYER!

It's not too soon to be thinking of your spring chicks. We already have a large number of bookings for March and April delivery. If YOU intend to have chicks delivered in March or April, ORDER NOW to be sure of obtaining a satisfactory delivery date.

"EARLY" CHICKS ARE BETTER
Bred and Hatched to Bring You Profit.

Write today for 1945 prices on "EARLYS" pure-bred B. Rocks, W. Leghorns, N. Hampshires, L. Sussex, all hatched from Government Approved flocks. A small deposit will book your order.

Saskatchewan's Largest Hatchery.
EARLY HATCHERIES
196 Ave. A. So. Saskatoon, Sask.

TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

in breed and delivery date, your January Bray chicks should be ordered now. For earlier delivery, we can promise prompt shipment. Write for price list.

BRAY HATCHERY

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CHICK INSURANCE
Yes, Sir, you can insure getting your Champion Chicks on date required by ordering now. A small deposit guarantees 100% delivery of Husky, Healthy, Gov't. Approved Champion Chicks exactly when wanted. Correct 1945 prices. Free catalogue and wall calendar.

MANITOBA'S OLDEST ESTABLISHED HATCHERIES
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Valuable Fur. Delicious Meat. Easily Raised. Pleasant Pastime. Tremendous Demand. Small Investment. Large Profit. **WILLOW FARM, R88, Sellersville, Penna., U.S.A.**

A Design for a Snowplane

Much of it can be built at home by the mechanically minded man

THE snowplane here described is built by C. T. Lount, 95 Higgins Ave., Winnipeg, from whom, in normal times, the plane or any parts of it can be secured. A good deal of the construction can be done by any man who has a good set of tools, knows how to use them and has a mechanical bent.

Some of the parts, as for example, the propeller, would have to be purchased readymade. The line drawings on this page are from a model used by the Manitoba Game and Fisheries branch. The cut of the skeleton (Fig. 1) is from a photograph of the actual framework.

The overall length of this snowplane is approximately 16 feet. The body is about 12 feet long with an inside height of four feet and an inside width three

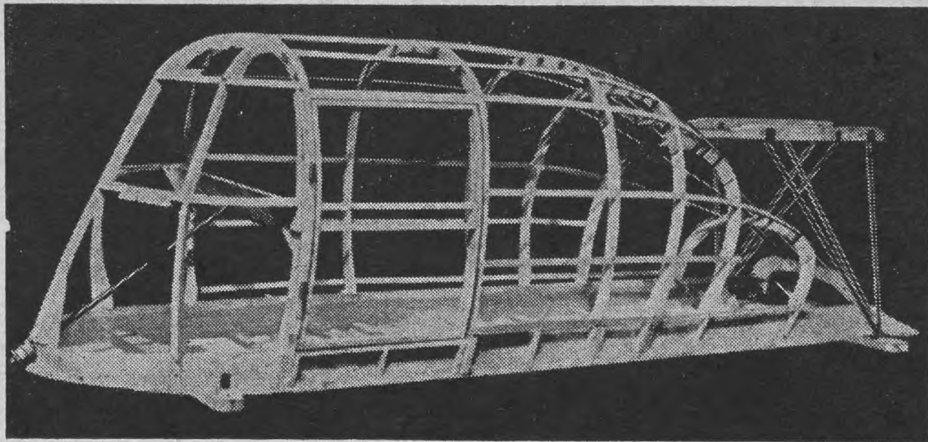


Fig. 1

guard is built of tubular steel. It is attached to the rear end of the main sills and is braced both to the main sills of the body and to the sills of the engine as shown. The radiator in this snowplane is specially designed to provide the correct amount of cooling for

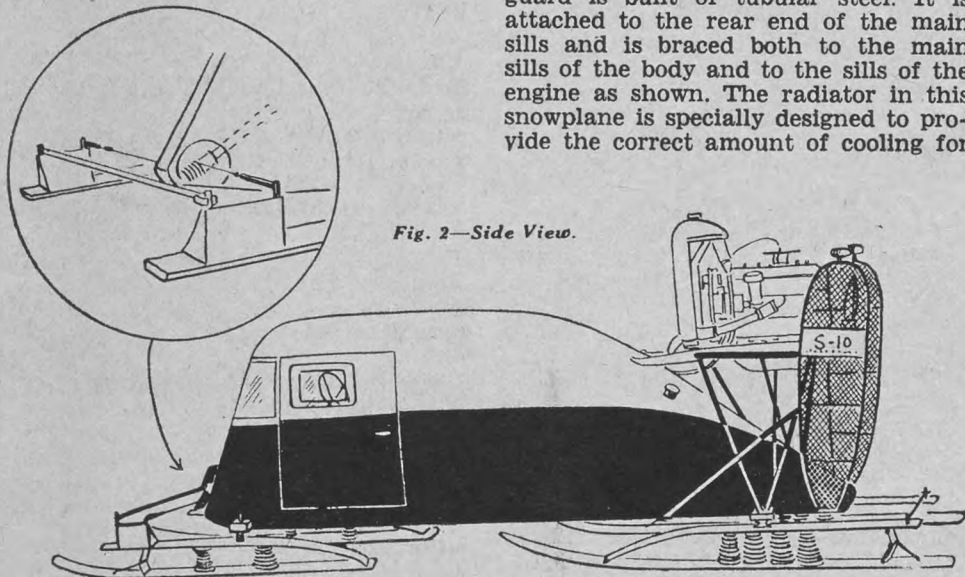
special part which has to be purchased. The steering device is very simple. The steering rod shows plainly in Fig. 1. On the end of the rod a spool is mounted, around which a small steel cable is wound. Each end of the cable is then fastened to its appropriate front ski just behind the spacer as shown in Fig. 2.

The propeller is slightly tipped—the angle is five degrees, so as to give it a certain amount of lift. The placing of the engine makes a considerable difference in the push, as it has to be located properly in the slipstream to get maximum results.

Fumes and Trailer

The carbon monoxide from the car exhaust sometimes kills animals hauled in trailers, and owners will do well to slip an extension over the exhaust pipe and fasten it to the bumper so as to throw the fumes out at the side, or better to put a piece of conductor pipe along the trailer frame and connect it loosely to the exhaust pipe with a flexible hose, so as to carry the fumes back of the trailer.

Fig. 2—Side View.



inches less. The distance apart of the skis from centre to centre is 42 inches. The skis are 7½ inches wide; the rear skis are eight feet long and the front ones six feet. Light weight is an important consideration in a snowplane. This one weighs about 900 pounds.

The framework of the cabin (Fig. 1) is built from good selected wood that is available, such as fir or spruce. The framework is built upon two 2x4 sills which must be sound and straight grained. These sills are joined together with cross pieces of the same material and must be rigidly braced. The bottom of this frame is covered with good sound flooring, so that the framework will not catch the snow. The superstructure, except for the windows and a door on one side, is then covered with plywood, which can be curved to fit. The edges of the bottom are protected by angle steel and light metal angle striping is placed around the door opening. The two centre panes of the windshield are of glass, the other panes, including the one in the door, are made of thick aircraft Pyralin.

Inside, the front seat may be hinged to the floor so that it will tip forward for easy access to the rear single seat and the storage space. An eight-gallon fuel tank is located in the rear of the body.

This snowplane is powered by a Model B Ford engine. Fuel consumption averages about 10 miles to the gallon. Some alterations are necessary to mount the propeller on the engine and the parts, like the propeller, would have to be purchased readymade. The engine is mounted on two oak sills. These are supported by tubular steel as shown (Figs. 2, 3 and 4). As will be seen from the drawing (insert Fig. 4) three supports rise on each side from the rear bunk. The two centre supports each cross to the sill on the opposite side to give additional bracing effect.

The full thrust of the propeller is forward on the main sills. To take this heavy strain strong tubular steel braces extend downward, inside the body, from the end of the engine sills to the main sills. At the top these braces are bolted to flat steel stirrups bolted to the engine sills. Additional bracing support is given by crossing these braces as shown in detail (Fig. 4).

The propeller is protected by a guard of wire mesh. The framework of this

the Model B Ford engine. A standard six-volt 13-plate battery is used.

The skis are each shod with three strips of sleigh shoe steel bolted to the underside. The spiral springs are bumpers from old cars. These carry a strip made from the same material as the skis themselves. The rear strips are hinged at the front to the ski while on the front skis the hinges are at the rear. They are kept in line with the skis by the hinged device shown. What looks like a brace to this hinge in the cut is a spiral spring which pulls the centre of the hinge backward as it works up and down during travel. The brakes are operated by a foot pedal which actuates a brake dog on both rear skis.

Fig. 3 Rear View.

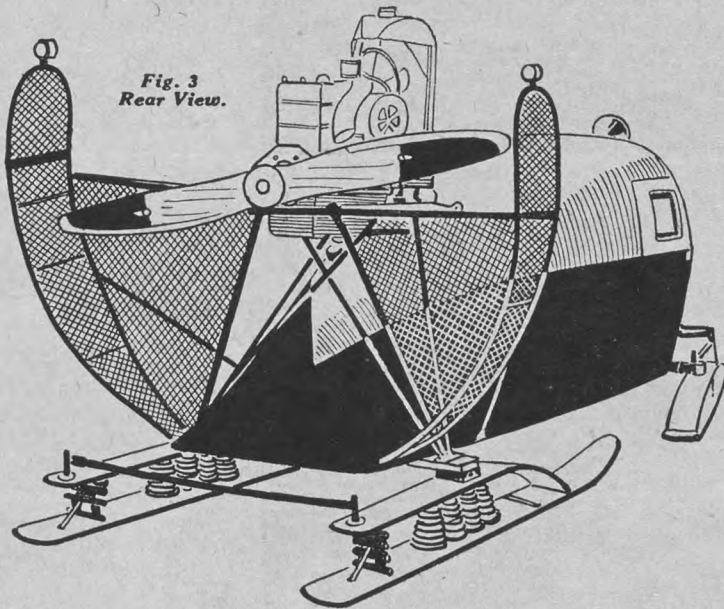
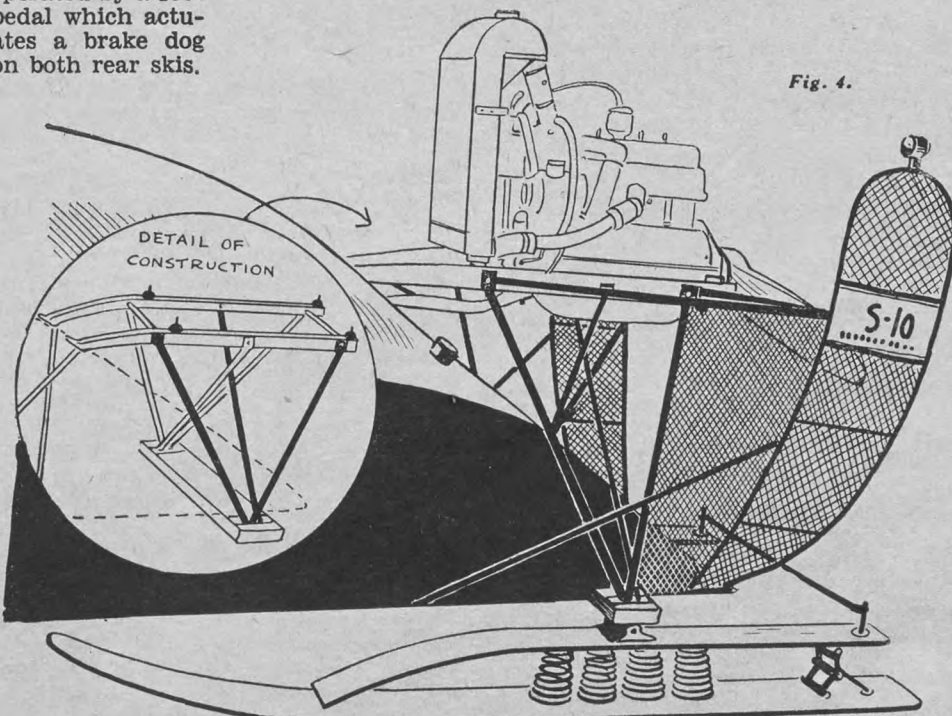



Fig. 4.





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"VIGOR" POULTRY BREEDING SUPPLEMENT

INCREASES HATCHABILITY AND LIVABILITY



EARN \$50 THE EASY WAY. Estimate the number of white beans in an Imperial Quart Jar. First prize \$50, also 32 other valuable prizes. You may win \$50 in the contest but you are sure of securing good chicks when you order from Tweddle and you are sure of saving money if you order them early. Tweddle 1944 chicks gave the best satisfaction in 19 years of hatching chicks. Don't take our word for it, read what our customers say in our 1945 price list. Our 1945 chicks will be even better than those we produced in 1944. Send for contest sheet telling you all about the contest also Early Booking Price List. Tweddle Chick Hatcheries Limited, Fergus, Ontario.

STEWART CHICKS

Orders are now being booked for 1945. Write for catalog and price list.

Tune in our Old Time Program every Thursday, 9.30 p.m. M.D.T., over CFCN, Calgary, 1010 kc.

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CATCH 40 to 50 fox, coyote, mink, etc., monthly. Trapping methods and scent guaranteed to get fur. 12,000 words, sets, illustrations; information free. (Bottle scent caught 66 pelts; write for proof). Bottle scent 60c. McKinnon System, Perth, Ont.

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Conquer colds, prevent loss of birds, by (1) using Pratts Roup Tablets in their drinking water regularly, (2) at first sign of watery eye or sneeze, spraying with Pratts Inhalant, following directions on bottle.

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ORDER FROM YOUR LOCAL PRATT DEALER

"I work for Charity . . . and help settle a family squabble"



FOR SEVERAL YEARS, I've been making all the calls I can for our annual Community Chest drive. I cover our whole block, which is a pretty big job, what with running a family. But I know the need is great, and I'm certainly glad to do it.



LAST SATURDAY I visited a new family on the street . . . a young mother, with a cute baby girl. Her husband's in the service, so her sister is living with her. When I happened in that day, both sisters seemed upset. And I found out why.



"I HATE to break in on a family tiff," I said, "but I give my child Castoria, too, because it's made especially for children. It's never harsh or griping, as an adult laxative might be — but always mild, gentle, and effective."



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children



I WAS ADMIRING the child, when her mother said, "Joan, my sister, thinks I'm spoiling her—because I have so many special things for her . . . even a special laxative. But a child's system needs special care. So I give her Castoria."



I STOPPED in this week to pick up their contribution. And I was surprised to see Joan, the sister, giving the baby Castoria. (Naturally, the child loves it.) Joan smiled and said, "Guess you and my sister have the right idea, after all."

HORTICULTURE

Some of the good seedling apples referred to below by Mrs. Wm. R. Bowyer, Salmon Valley, B.C.

Several Good Apples From Seed

IN 1930 we bought a package of apple seed from you and planted them in spring of 1931, on our homestead north of the 54th parallel, in the Salmon Valley district, Prince George.

The fall of 1931 we moved the seedlings, putting one near the house. This tree, a crab apple, which ripens in early August, has fruited for the last five years. The other seedlings were eaten off to the snow level by moose, during the winter of 1931-32, and had to be moved to a safer situation in the spring of 1932.

This year we had 28 trees bloom and fruit.

The trees have never winter-killed and now average 15 feet in height and three inches in diameter through the trunk.

The photograph shows groups of apples taken from several trees. The four yellow apples behind the foot rule were all that were on that particular tree, it being the first crop. These ripened on the tree and were gathered September 23.

The group to left of picture are some of 71 pounds from another tree which are ripening now in the root-cellar. Third crop.

The red apples in the centre, background, first crop, are some of 47 pounds, which ripened on the tree and harvested September 27, while the ones at right background are a transparent green shading to yellow when ripe, and yielded 29 pounds of fruit. Third crop.

We have found all these different trees produce fruit which is good eaten raw and cooked, well worth the original ten cents, and subsequent years of waiting.—Mrs. Wm. R. Bowyer, Salmon Valley, B.C.

Western Canadian Society of Horticulture

READERS of this department will remember that in November, 1943, a conference of prairie horticulturists, especially those engaged in technical and scientific work at our universities and experimental institutions, was held in Regina. At this time there was formed the Western Canadian Society of Horticulture, for the purpose of keeping these experimentalists, teachers, investigators and research men in touch with one another, and enabling them to work together with greater unity for the progress of horticulture in western Canada. The meeting was a very successful one, and on November 9 and 10 of this year, the first annual meeting of the newly organized society was held in Winnipeg. The membership will necessarily remain small in numbers, since it is being restricted almost entirely to those doing research, experimental, teaching, and extension work. Therefore, while the regular attendance at Winnipeg was about 40 at each of the busy sessions, the importance of these meetings to western horticulture is much greater than mere numbers would indicate.

Perhaps the most useful feature of such a society, is that it permits of the appointing of a number of standing committees, whose work will continue from year to year along lines of horticultural improvement, such as the use of suitable root stocks for nursery trees, the ultimate development of a satisfactory system of zoning fruit varieties, the organized testing of fruit varieties

for their suitability to different parts of the country, the development of successful methods of taking horticultural information to farmers who would benefit from such knowledge. These and many other problems of a similar nature can be solved much more effectively through the co-operation of all of those whose business it is to solve them, than if each were working independently of the others.

A visitor to the meeting this year was Prof. W. H. Alderman, head of the department of horticulture of the University of Minnesota. During his visit he was given the Stevenson Medal and Award, which was established some time ago as a tribute to the memory of the late A. P. Stevenson of Morden, Manitoba. The presentation was made by J. H. Evans, deputy minister of agriculture, who emphasized the care with which recipients were chosen. Prof. Alderman has been responsible for a great deal of constructive fruit breeding work which has resulted in several successful varieties being adopted in western Canada, as well as in his own and surrounding States. Western horticulturists were glad also to welcome to the West, Dr. E. S. Archibald, director of the Experimental Farms Service, Ottawa, and M. B. Davis, Dominion Horticulturist, who is not only honorary president of the society, but contributed much to the program.

Next year the society will meet in Edmonton, and the newly-elected president is Dr. J. S. Shoemaker, department of horticulture, University of Alberta.

Beaverlodge Has Saskatoon Selections

TWO years ago, after my return from the Peace River district and a visit to the Experimental Station at Beaverlodge, I commented on the very fine hedge of saskatoons growing along the entrance to the station grounds. I suppose, perhaps, this is the best known hedge in the whole Peace River area because grown-ups, as well as boys and girls, who visit the station during the season when the saskatoon berries are ripe, usually manage to sample the fruit and invariably comment on the excellence of the hedge.

This year, while at Beaverlodge, I enjoyed the opportunity of examining some of the seedling saskatoons which have been under selection and test in the station orchard for several years. They were, I believe, originally selected by the late W. T. Macoun, Dominion horticulturist, and the seeds were planted about 1930. Now there is a considerable number of fine young bearing trees, planted eight feet apart and not fertilized, I was told.

Some of them have been weeded out from time to time, until this year they were down to about twelve selections, of which No. 9 is certainly one of the best. I was quite surprised to find the amount of variation between the fruits of the different seedling trees. They not only vary in size and sweetness, but there are very definite variations in flavor. I had no opportunity of making accurate personal evaluations of quality, because it is difficult to get the fruit of the various seedlings at the same stage of maturity at any one time.

It seems to me that this is really a fine piece of work that is being done at the Beaverlodge Station. These seedling

Prairie Lumber Prices Low

The public will be pleased to have the assurance that lumber is being sold to the consumer through the retail lumber yards on the Prairies at lower prices than are available anywhere else in Canada with the exception of British Columbia, the home of the lumber manufacturing industry.

This information is disclosed in a survey of retail lumber prices made by Sanford Evans Statistical Service. The survey took account of the end use of lumber, and the normal flow through an average lumber yard. The survey also reveals that Prairie lumber prices are lower than in the neighboring States of Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana by an average of better than ten per cent.

Vast quantities of lumber are required today for direct war purposes, and to repair bomb damage, so that civilian supplies are limited. However, as the war draws to a close, more liberal supplies will be available to the home builder.

—Advt.

STRAWBERRY GUAVA

Delicious, Sweet and Spicy

This is a luscious tropical fruit which makes a useful as well as a charming and beautiful house plant. It bears both flowers and fruit at the same time. The flowers are pure white and delightfully fragrant. The fruit is about the size of a walnut, of a beautiful reddish color, and of delicious, sweet and spicy flavor. Fine for eating out of hand, and unsurpassed for making jelly. These plants are usually grown from seed and begin to bloom and bear fruit while quite small.



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TRY THEM TO PRODUCE THE MAXIMUM
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- RADISH • LETTUCE
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JOHN DEERE BLDG. WINNIPEG

trees would seem to promise as much usefulness and attractiveness as many of the cultivated fruits, and when the time comes to make the final selections, and perhaps name one or more distinct varieties, a very definite contribution will have been made to the horticulture of the prairie provinces.—H.S.F.

Fruit Survey Is Big Job

IT has been some months now since any reference has been made in these columns to The Country Guide fruit survey, in which so many hundreds of fruit growers in western Canada co-operated to provide a mass of horticultural information which is taking a long time to digest.

It is possible now to say that we received, all told, about 12,500 reports of the behavior of individual fruit varieties in many different locations. Readers who so kindly filled in one of these reports will be able to realize something of the large amount of material embodied in them, and the additional fact that it will take a very long time to sort it all out and study it thoroughly so as to reach sound conclusions.

No similar amount of information has ever before been gathered together respecting fruit growing in western Canada. It would have been quite out of the question to extract all of the useful information offered by the survey, "by hand." Consequently, the co-operation of the department of farm management at the University of Saskatchewan and that of the economics division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture was sought, in order that the data might be sorted out by special machines made for that purpose. In order to do this, a great deal of preparatory work was involved, but since time would be saved in the end, it was worth doing. At the moment this is being written, the work of sorting and tabulating the information is underway at the University of Saskatchewan, under the direction of R. A. Stutt, who is in charge of the economics division office there, and with the co-operation of Dr. C. F. Patterson, head of the department of horticulture at the university. The actual work of machine sorting and tabulation is in the capable hands of Miss Helen M. Shaw and Mrs. Margaret A. Walker.

Specific figures are not yet available, but included in the 12,500 variety reports to be analyzed there are about 2,500 reports of crab apple varieties, about 2,000 of plum varieties, and about 1,600 of plum-sandcherry varieties. Standard apples will run to around 1,700, apple-crab hybrids, something over 800, red raspberries perhaps 700, sandcherries something over 500, gooseberries around 600. There are, as well, perhaps 350 summer strawberries reports and around 200 of everbearing strawberries, with 300 to 400 each of black and red currants. Other fruits, such as grapes, apricots, cherries, pears and white currants will each yield from 100-200 reports each.

Questions

Q. (Melita, Man.): How and when do I layer Hilborn black raspberries for increase?

A. Early in the season, May or early June, bend over long canes and cover the tip with moist earth. Roots will soon form. Remove the new tip-layer the following April and set out for fruiting, or sever the cane from the new plant and transplant the second spring.

* * *

Q. (Lethbridge, Alta.): Some of my gladiolus plants turned yellow, streaked and were dwarfed. What can be done for them?

A. The plants are diseased, being affected by gladiolus yellows. This destructive disease flourishes in wet cool seasons such as 1944. The corms are of little, if any, use. It is wise to dig up and burn any affected plants as soon as the disease is recognized.

* * *

Q. (Winnipeg, Man.): Is it correct that Canadians must cease growing poppies?

A. It is illegal to grow opium poppies in Canada as laid down on page 5 of the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act of 1938. However, Iceland and California poppies are free of narcotic content and may be grown freely. (The United States have legislation similar to ours.)

Easy to roll, delightful
—to smoke

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Mr. FARMER!

We have a Job for YOU---

If you are not required on the farm this winter you should take work in the woods --- or in some areas, in other essential industry.

Apply at once to:

- An Employment and Selective Service Office;
- A Provincial Agricultural Representative;
- A Local Farm Production Committee;

CANADA NEEDS YOUR WORK THIS WINTER IN AN ESSENTIAL JOB

Postponement of Military Training continues while in approved work away from the farm.

NATIONAL SELECTIVE SERVICE

HUMPHREY MITCHELL,
Minister of Labour

A. MacNAMARA,
Director, National Selective Service



KNOW YOUR CANADA

As a Business Executive or as a Citizen active in any type of industry, trade or profession, you will want to be well posted on your country's affairs. Canada's war effort—her natural resources—her industrial growth—the composition of the Dominion's population—the country's transportation systems—its world-wide trade—its financial organization—educational systems and institutions—how your tax dollar is spent—these are some of the many fields in regard to which reliable information is readily available.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics issues three summary publications, the well-known Canada Year Book, the Official Handbook, and the Monthly Review of Business Statistics. Many publications on particular phases of our national life are also issued, and much unpublished information may be obtained on request.

The Canada Year Book, 1943-44, just off the press, summarizes the chief Dominion, Provincial and other reports and publications, and correlates the data in the most effective form. Your nearest public library has a copy, or you may purchase it direct from the King's Printer, Ottawa.

The Official Handbook "Canada" surveys the Canadian situation briefly but fairly comprehensively in popular and attractive form.

The Monthly Review of Business Statistics, primarily designed for business men, presents the chief barometric indices that will be found useful in following current trends, as well as a selection of valuable monthly or weekly statistics.

Write to the Dominion Statistician, Ottawa, for information desired.

DEPARTMENT OF TRADE
AND COMMERCE
OTTAWA

Hon. James A. MacKinnon, M.P., Minister

THUNDERHEAD

Continued from page 9

feeding at the rack and his flaring eyes caught sight of this manoeuvre. He dropped his muzzle to feed again. Banner continued to move Thunderhead's mares into a corner of the corral and to freeze them there.

Thunderhead wormed himself out of the jam. He pursued Banner and neighed challengingly. As the red stallion turned and faced him, they both reared and nipped, then dropped to earth and stood quivering. A furious uprising and outpouring of energy that lifted and stiffened his tail and burst from him in squealing grunts of protest sent him rearing and pawing into the air. It would presently find outlet in more dangerous action.

The two stallions plunged past each other again and this time each aimed an ugly nip in passing.

"Boss! Boss! Thunderhead is here wid a big bunch of mares and colts!"

Thunderhead knew that voice. It went with the oats and the shelter.

"Coom quick, Boss! Dere all mixed up wid our mares—de stallions is fightin'—"

He knew the other voice too that answered from the Gorge, the deep, commanding voice with the anger in it. And he knew the two faces as they appeared through the driving flakes. He knew the smell of them, but not this other smell of consternation—this smell of shocked horror. Nor the panic of that voice when it shouted, "Get the whips, Gus! Bring a couple of pitchforks!" Didn't know the arms that flailed him and beat him back with frenzied shouts, "Turn Banner's mares into the other corral—he'll follow them!" Even while he plunged past the man and reared again and Banner reared to face him and each aimed a smashing blow over the other's neck that landed like a dull thunderclap, he had to take care to avoid this man who lashed his head and face with a whip, who hung, yelling, on his halter, who interfered in every possible way with his fixation, who flung his whole weight and heft against him, turning him, while the other man turned Banner. . . .

There was confusion flooding his brain . . . snow-wind blinding his eyes . . . obedience conflicting with libido . . .

THE barn. His own stall and a manger full of hay and oats. How had this happened? How had he got shut in here? He loved this stall. He dipped his head in the manger. Lifting it, he listened and pricked his ears and reached his sensitive nostrils into the air and fluttered them. . . . He could smell each one of his mares and colts. They were all there, around the stable, feeding at the racks . . . everything all right . . . all safe and cared for while the blizzard whined and the wind seized the barn and rattled it like a dried pod. . . .

"Can you beat it? Thunderhead came back in the storm and brought his new harem! Habit was too strong for him."

Rob made a practice these days of hiding his temper from Nell, announcing even serious news in careless manner.

So for a moment Nell was deceived and turned from the table where she was placing the silver for supper and looked at him with wonderment and joy.

"Thunderhead back again! Oh, Rob!" Rob stamped across the kitchen floor to wash his hands at the sink.

"Where is he now?" she asked.

"I've got him shut in the stable."

"I'd like to see him. I'll go up after supper."

"You will not!"

As he turned toward her, snatching the towel from the rack and drying his hands violently, she saw the wildness in his eyes. She said nothing more but set the supper on the table, and as Rob went to his place, he leaned over and kissed her and said contritely. "I can't let my darling be doing such reckless things as that at this late stage of the game."

Why is that reckless, thought Nell, then suddenly asked, "Where's Banner?"

The frenzied look Rob flung at her

opened up to her understanding the whole scope of this predicament.

"I've got him in the east corral with his mares—and Thunderhead locked in the stable. The two bands of mares and colts are all mixed up in both corrals—eating me out of house and home—eighty head of horses! Gus and I'll have to spend half the night sorting them out—putting them through the chute—Banner took some of Thunderhead's mares and put them with his—"

A look of consternation dawned on Nell's face. "He did! Why, Rob! Why, that might start a fight!"

"It might and it did!" Rob said.

"Oh, Rob! What did you do?"

"We beat them apart. Just in time, too—before they really went berserk. A little later and we couldn't have done it. One of them would be dead now."

Nell was stunned into silence. Rob ate hungrily, then added more quietly, "And it wouldn't be Thunderhead."

Nell said nothing to that. No. Certainly not the powerful young creature who had overcome such an antagonist as the Albino—No—it would have been Banner—

"Rob," she said quietly a little later, "Do you think they're safe now?"

"I do not," Rob shoved back his chair, went over to the stove and stood with his back to it while he filled and lit his pipe.

HE took a few puffs, drew the smoke into his lungs, felt the calming effect of it, and finally took his pipe out of his mouth and held it, his eyes fixed in a brown study on the floor and said, "Banner will never be safe again."

"But—but—" stammered Nell, "we can send Thunderhead away again—he'll go back to that valley with his mares—"

"And in every storm he'll bring them home," said Rob quietly. "He's done that all his life, he'll continue to do it."

"No," said Rob again with a sharp sigh. "Banner will never be safe—not till Thunderhead is dead—or gelded."

A sound burst from Nell. "But Rob—Ken!" And at that Rob went wild again.

"I'm thinking of Ken too!" he shouted.

"Do you think I like to do this? Now, when the boy has done better, achieved more, made me prouder of him than I ever have been in my life? If there were any way to get rid of that colt—turn him over to someone else— But who would buy him or accept him as a gift? He's no use to anyone."

Rob knocked the ashes out of his pipe, slipped in in his pocket, stamped across the kitchen to the porch and started to get himself into his outdoor rig. Woolen trousers into overshoes. Canvas trousers over both, tied at the ankles. Sheepskin lined lumberjack, felt-lined gloves, and deep, padded Scotch winter cap. He paused and looked back at Nell.

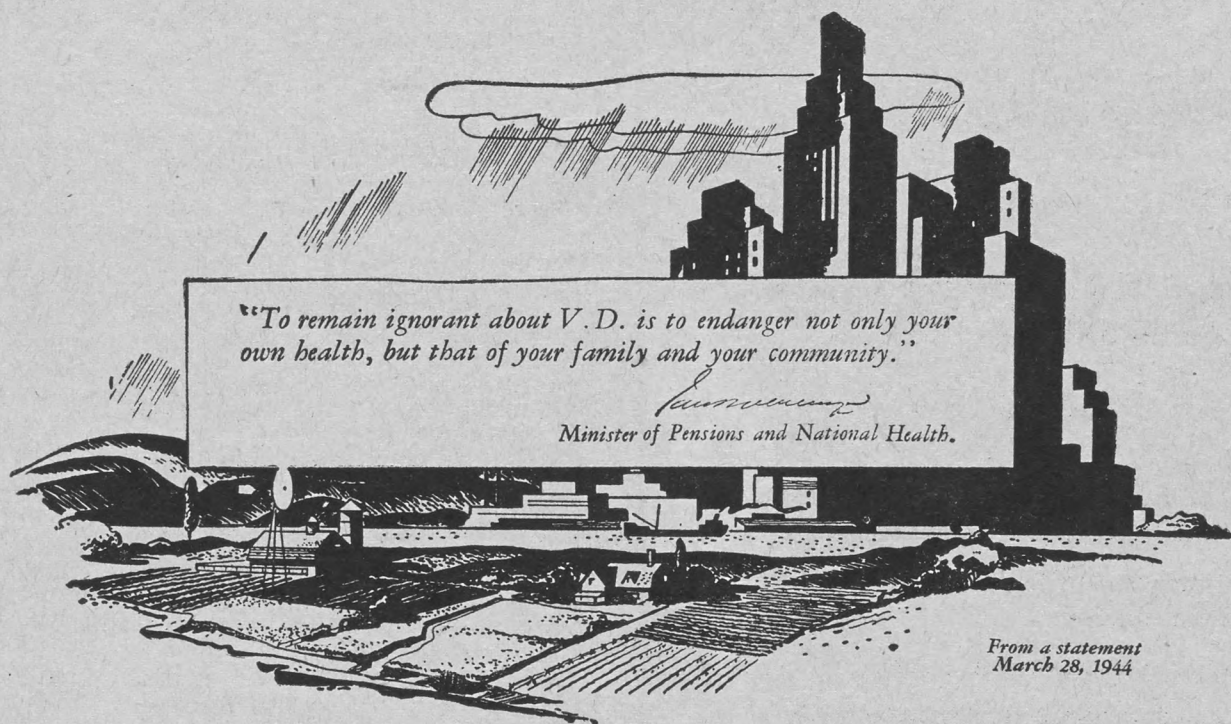
"I would be smart," he said slowly, "to put a bullet through him and haul him away. Ken would never know but what he was still up in that valley."

Nell made no answer and waited for Rob to open the door and leave. But he did not leave. She looked up finally and saw that he was looking at her, waiting. There was a certain expression on his face. He was suffering. He was furious. He was stumped. He saw only one way out—he didn't want to hurt her, through Ken. He was asking her, and waiting for her answer.

Her heart gave a terrible leap, and she felt weak, and sat down at the table. He was serious about this, and he had put it up to her. She leaned her head on her hands.

Not to judge this like a sentimental woman, but like someone who has the real responsibility and whose duty it is to find the safest way out for everybody. She could see the years stretch ahead, the constant annoyance and expense to Rob of having these wild mares and their colts brought down for feed and shelter in storms. At last they would feel that the ranch belonged to them. Thunderhead was oriented to this place, there was no way to prevent his coming, except by a sustained program of discouragement and unkindness that Rob would not be capable of, to say nothing of Ken. And lastly, the worst thing of all, it was only a matter of time before Thunderhead would kill Banner.

A deep wave of compassion for Rob went over her. What terrible decisions he had to take on himself! And such a



LET'S be quite frank.

When you read — as you probably did during the past few months — that more than 300,000 people in Canada have syphilis, what was your reaction? Did you say, "That's too bad; something should be done about it", and then turn to the comic page? Chances are you did.

But if that article had told you that Tommy Jones, the lad who used to mow your lawn after school, had syphilis—how would you have felt about it? Or that the young couple who built that cute house in the next block, had just lost a baby through syphilis . . . would that have made you stop and think?

Or, if you suddenly discovered that *your* Mar . . . No? That couldn't happen? But it can. And it does . . . to hundreds of Tommies and Marys every year, right here in Canada. Right in your community. You'll never read articles like that, of

course, for these are the personal tragedies that people bear in silence.

So, when you pick up the paper sometime and read, "... there were 5,000 new **VENEREAL DISEASE** cases reported in this province last year . . .", remember! These are not cold figures. They represent 5,000 heart-breaking . . . heart-aching situations.

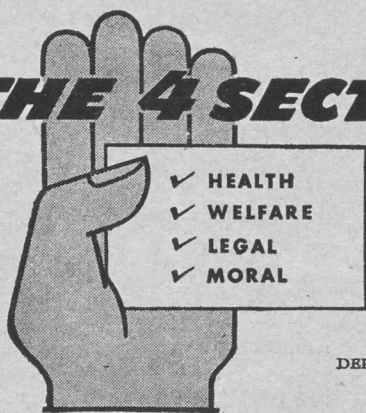
Yes, **VENEREAL DISEASE** is a serious problem. It's a problem for parents; for taxpayers; for young people on the threshold of life; for everyone.

VENEREAL DISEASE need never strike if we all do our part. If we know the facts. If we use these facts to advantage. If we don't shrug our shoulders and say, "This couldn't happen to anyone in my family."

You have a duty to your family and the community.

LEARN THE FACTS!

FIGHT VD ON THE 4 SECTOR FRONT



For *all* the facts about VD write your Provincial Department of Health for the new, free booklet "VICTORY OVER DISEASE".

Sponsored by
DEPARTMENT OF PENSIONS AND NATIONAL HEALTH
to further Canada's fight against VD.

70th Annual Statement of IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

The published statement of Imperial Bank of Canada for year ending October 31, 1944, shows the Bank still growing in response to wartime needs.

Deposits now total \$300,236,662, an increase for the year of over \$56,300,000.

Total Assets of the Bank are now \$326,506,999, an increase of some \$57,000,000, reaching a new high record.

The readily available assets, cash, Government and Municipal securities and call loans amount to more than \$241,000,000.

Commercial loans and discounts include loans to farmers, raisers of livestock and grain men total \$67,853,369.

Government short-term maturities held by the Bank total \$111,000,000 in round figures.

Dominion Government taxes amounted to \$545,545.

Dividends paid shareholders at 8% amounted to \$560,000.

All in all, the statement reflects the condition of the times, and shows that while Canada has subscribed hundreds and hundreds of millions to the war effort, her people still "have money in the bank," and the country is commercially sound.

CONDENSED GENERAL STATEMENT, 31st OCT., 1944

ASSETS

Deposits with and Notes of Bank of Canada	\$ 31,969,676.52
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks	14,292,538.34
Other Cash, and Deposits	8,451,573.88
	<hr/>
	\$ 54,713,788.74
Government and Municipal Securities and Loans	188,340,296.06
Other Bonds and Stocks	1,215,349.43
Call Loans (Secured)	5,155,572.00
	<hr/>
	\$249,425,006.23
Commercial Loans and Discounts	67,866,389.61
Bank Premises	4,944,026.85
Other Assets	160,790.39
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit	4,110,786.20
	<hr/>
	\$326,506,999.28

LIABILITIES

Notes in Circulation	\$ 1,410,842.50
Total Deposits	304,861,944.59
Letters of Credit Outstanding	4,110,786.20
	<hr/>
	\$310,383,573.29
Dividends due Shareholders	141,163.85
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits	15,982,262.14
	<hr/>
	\$326,506,999.28

The General Manager,
Imperial Bank of Canada,
Toronto.

We report that we have examined the above condensed Balance Sheet as at 31st October, 1944, and have compared it with the books at the Head Office and with the certified returns from the Branches. We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank. In our opinion the above Balance Sheet discloses the true condition of the Bank, and is as shown by the books of the Bank.

A. B. SHEPHERD, F.C.A.
of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.
W. D. GLENDINNING, F.C.A.
of Glendinning, Jarrett, Gray & Roberts.

Toronto, 14th November, 1944.

decision as this—to shoot one of the finest young animals they had ever raised.

Help him! Comfort him! She rose swiftly to her feet with outstretched hands. Her face was strong and bright and smiling. "Shoot him now, Rob, and haul him away, before anything terrible happens. We just won't say anything to Ken about it. And don't feel too badly, dear, he's had a glorious life!"

Rob was bewildered. He took her in his arms and kissed her, looking at her wonderingly. "Will you go to bed now, my darling, and leave the dishes to me? I'll do them when I come in."

"Oh, you'll be so late—and after all that struggling to sort out the mares!" Please, Nell. I'll feel better if I know you're in bed with a book. Is there plenty of wood and coal in your box?"

"Plenty. All right, Rob, if it'll make you feel any better, I will."

Nell went to bed and sat reading, but she didn't know what the words meant, for she was listening for a shot. At last she fell asleep, and Rob came in and undressed and put out the lights without waking her.

But there had been no shot, for Rob had thought of another way—just a chance of a way—a very slim chance.

In the morning the storm was still raging. Rob rose early, saddled Shorty and rode over to the telegraph station to discover the state of the weather and roads westward. It was worse right here on Sherman Hill but snow plows were keeping the highways open and busses were running. Fifty miles to the west no snow was falling.

He rode back and explained his idea to Nell. If he could take Thunderhead in the trailer to Saginaw Falls—if he could make the trip in two days, they would arrive on October twenty-third, the day before the Greenway race. There was still time. And if Thunderhead should give a good account of himself in the race, someone would buy him and take him far away.

"But the storm, Rob! And the roads! And those awful passes! Taking a horse down the Divide in a trailer in such weather as this!"

"Fifty miles west it's clear weather," said Rob as he threw things into his suitcase. "And Nell—the kid deserves it. The hardest part will be getting out to the highway over the ranch road. It's up to my waist in drifts."

Gus had orders to take Shorty and spend all day, if necessary, driving those wild mares and their colts off the ranch. They would hang around for a while, but with Thunderhead gone, they would be at loose ends, and once off the ranch they would go straight back to their valley and stay there.

Thunderhead was blanketed and put in the trailer, his head tied low so that he would be helpless in case he wanted to make a bolt for freedom.

Big Joe and Tommy were hitched to the home-made snow-plow, and Gus, bundled up like an Eskimo, with only a slit of storm-reddened face visible between cap and collar, forced the horses through the drifts. The car and trailer followed close behind.

LIGHTS blazed out suddenly in the dark room, and Ken began to dream that his father was standing underneath the bright chandelier of the old-fashioned hotel bedroom, talking to Charley Sargent.

They talked about Thunderhead. Again and again Charley said, I'll be damned. Then his father said, don't wake him, and Ken tried to say, I'm awake! and to sit up, but instead he fell deeper into the dream, and presently it faded out entirely and he went sliding down into the thick darkness.

It was just beginning to be light when he suddenly sat up. All night long the dream had been at the edge of his consciousness—was it really a dream? Charley Sargent was, as usual, snoring softly in the twin bed beside him. But someone else was sleeping on the sofa across the room. It was his father.

Ken sat staring, while thoughts and speculations raced through his mind. What did it mean! Could it mean—

He slid out of bed noiselessly and began to dress. It was barely a ten minute walk from the hotel to the stables. Ken made it on the run.

As he saw the long lines of the stables against the faint morning light the sus-

pense was almost unbearable. Running along under the portico of the stable in which Sargent's horses were kept, his eyes probed every dark opening, met the eyes of the quiet, brooding horses.

Long before he reached the last stall, the head of the horse standing in it had been turned in his direction. Ken's sharp thudding footsteps were as familiar as the squeak of the handle of the Goose Bar oat bucket.

A deep grunting murmur surged up through Thunderhead's chest, and the next moment the boy's arms were around his neck.

Presently Ken swung open the door and went in and closed it behind him.

Thunderhead had taught Ken to keep his distance. But now, when Ken put his hands on each side of his face, the big stallion leaned forward and dropped the weight of his head against Ken.

Ken's cheeks burned as he laid them against the satin smoothness of the horse's hide. His hands ran up between the wide dark eyes, playing with the forelock, as he often played with Flicka's. His lips whispered over and over again, "Thunderhead! Thunderhead!" and then, "You came back!"

He was filled with the secret joy and astonishment a man might feel when a desired woman suddenly turns and leans upon him. To have won the colt's love after a struggle of years—and such a colt!

Thunderhead suddenly swung his head, and nearly knocked Ken over. There was affection in the nudge—but something else too. Thunderhead wanted to get to the door. Shoving past Ken he reached his head out, pricked his ears, fastened his eyes on the farthest line of the horizon.

His wide nostrils flared and drew in the fresh morning air. They trembled as if struggling to find on the wind some other scent. And suddenly there was a movement, a turn toward Ken, a lowering and swinging of his head, a constriction of his chest that was like an inaudible neigh, and a pang shot through the boy. If Thunderhead had been able to talk, he could not more clearly have said to him, "Where are they all? Who has taken them away? You were there with me! you know that valley and those mares! We were together. Where have you hidden them? If we are friends, you will do this for me—you will give me back my mares! To whom else could I turn?"

Ken, stricken, stood back against the wall, and the stallion turned restlessly, stepped around the stall, switching his tail, came up to Ken, gave him another shove with his nose, again reached his head out the door and watched the eastern horizon where it was brightening with the morning light. He was tense and quivering all over.

KEN was not alone with his horse long. Perry Gunston and Tommy Pratt came to look him over and give him his morning oats, and presently others of the stablemen and trainers who had heard of the stallion gathered around. Thunderhead would not touch his oats. He nosed them, then turned his head away, standing inert and indifferent.

Gunston was disturbed. "Off his feed?" he said, looking questioningly at Ken. "You won't enter him, will you? If he's off his feed like this?"

"It doesn't mean he's out of condition," said Ken scornfully. "He's never out of condition. He can run faster than any other horse any time he wants too."

Barnyard Strategy



Military Policeman.

Gunston suggested that Ken should give the horse a run. He might be willing to eat after he'd had a bit of exercise. Dickson the jockey came running up, anxious to inspect the racer he was to ride that afternoon.

"Maybe Dickson had better exercise him," suggested Ken to Gunston, "so he can get used to him."

But Gunston decided that Ken had better take him out for his first run. They saddled the horse, and Ken mounted him and moved slowly off toward the track, Dickson close beside Ken, and Gunston and Pratt following.

The jockey was firing questions at Ken. Ken said quietly, "Sometimes he starts bad. Don't worry about that. Just beat hell out of him. Fight him. Make him mind you. He can catch up with anything once he hits his gait."

When Ken moved out to the track, there was a small crowd strung along the rail, several of them holding stop watches in their hands.

But this was not one of the times when Thunderhead "started bad." The familiarity of the light figure on his back, the well-loved voice, and those feather hands—Thunderhead went from an easy canter without a hitch into his extraordinary floating run, and Perry Gunston's narrow, tense eyes narrowed still more.

Dickson exploded, "Jupit-er! You don't see a horse run like that! You just dream about it!"

"Gosh Awmighty!" exclaimed one of the others, "He's got the Greenway purse in his pockets!"

It was not until Ken sat down for breakfast with his father in the grill room of the Club House that he learned all the details of Thunderhead's return. It seemed to him more dreadful even than he had thought. The colt had not just come home alone, as he often had before, he had returned with the entire band of mares and colts and had trustfully put them in the keeping of the Goose Bar corrals. And now, if his own plans went through, and his father's plans, Thunderhead would never see his mares again.

With head down and eyes on his plate, Ken fiddled with his fried eggs.

"Where do you think they all went—the mares and colts?" he asked.

"Back to their valley," said Rob. "That's their home. They would drift back there and—" he broke off.

"And—?" prompted Ken.

"I was going to say," said Rob, "wait for Thunderhead. They'd be expecting him to come back, of course, and take care of them. Why aren't you eating your breakfast?"

Ken ceased all pretense, laid his fork down and leaned back. It was rather a garbled speech that poured out—about Thunderhead's new affection for him. His trust, and the way he was so terribly lonely for his mares and his valley, and right now when, for the first time, the colt had accepted him and turned toward him as if he was a friend—right now, Ken was playing the part of an enemy to him—not a friend at all.

Rob listened with an impassive face. "All the same, Ken, we're committed to this and we can't turn back. Neither can Thunderhead. It's too late. Remember, too, how much depends on this."

"What?"

"Have you forgotten all the things you were going to get for your mother?" Ken winced.

"Right now, with hospital expenses facing us, believe me, if there's any money in Thunderhead, we need it."

Ken's mind began to turn and twist, looking in every direction for some escape for Thunderhead. Touch and Go had run in two races and had not shown in either, although she had nearly been in the money in the second race. She had one more chance, in the race which would follow the Greenway race that afternoon. But certainly she was nothing to count on now.

"And," went on Rob, "remember the things you were going to do for the ranch."

"I know."

"Are you going to turn tail and be a quitter now at the last moment just because Thunderhead is mooning for his mares?"

"But Dad—it's just because—because—well, he never was like this to me before. He always stared at me, and did things to me, aimed a kick or bite at me, you know. I always had to watch him. But he's changed. He was glad to see me this morning—glad! He—he"

"What did he do?"

"Well he just put his head in my arms and leaned against me."

At last Rob said, "Ken, you've got a divided loyalty here. And there's nothing tougher than that. Whichever way you turn you hurt yourself and someone else too. This happens to people often and it'll be a good experience for you. Are you going to stick to your plan to make money for the ranch and for all our needs—your own too, don't forget that—the money that's needed for your education and Howard's? Are you going to carry on with what you've started—what we've all worked for for three years? Or are you going to—well, not exactly quit, but be deflected from your aim at the last moment?"

"Would that be wrong, Dad?"

"It would not be strong, Ken. I could not admire such behavior. Sometimes, in life, you have to choose a course that is right and pursue it even if it hurts some innocent party."

Ken did not answer. Rob finished his breakfast and laid down knife and fork and pushed his plate away. "When Dickson gets on that colt this afternoon I want you to be pulling for them both with all your heart and soul."

"And remember this, Ken, although right now Thunderhead's got his mind on other things than racing, and he's sulking, yet he's been trained for a race horse. It's in his blood now. And after a little of it, this life will become his true life."

Ken's eyes lifted to his father's with a deep probing question. "Honestly Dad? As much as his wild life would be?"

Rob hedged. "Well, Ken, you know how I feel about horses. I always have the regret that when we take them for our own ends and make artificial lives for them, we deprive them of their true and natural and self-sufficient lives. But those would not always be necessarily better lives, in terms of the horse's well-being and happiness."

This made Ken thoughtful. Rob was getting impatient. He called the waiter and paid the check. A glance at Ken showed him that the boy was still in a state of indecision. He leaned across the table.

"You're going to make your decision right now, Ken, and then stick to it."

"Me?"

"Yes. Be a man. It's your colt. If you want him taken away from the race course without making a try, why it's up to you!"

"Is it, really, Dad?"

"Sure it is." He leaned back and took out his pipe and lit it, then looked around as if he had no further interest in the subject.

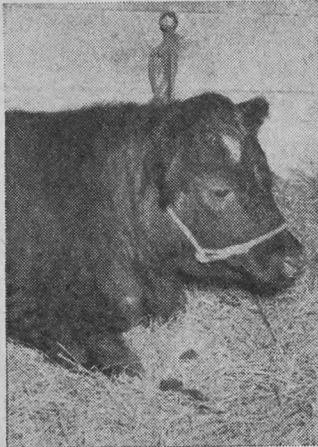
The decision leaped up in Ken, ready-made. He said, suddenly, "He'll run. And he'll win."

The words went through Rob like the twang of a string. His hand came down on Ken's arm and squeezed it. The other hand reached for his hat. "Come on, son! We'll go out and see to getting Thunderhead's shoes changed."

They walked out to the stables together, and if anything more had been necessary to crystallize Ken's determination, it was the remark his father made as they reached Thunderhead's stall. "Of course, Ken, if he doesn't win, and if we have to take him back, you realize I can't have him around the ranch any more. I'll have to sell him for anything I can get—and that means gelding him first."

Ken came to a dead stop. "But Dad! I'd get him off the ranch. He'd go back to his valley!"

"But he wouldn't stay," said Rob simply, "and sooner or later he'd get in



? QUIZ CORNER

For the Readers of The Country Guide

CAN you answer the seven interesting questions listed below? After you have tried, ask your family and friends. You'll find the answers at the base of this column. This is the last in this series of "Quiz Corners." Several thousand questions were submitted by our readers and we thank them for their interest. No more questions are required.

1. What are the contents of the Milkweed Pods used for?

(Submitted by Miss Marjorie Stickels, Burford, Ontario.)

2. How many times has Canada won the World's Wheat Championship?

(Submitted by Walter Boydolo, Dalmuir, Alta.)

3. What is the legal minimum weight of a gallon of maple syrup?

(Submitted by Mrs. George S. Cunningham, Gananoque, Ont.)

4. How much beet sugar has been produced annually during the past five years in South-western Ontario's sugar beet fields?

(Submitted by Albert Izzard, Camlachie, Ont.)

5. How many horses did the United States buy from Canada last year?

(Submitted by Mike Elanik, Edward, Alta.)

6. How many Experimental Farms are there in Canada?

(Submitted by Robert Bergeron, East Angus, Que.)

7. Which radio 'B' battery has no waste space between cells?

(Cheques have been mailed to the six winners listed above. This contest held throughout 1944, is now brought to a close.)

FOR ITS SIZE, WHICH B BATTERY PRODUCES THE MOST POWER?

Most owners of battery-operated radios in Canada know the answer to this question.

Size for size, the "Eveready" "Super-Layerbilt" Battery produces the most power. The reason is simple—this best-selling battery is built in layers under a patented process. It is every inch a battery—with no waste space between the closely-packed layers.

To make sure you are getting the best value for your money, ask for "Eveready" Radio Batteries by name!



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

RADIO BATTERIES

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS:

(The first six questions and answers were submitted by our readers and checked by well-known farm editors.)

1. For the filling of life preservers.
2. 27 times.
3. Thirteen pounds, two ounces.
4. Seventy million pounds.
5. 17,014.
6. Five. At Ottawa, Ont.; Agassiz, B.C.; Indian Head, Sask.; Brandon, Man.; Nappan, N.S.
7. The "Eveready" "Super-Layerbilt" Battery, because it is built in layers.



NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS AND THEIR MALE EMPLOYEES-- Including Farmers

By an order signed on August 15th, 1944, by the undersigned
Minister of Labour under authority of
National Selective Service Mobilization Regulations, 1944:

1. Commencing August 22nd, 1944, every employer is required to check the documents held by each newly engaged male employee, within 7 days of the employee's engagement, to determine if such employee possesses documents to show that he is in good standing under National Selective Service Mobilization Regulations, 1944 (that is, in relation to the Military Call-up);
2. Every employer must report on Schedule 9 to the Registrar for his Mobilization Division, concerning any employee found not to possess documents as referred to;
3. Every employer is required similarly to check the documents held by each male employee now working for him, whose documents he has not checked before, and to report to the Registrar for his Mobilization Division at once on any such employee found not to possess documents as referred to;
4. Any male employee here referred to, is required by the Regulations to present his documents to his employer for purposes of inspection;
5. FOR THIS PURPOSE "EMPLOYER" INCLUDES ALSO ANY FARMER OPERATING A FARM, WHO HAS A MALE PERSON WORKING FOR HIM;
6. Penalties are provided for any employer or male employee who fails to comply with these Regulations.

By an earlier order, employers were required to check the documents held by their male employees, and to report by May 1st, 1944, on doubtful cases as well as cases where employees did not possess documents.

Employers are asked to remember that they do not report on men who do possess the necessary documents—only on those who fail to present documents for examination, or where there is doubt that the document presented actually proves good standing.

The employers of Canada, including farmers, co-operated very satisfactorily on the first check, made up to May 1st, last. This co-operation was decidedly helpful, and is very much appreciated. Further co-operation is now earnestly requested.

Schedule 9, for reporting to the Registrar, and details as to documents which prove good standing, are available through the nearest Employment and Selective Service Office.

Farmers not needed on the farm during the winter, who answer the urgent call for winter workers in other essential industries, will be given a continuance of postponement of military training while away from the farm.

NATIONAL SELECTIVE SERVICE

HUMPHREY MITCHELL
Minister of Labour

A. MacNAMARA
Director, National Selective Service

W-F-21-10-44

a fight with Banner—and, well—you know what that means. You saw—"

THUNDERHEAD did not like Dickson, and came out of the stall fighting. The rest of the field were off and away on the two-mile race while Dickson was still trying to shake the bit out of Thunderhead's teeth and head him in the right direction.

The ordinary, run-of-the-mill excitement of race tracks which flares up, climaxes, and dies with every race that is run, is as nothing to the excitement that is generated when something really out of the ordinary happens.

It was this kind of excitement that Thunderhead of the Goose Bar stables provided for the onlookers at Saginaw Falls on the afternoon of October twenty-fourth.

Ken, standing close against the fence in front of the grandstand, leaned down and thrust his head between the bars. The blood came up into his face as he saw the fight Thunderhead was putting up. Dickson lashed him unmercifully, and, as always, the fury engendered in the colt by this conflict mounted and finally exploded, releasing him from the complex of his inhibitions and flinging him into his smooth running gait. The rest of the field was way ahead.

Ken straightened up, drenched in the sweat of relief, and the grandstand fell into a sudden breath-taking silence as the white stallion hit his pace, running, as it always seemed with Thunderhead, in the air, propelled by one lightning-quick hoof-thrust after the other, the unbelievable power of which kept him hurtling forward at a speed which was rapidly diminishing the distance between himself and the other horses.

Dickson rode with mouth open and a look of dumb amazement, and as Ken glanced around him, he saw this expression mirrored on a hundred faces. The horses swept around the track.

THUNDERHEAD passed the tail-enders, gradually overtook the next group and at the far turn passed them too. The grandstand came out of its stupor and a low, sustained sound burst from it. Thunderhead was pulling up on the leaders, then was abreast of them, then passed them. At this, the grandstand rose, swayed, and burst into a roar, flutterings hands and programs and hats.

Thunderhead wavered and stopped, his flaring, white-ringed eyes and sharply pricked ears turned nervously to this strange heaving mountain to the right of him. At Dickson's yell and the shaking of the bit in his mouth, the stallion went up on to his hind legs.

Bravura and Staghorn rushed past, beginning the second lap of the race.

"Whip him, Dickson! Beat hell out of him!" Ken's voice, cracking with strain, reached Dickson from the crowd. Dickson cast one hopeless glance toward Ken as the colt whirled and plunged, and a wave of the jockey's empty right hand showed that he had lost his whip.

Ken's open mouth closed without another sound and his face paled. Dickson pulled off his cap and beat it from side to side on Thunderhead's neck. Other horses passed him, streaming along the rail. Suddenly Thunderhead plunged forward, and again Ken was weak with relief. He unclenched his fingers slowly. It was all right now—Thunderhead had passed them once and he could do it again.



"Oh Yeah! Just step outside and say that!"



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But Thunderhead had no intention of doing it. All he wanted, apparently was a good spot in which to show everyone what he was going to do to this rider whom he didn't want on his back. Angling across the empty track, he floated over the inner rail, galloped to the centre, leaped into the air, corkscrewing, came down with feet like four steel pistons—rocked a couple of times, and had no need to do more. For Dickson was making one of those slow curves through the air that Ken had made, times without number.

Free of his rider, Thunderhead decided to join the race. He floated over the rail again—and the beautiful easy leap drew a gasp from the grandstand—and then he started to overtake the field. Again it grew like an orchestral crescendo—the roar of the grandstand—until the white horse closed the distance between himself and the rest of the field.

Thunderhead did not know when to stop. He floated on when the race was over and the winner proclaimed and the other horses were walking back into the paddock. Attendants ran out on the track and tried to stop him. That angered him. He dodged them, sailed over the outer rail and away into the distance, the little stirrups dangling and tapping at his sides.

When Thunderhead vanished beyond the grove of willows south of the race track, Ken fought through the crowd behind him, under the grandstand, out at the back and around the west end of the track. He ran as fast as he could, keeping his eye on that little dip in the willows through which Thunderhead had disappeared.

He felt in his pocket. The whistle was there. If he could get within earshot of the stallion he could call him with the whistle. He fought his way through a dense patch of undergrowth, emerged, and then stood for a moment searching the country before him.

Half a mile away the white stallion stood quietly. When Ken whistled for him, he turned his head, then trotted toward his young master.

As he came up, Ken looked at him bitterly. "You fool! You've thrown away the only chance you had in the world!"

Thunderhead stopped, recognizing something other than approval in Ken's voice.

"You could have done it. Easy as pie! And now you've spoiled everything!" There was a tremor in Ken's voice as he finished, and he said nothing more, but mounted the horse and rode him slowly back to the stables.

As he did so, he heard by the roar from the grandstand that another race was in progress, and drew rein on a little elevation and turned in the saddle just in time to see the horses flash over the finish line—a bright golden sorrel with blond tail, a good length in the lead.

TOUCH AND GO! He had entirely forgotten that she was running! And now she had won! A flood of joy alternated with the feeling that it could not possibly be true.

Ken galloped Thunderhead to the stables, not dismounting to open gates, but jumping every one. He put the stallion in his stall, called to one of the stable boys to attend to him, and ran back to the race track.

He was in time to hear the announcement over the loud-speaker. "Winner, Touch And Go, of the Goose Bar stables. Owner, Kenneth McLaughlin."

Ken stood still a moment. This was what victory felt like—then he dashed forward. He wanted to get his hands on Touch And Go and see if she was really still herself.

Perry Gunston had her in the paddock. A blanket had been thrown over her, and around her was a crowd of men. Rob McLaughlin was talking to old Mr. Greenway, and he called Ken to him and said, "I want you to meet Mr. Greenway. This is my son, Mr. Greenway, the owner and trainer of the filly."

As Ken put out his hand he heard an

eager little whinny behind him.

Mr. Greenway exclaimed, "You don't say! You don't say! And I hear you trained the white stallion too. But you'll never have any luck with him, my boy, too undependable."

The whinny came again and Ken longed to go to her.

"Mr. Greenway has just bought Touch And Go, Ken."

"Bought her!"

"I'm a collector of fine horses, my boy. That's the second one I've acquired this afternoon. Hop up on her now, son, and ride her over to my stables."

Mr. Greenway walked over to the filly. Rob caught Ken's arm and showed him the check. It was made out to Kenneth McLaughlin, and the amount was five thousand dollars.

Ken looked up at his father. Rob McLaughlin's big white teeth were flashing in a wide and joyful grin. "That does it, Ken!" he exclaimed. But Ken could only stare at his father's face, then at the check, and feel dazed.

Greenway called to Ken, "Take a last ride on her, son."

Touch And Go's face was turned eagerly toward Ken as he walked to her. A sudden reluctance made his feet heavy—last ride!

He smoothed her face. His father and Mr. Greenway stood beside her, talking. "Good girl," murmured Ken, "you did it, baby."

It was a marvel, certainly, what she had done. Without any fuss about it, she had just always done as she was taught to do and done it with all her heart. And she had it in her, that speed and power, as if she had been Flicka—Flicka with the four beautiful legs she had before he, Ken McLaughlin had brought her in off the range and lamed her—but, too, with the sweetness and docility that she had only acquired through her suffering.

"Good girl," he muttered, and turned his face down against the filly's head that was gently shoving at him. Then he put it into Swedish, "my flicka—"

Perry Gunston drew the blanket off, Ken mounted her and rode her slowly toward the Greenway stables.

"ARE you awake, Thunderhead?" It was a soft whisper from Ken, who had spent the night on a blanket at the edge of Thunderhead's stall.

The stallion did not move. He was standing with his head out the upper half of the stable door. But one ear flicked back and Ken rose to his feet and went to the door and folded his arms over the top of it by Thunderhead's neck. Together, they watched the sunrise.

Ken thought over all that had happened and all that was going to happen. He and his father and Thunderhead were starting back to the ranch this day. Then Thunderhead would be gelded—and then he would be sold to the Army for a band horse. They brought the most money of all, his father had said, more than the Army paid for ordinary horses. He might bring three hundred dollars.

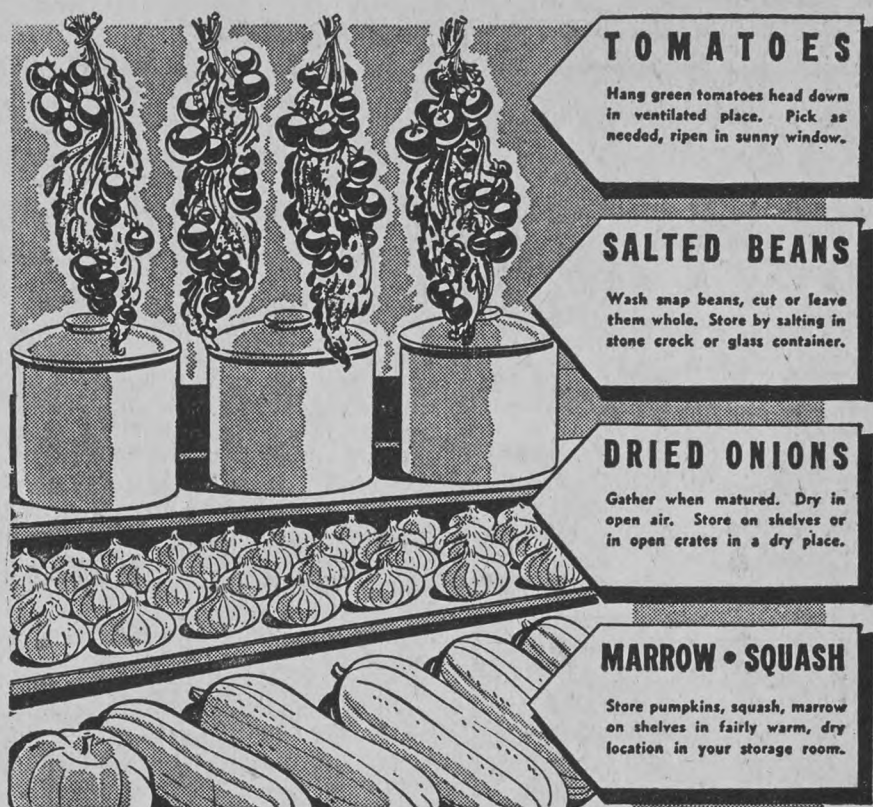
Ken stared out at the dim shapes of stables and trees while he thought of Thunderhead carrying a bandsman in a band. He had seen those bands in the parades at the Post. Thunderhead was big—he might carry the kettledrums.

Kettledrums! Cavalry bands! The drummer's arms and big sticks weaving a criss-cross over Thunderhead's back—pounding the drums—putting on a clown act! And the huge glittering horns, the fancy uniforms, the smart drum major, the deafening blare of band music!

Ken's thought suddenly of getting on Thunderhead and running away with him. Turning him loose somewhere. Giving him away—

When they were preparing to load the stallion, Ken asked, "Dad, is the reason you've got to geld him because you can't get rid of him?"

"Bright boy!" said Rob sarcastically. Then he put his hand on Ken's shoulder. "It's not the money, Ken—not any



TOMATOES

Hang green tomatoes head down in ventilated place. Pick as needed, ripen in sunny window.

SALTED BEANS

Wash snap beans, cut or leave them whole. Store by salting in stone crock or glass container.

DRIED ONIONS

Gather when matured. Dry in open air. Store on shelves or in open crates in a dry place.

MARROW • SQUASH

Store pumpkins, squash, marrow on shelves in fairly warm, dry location in your storage room.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

The food situation in Canada, as throughout the world, remains critical. Nothing must be wasted. Every last pound of vegetables and fruits from home gardens must be harvested and stored. In addition to canning, preserving and pickling there are several other ways to store fruits and vegetables for future use. The housewife is urged to consult an authoritative book on the subject. The following methods should be investigated:

- 1. SALTING.** Such vegetables as cabbage (sauerkraut), beans, greens and corn may be preserved with salt, in stone crocks or glass jars.
- 2. DRYING.** A long list of fruits and vegetables may be dried in one of three ways: Sun Drying, Cabinet Drying, Oven Drying.
- 3. PIT STORAGE.** Open air storage in pit, mound or barrel is suitable for such vegetables as potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, beets, parsnips; also apples.
- 4. CELLAR STORAGE.** Produce stored in the cellar requires good ventilation away from furnace area. Conditions and methods vary over wide range of fruits and vegetables.



Save Food for Fighters!

Here are 10 FOOD-SAVING RULES For Wartime

- 1 PLAN FOOD BUYING CAREFULLY**
Buy only the food you know your family will eat. Calculate quantities so that there are no left-overs.
- 2 PLANT A VICTORY GARDEN**
Help to increase Canada's food production by growing your own vegetables and fruits. Raise chickens and any other stock you can.
- 3 AVOID WASTE IN PREPARING**
Measure all ingredients. Watch vegetable and fruit peelings—peel them thin. Cook potatoes in skins.
- 4 COOK FOODS PROPERLY**
Follow your cook book carefully so as to avoid waste and retain maximum food values.
- 5 SERVE SMALLER PORTIONS**
Start a Clean Plate Club in your home! Don't urge second helpings—let them ask for more.
- 6 SAVE LEFT-OVERS**
When you do cook too much, save meat and vegetable remnants for stews, bones for soups, bread-crumbs for stuffings.
- 7 SAVE SURPLUS FATS**
Use what you need in your own cooking. What's left over turn in with your other salvage.
- 8 DO NOT HOARD**
Canada has a sufficiency of all the foods you need. Don't hoard or buy foods for the sake of using up your ration coupons.
- 9 ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO SAVE**
Share with your friends any food saving tips you hear or read. Don't spread gossip about "shortages" or tips that may start runs on unrationed foods.
- 10 REDUCE YOUR FOOD BILL**
Choose economical foods—those with concentrated nutriment. Try to keep down and reduce your total food bill.

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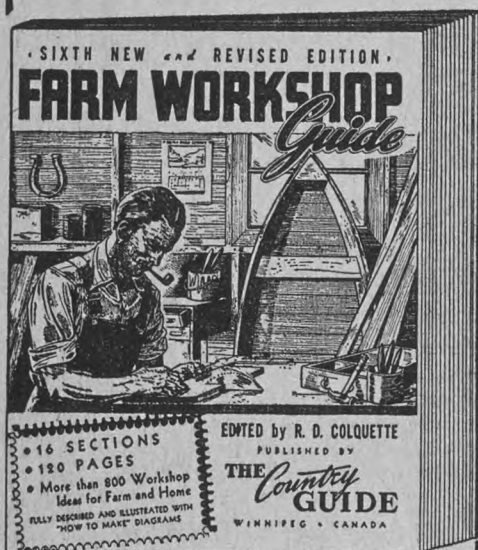


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more, although three hundred isn't to be sneezed at. But it's really because there's no other way to save Banner and to save myself, incidentally, from having to adopt about thirty wild mares."

Before eight o'clock they had the stallion in the trailer and had started the long drive back to the ranch.

THE eagle headed into the strong westerly wind and hung on motionless wings high over the valley.

The "easterner" had blown itself out and no sign of it remained except for patches of snow under the trees and in the depressions of the hills. Here was summer again. Indian summer with the quaking asp a riot of crimson and ochre.

The eagle saw the mares and colts grazing, saw something large and white moving through the pass in the rampart and slipped sideways on an air current to poise himself directly over it.

Ken McLaughlin was leading his stallion through the keyhole. As they emerged on the threshold of the valley they halted. The colt was saddled with the small horsehair saddle Ken had made himself. Underneath the bridle was a heavy chain halter and lead. His eyes were blind-folded, but in spite of this he knew where he was and his body was tense, and fierce snorting breaths came from his nostrils.

He pawed the earth.

With one hand Ken uncinched the girth, lifted the tiny saddle off and dropped it on the ground. He undid the latch of the throat strap, talking softly to his colt. "You don't know it, Thunderhead . . . but this is goodbye . . . you've got to go to your mares and take care of them and live a stallion's life . . . you're a true throw-back, Thunderhead . . . you're not a race horse though you can go like the wind when you want to . . . and you're not an army band horse prancing around carrying a kettledrum . . . you've got to go back . . . and I've got to go to school and do a lot of other things . . . so . . . we . . . can't be together any more . . ."

Thunderhead's hoof dug impatiently at the earth. Ken slid his arm up underneath the stallion's neck and laid his own head against it. His voice went on while his fingers drew off the bridle, the chain halter, and at last the blindfold. "Don't forget me, Thunderhead . . . I won't forget you . . . never, Thunderhead . . . don't forget me . . . I know you won't because you love me now."

Ken stepped back; the colt was free, and he knew it. He took a step forward, switching his tail. His head was high, his ears alert, and his eyes roved over the valley. It was as if he counted every mare and colt grazing there a quarter mile or so away. But he seemed in no hurry to join them. They were all his, and there was no one to dispute him.

He turned toward Ken again, poked out his head and gave the boy an affectionate shove. Ken slipped his arm around the stallion's nose. "But you've got to go, Thunderhead . . . those are your mares . . . I think you do know it's goodbye . . ."

THE colt lifted his head and again examined the mares. Ken tossed the bridle and halter to the ground; and as he did so something that came plummeting down from the sky startled him and made him look up. It leveled off and Ken was surprised to see the stallion give a violent start and then half-crouch.

"Why, Thunderhead!" he exclaimed and put out his hand to reassure him.

But the colt's recoil was only for a second. He straightened up and threw back his head, snorting out that hated scent.

The eagle circled and came at them again, this time lower, leaning back, his one talon thrust out and his

great wings humped forward to break his speed. Thunderhead leaped to meet him, reared to his full height, and delivered half a dozen furious pawing strokes.

The eagle slid over them, just out of reach, leaned into the wind again, and a few lazy wingbeats sent him spiraling upward. It was as if he served notice that he was the guardian of the pass and had something to say about this valley. Would it be Thunderhead who would get the eagle under his feet and cut him to pieces, or the eagle who would swoop down to pick the stallion's bones?

This encounter had attracted the attention of the mares. There came trotting out from the band the black mare with the white colt, her ears pricked enquiringly at Thunderhead. She neighed. He answered. He left Ken and went to meet her, lowering his head, curving and wagging it from side to side. His tail lifted, flared wide, and streamed behind him. And now all the mares were staring. The recognized him and rushed to meet him.

The little white colt was the first to reach Thunderhead. It sniffed him, bared its little teeth and nibbled at him in affection, then whirled and thumped him with its heels. This, while Thunderhead and the mare were greeting each other ardently, pressing their faces together, nuzzling each other, finally rising light on their hind legs to embrace each other.

Now Thunderhead greeted the rest of his harem. They milled around him, kicking and nipping each other in the excited jealousy of having him back.

Ken watched it all with a smile on his face. At last he picked up the equipment he had dropped on the ground and went back through the keyhole to finish the business. He had spent hours with drill and sledge hammer working on the rock around and underneath that monster boulder which formed the roof of the keyhole. He had studied where each stick of dynamite should go. He did not intend that there should be a single one of those small slips which brought so many of his good intentions to naught.

NOW he lit the fuses, turned and ran.

He didn't stop running until he reached the place he had picketed Flicka. He slipped his arm up underneath her head and held it to him so she would not be startled and waited for the explosion.

It came. The pile of boulders around and above the keyhole rose with a dull boom. The earth under Ken's feet seemed to heave. There was a frightened chattering of birds, and small animals scurried out of the rocks. And as earth and rocks settled back again, the valley was filled with detonations caroming back from the hills. Last of all came a deep rumble from the Thunderer.

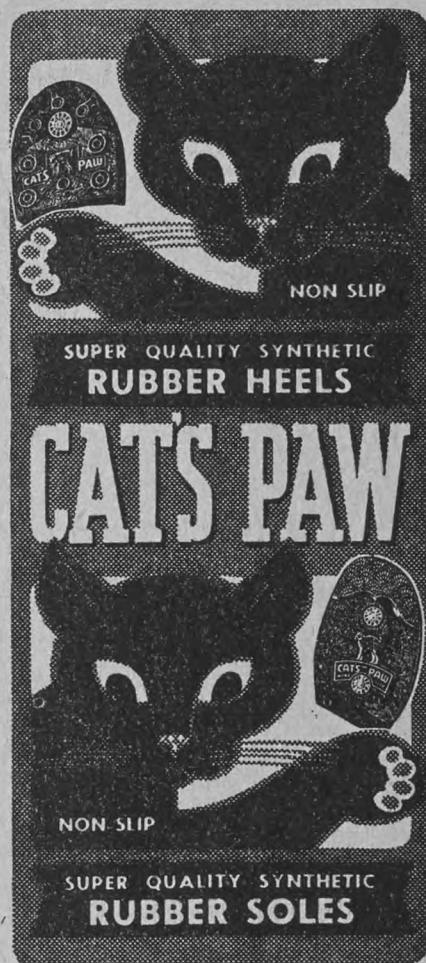
After some minutes Ken entered the passage to see exactly what had happened to the keyhole. It no longer existed. Just as he had planned, the support for the boulder had been blasted away, and with its fall, all the other boulders had found a new position. For Thunderhead the passage was closed for all time.

Ken retraced his steps, ran along under the rampart until he came to the place Thunderhead had made the trail to the summit, and climbed up.

There was excitement amongst the mares over the blasting. Thunderhead was nowhere to be seen. Ken lay down, hanging his head over the edge, certain that the colt was below there, pawing at those stones, investigating every cranny discovering that there would be no more going in and out of the valley. At least, thought Ken, not from this end. You might be able to find a way out of the other end, old fellow through



"He's calling for a mate, looks as though he intends to shoot her!"



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CANADA

those valley and mountain passes and glaciers, but it would be a hundred miles around for you to get home, and all of it strange going—no—I think you'll stay in—

And then it was as if his father's fiery, commanding eyes were suddenly looking into his, and he spoke to them, "I've done it, Dad. He won't come back to bother you and Banner any more. . . ."

His father! It was a warm and happy thing to remember how his father had looked at him and spoken to him and squeezed his shoulder even at that moment of disturbance getting ready to take his mother to the hospital. And the friendly words. If you think you can do it, son, I'll leave it to you. I don't want to shoot your colt or geld him. And his mother had slipped her arm around his neck and kissed him and said, keep your fingers crossed, darling, we want a little flicka don't we? And Ken—thanks to you and Touch And Go, I'm going away without the slightest worry about expenses.

THUNDERHEAD came out from under the rampart at a gallop and rushed back to his mares. Ken leaped to his feet. What would the colt do now? What did he think about the blocked passage?

Thunderhead was heading away from this end of the valley as if that gunpowder were behind him. He began to round up his mares.

Ken watched it for the last time . . . the weaving in and out, the snaking head, the plunges of the mares as they felt the stallion's teeth in their haunches . . .

The daylight was fading. Ken had to strain his eyes to see how every mare and colt was gathered up and swept into that rushing charge of pounding bodies and sweeping hair and flying limbs.

Wild exultation filled the boy. He had done it, after all! He had given his colt back to the mares! And this round-up! And a thousand others like it—and the valley and the snow-peaks—

That other life he had tried to give Thunderhead—the life of a race horse—how desperately he had prayed for it! He felt almost bewildered, for all his prayers had been denied and all his efforts frustrated, and yet this—this—gloriousness was the answer.

The boy's head lifted and his eyes flashed from crest to crest.

All the world was beginning to glow with the sunset. Three cream-colored antelopes were drinking at the river edge. The river was emerald green and turquoise blue and rose pink and there was a big golden star in it. Yellow light swept eastward from the sunset in long level shafts. A half moon, lying on its back, began to glow like a lamp.

All this for Thunderhead!

Thunderhead floated past the band of mares that now, in the gathering darkness, seemed like a swift-moving blot of shadow, and took the lead.

Ken strained his eyes to see the last of that rushing white form. Here it was, now, the parting. He put up his hand and brushed warm tears from his cheeks, surprised to find them there, because, in spite of the loneliness and the sense of bitter loss, it was as if the beauty of the valley and gloriousness of Thunderhead's freedom were inside of him too.

And now they were gone.

In the deep breath that Ken drew, there was the wideness and the emptiness of the world.

With startling suddenness, day fled from the valley. The golden spears were withdrawn, the pink clouds faded. Shadows seemed to rise from the earth, and the encircling snow peaks turned to ghostly silver. The ice-blue slopes of the Thunderer, marked with triangles and bars of deeper blue, glittered here and there as if strung with diamonds. Its jagged outline lay sharp as crystal against the emerald sky.

It was time, and more than time, for Ken to go. Flicka was waiting. Once again it was just himself and Flicka, as

it had been before Thunderhead, before Touch And Go. He ran down the trail, packed up, mounted, and was off.

The eagle hung in the sky where the daylight still lingered, watching all that the boy did. When he had gone, the great bird dropped slowly down over that pile of boulders which had suddenly changed its shape.

He hovered, examining, estimating the difference. At last he swept up into the sky again, and his harsh, lonely cry, "Kark—Kark!—Kark!" floated out on the sound waves that played across the valley, spending themselves in inaudible ripples against the mountain-sides.

The End

THE MANPOWER CRISIS

Continued from page 6

The opposition groups traditionally can merely oppose. Only the government can act.

I found out that Liberals who never in their lives would breathe a word against Mackenzie King said solemnly that he would either send the draftees, or they would vote against him. Manitoba Liberals who hate Bracken and despise Coldwell insisted they would side with the Conservatives. Ontario Liberals told of being emphatically uncomfortable at home the last few weeks. Nova Scotians spoke of the pressure the Legion, the I.O.D.E., were putting on them. In English Quebec, men were promising to turn their backs on the Liberal M.P.'s in the clubs. British Columbia members came out hot and flat for conscription before even they got aboard the Ottawa trains. Alberta, Saskatchewan, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, it was all the same. The chorus was: "Send the zombies."

King outlined his views at length in caucus. But they would not budge. I am not suggesting that he opposed them, that he outlined any course of action. The point I want to make is, that he didn't tell them; *they told him*.

There were all kinds of caucuses. The cabinet met half the night. The familiar cars of the privy councillors were parked under the watchful eye of the Mounted Police. Then in the morning, bleary-eyed, sleep-shy politicians said that "a compromise" had been reached.

The fifty newspapermen here, and the fifty specially here for the occasion, sent out advance stories, saying that there would be no conscription. "The Old Man's done it again" said the Liberals proudly. "That King has wriggled out of it again" said the indignant Progressive Conservatives. Only one newspaperman came out and predicted that conscription was coming. They laughed at him. But they were stunned, when, getting advance copies of General McNaughton's speech at 2.50 p.m., they found, way at the back, on the last page, the news that an order-in-council had been passed, authorizing the draftees to go to Europe.

Let's skip lightly over the frantic messages everybody had sent to his paper. We need not concentrate either on the filled diplomatic seats, the jam-packed galleries. Even Churchill's visit in 1941 didn't draw such crowds. There's been nothing like it since Confederation.

The plain fact is that King fooled everybody, and in a few seconds, had sent the zombies overseas. Anything that happened after that was more or less anti-climax.

General McNaughton made a dramatic appearance, in the commons, and hour after hour, until he was almost out on his feet, he answered questions. Never a day in the Commons before, not familiar with parliamentary procedure, and vindictively attacked and cruelly hammered by those who wanted to knock him out and spill the government, McNaughton stood there like a



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brave soldier, straight as a ramrod, clearly, courteously answering questions. Some queries were repetitive, a few asinine, and one or two, malicious. Karl Homuth all but called McNaughton a liar; he said McNaughton had uttered an untruth. Meanwhile Hon. R. B. Hanson had described Hon. Ian MacKenzie as a "flannel-mouth."

Ralston, once the Progressive Conservative arch foe, and now their quondam hero, assisted in the prosecution, if not the persecution, of McNaughton.

On the other hand, the Conservatives were perfectly right, in applauding the pungent remark of E. G. Hansell, Macleod Social Creditor, who wondered why

it was necessary for Ralston to resign, if his policy was vindicated and adopted, and why McNaughton did not resign, when his policy was repudiated.

"That's the \$64 question," said John Diefenbaker.

The first day was critical for the Liberals. King was testy, irritable, jittery, due mainly from lack of sleep. McNaughton was near collapse. But they all got a good night's sleep on Thursday, and they sailed through the half day on Friday easily. The Progressive Conservatives missed the kill on Thursday night, when King was so tired that he didn't seem to care whether school kept or not, and when the Conservatives





THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

FARMERS' BULLETIN

FARM MACHINERY RATIONING

Until supplies are more nearly in line with consumer demand, the present system of rationing new farm machinery and equipment will be continued. The policy has been endorsed by agricultural authorities as the best method of ensuring delivery of available machinery to farmers most urgently in need of it. To help keep present machinery in operation there is no limit on the production of repair parts and such parts are not rationed.

Farmers are warned not to dispose of old tractors or other rationed farm equipment unless they have a permit from the Board to purchase new equipment next spring.

SCHOOL LUNCHES

Schools with facilities for serving hot lunches to pupils during the cold weather may apply to a branch of the Ration Administration for registration as a quota user, thereby obtaining ration documents to purchase rationed commodities. Arrangements will be made only for those who remain at school for the noon lunch because of the distance from home, or because of bad roads and weather conditions. Application must be made by the principal or a teacher, giving the number of pupils staying for lunch.

POTATO STORAGE ALLOWANCE

(Order A-1430, Now in Effect)

To encourage marketing of potatoes in January and February, storage allowances have been adjusted in all parts of Canada. Last year addition of this storage charge was permitted from January 6, with monthly increases to June 1. Under the new order the first storage increase of 5¢ per 75-lb. bag was allowed in November. Another allowance of 5¢ may be claimed on December 1, and a third of 5¢ on January 1. There will be no further storage adjustment for February. Monthly increases will be resumed on March 1, but on a reduced scale from last year.

CHRISTMAS TURKEYS

The Board is continuing its 1943 policy in regard to farm sale of turkeys this Christmas. Primary producers may charge retail prices for turkeys of their own raising which they sell direct to industrial firms for employee Christmas gifts, to purveyors of meals or to consumers. The price charged must not exceed the retail price set in Order A-1310.

FERTILIZER SUPPLIES

Improved supplies of potash and of animal, fish and other organic substances used for fertilizers have enabled the Board to revoke Orders A-856 and A-870. Larger allocations of potash will permit manufacturers to return to the normal percentage of potash in mixed fertilizers and at the same time meet an expected demand of well over 40,000 tons. Order A-870 prohibited the use in fertilizer of such organic products as bone meal, linseed oil meal, fish scrap, cottonseed meal and bone flour and has been revoked because these products are now more readily available.

Farmers have been advised to get their fertilizer orders in early so that the spring demands can be properly arranged for.

FEED PACKAGES

Limits on the packaging of feeding stuffs in fabric or paper bags have been removed by revoking Order A-306 which provided that fabric bags should not be used for packaging feeding stuffs in less than 100-lb. quantities and paper bag quantities were limited to five, ten, 25, 50 or 100 pounds.

CHRISTMAS TREES

Farmers cutting Christmas trees on their own property are permitted to haul these trees in their own trucks beyond the 35-mile limit. Other persons may not haul trees in trucks beyond this distance.

For further details of any of the above orders apply to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

No. 11

almost goaded him into an election. But when Hon. R. B. Hanson got up and remarked that no man was indispensable, it seemed to make King snap out of it, and he survived the day.

Then came the parade of the bolters. The Quebecers started to desert their old chief, their old political master, their longtime leader. But there were no heroics, just jeers and jokes. When Jean Francois Pouliot, firebrand from Temiscouata, rendered his swan song, the temper of the house was far too serious to pay any attention to him. King sat with his back deliberately turned. As Pouliot started the long tramp down the green carpet, the Progressive Conservatives flagged him by. "Not here," they cried. The C.C.F. didn't want him. With mock courtesy the Social Crediters dusted off a chair. The independents thought he would stop there. When he got to the Bloc Populaire, they were sure he would join them. But he passed them, and went right to the back bench, and sat down. Ten seconds later they had forgotten all about him.

Wilfrid Lacroix bolted the next day. Longtime nationalist, he shared with Liguori Lacombe the dubious honor of being one of the two men to oppose the National Resources Mobilization Act in 1940. The vote then was 202 to 2. Lacroix, hedging for a long time, flung some abuse over his shoulder as he went, telling the French ministers they would sooner have their hands in the till than do the right thing.

Charles Parent, Quebec West and South, an odd little fellow who used to dance with himself whenever music was played, moved across, small loss to anybody. Maurice Bourget, of Levis, waited till he got to Montreal to cross the floor, announcing his insurgence from there. Bourget, a likeable fellow, probably would have to do that to satisfy his voters. A good lad gone wrong.

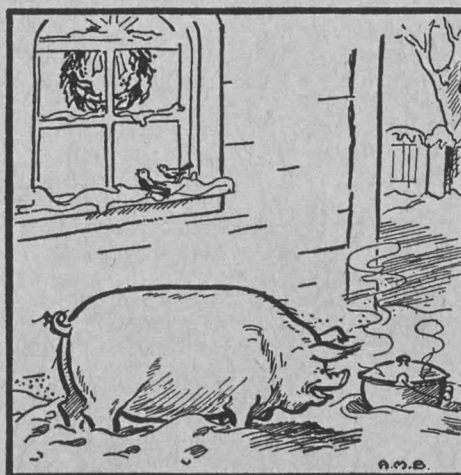
Now then, the French Canadians went home over the week-end to get their instructions. After mass Sunday morning is the great time for the politicians to meet their voters. They stand traditionally in the church yard after mass and talk things over. Out of hundreds of such meetings will have come the instructions to the M.P.'s. As this is being written, the members are not back yet.

The Ontario members of course, went home, feeling they could look their electors in the eye again. Whereas the Quebec members went home, crushed, and feeling betrayed, the Ontario M.P.'s regarded this as a triumphant homecoming.

Meanwhile, there has been no rest and little sleep over the weekend for the political hierarchy. For instance, there is the pro-Ralston party movement. If Ralston wants to form a party, he is in a tremendously strong position. He could certainly count on Conservative support. But then, what becomes of John Bracken? Was his leadership of the party all in vain?

Right now, Ralston looks strong, but if he peers far enough ahead, he may discover his triumph to be a temporary one, and pass up any chances of premiership. It is doubtful if he could win a general election, but if public opinion were strong enough to force King out, and Ralston in, then undoubtedly he could get a union government. Conservatives at Ottawa would welcome that.

These are just some week-end speculations, like the possibility of Hon.



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P. J. A. Cardin leading a Quebec Bloc in the House after the vote next week.

Perhaps not since Confederation, and certainly not since the Meighen cum Byng incident in 1926, has parliament faced such a crisis. This is an exciting week-end to be in Ottawa. The man who can sit down and write how things will be next week-end would be Canada's greatest prophet. That is an honor to which this writer does not aspire.

I have taken you right to the eve of Premier King's own war statement. Up till now, no one has heard his side of things. On the other side, plenty has been said. You may find out that King will win out. Fight he can, and he's just beginning to fight.

Editorial Note:—Mr. Cross wrote the above article during the week-end following the adjournment of the debate on November 24. The highlight of the proceedings when parliament met the following week was the pronouncement by Mr. Ralston. He was, he said, interested in action rather than the method, and climaxed a great speech by declaring that he would vote for the motion of confidence. While denouncing the government, he saved its life.

This issue goes to press before the confidence vote is taken. For the record, here are the motion and amendments:

By Prime Minister Mackenzie King: That this House will aid the government in its policy of maintaining a vigorous war effort.

By Gordon Graydon, Progressive Conservative House Leader: This House is of the opinion that the government has not made certain of adequate and continuous trained reinforcements by requiring all N.R.M.A. (National Resources Mobilization Act) personnel whether now or hereafter enrolled to serve in any theatre of war and has failed to assure equality of service and sacrifice.

By M. J. Coldwell, C.C.F. Leader: The following words to be added to the motion: Which in the opinion of this House requires the immediate removal of all distinction between drafted and volunteer personnel, thus making the entire Home Defense Army available for reinforcements overseas, and requires further the total mobilization of all the resources of Canada, material and financial as well as human, to ensure a total war effort, adequate re-establishment of the members of our fighting forces and full employment after the war.

By Joseph Jean, M.P. for Mercier: Offered as an amendment to the Progressive Conservative amendment, urges the government to send reinforcements overseas "by using to the best advantage the general service personnel in Canada and the volunteers overseas without resorting to conscription for overseas service."

It is generally believed that the group of Quebec members will vote for the last amendment and when it is defeated, will then vote for the government motion. They don't want conscription but they don't want to see the government defeated.

The Country Guide, while not supporting in full the arguments of Mr. Cross, believes that they represent a viewpoint that should be placed before its readers. The viewpoint of this publication is expressed on its editorial page.

OFF TOKYO BAY

Continued from page 10

"Michaels," said Paul. "Open the stern torpedo tubes and let in the sea."

Michaels was a carrot-top and a good seaman, who went aft without a word, saving air and his own breath.

"Paul," Vidor said, hushed. "You can't do it. You can't open the conning tower hatch. The pressure. You've got a hundred feet of Japanese sea on top of you."

"We've got to do it," said the skipper. His head ached badly. "It's the only way out."

"But it's impossible. You can't do it. You can't raise that hatch against the weight and pressure of the sea."

"We'll have a try," Paul said. "We've got to raise the air pressure within the submarine to a point where it will nearly match the pressure outside. That's why I've ordered the tubes opened. I want volunteers to try and open the hatch. Get them."

"Yes, sir," Vidor said slowly.

The air was thickening and it took the strength out of all of them. It was getting very foul and cold.

"Everybody fill Momsen lungs," said Paul. "All hands don Momsen lungs and stand by the tanks for oxygen . . . Curley, take over the oxygen valve . . . Everybody listen: When your lungs are ready, line up. The volunteer crew will attempt to open the hatch. If the hatch opens, the sea will pour in. For God's sake, keep your heads. Stand still, in line. The life line will shoot to the surface first. The volunteers will go up the line first. Ascending slowly. Pausing at the proper intervals. We're a hundred feet deep. Forget it and shoot topside, and you'll die. Your lungs'll burst. Understood?"

The grim nod of heads in unison. He looked at their faces. Dirty, pale, frightened faces. But game, most of them. Very game. He didn't feel half so game himself.

"No panic. One by one. Plenty of time. Lots of life in the Momsen if you don't lose your head. If one man loses his head, he may kill us all. After the volunteers—enlisted men, then petties, followed by the officers and the master. Understood?"

Again the nods.

"Any questions?"

"What happens when we get topside, sir?" someone asked.

Paul Haydn smiled faintly. "Let's worry about that when we get there."

"Yes, sir."

"Will the sub fill completely?" someone asked.

"Possibly not. I don't know. We've got to build up pressure in here in order to get that hatch open. We've got to try and match the pressure outside or we'll never get it open."

Vidor saw the point without enthusiasm, and, though ready volunteers stepped forward to attempt the opening of the hatch, Vidor began to consider his nerve. He wanted to keep it very good, like the skipper's. He looked at Paul and thought how wonderful the skipper looked—cool and calm, not as pale as the others. That's what made a good commander. If he were going to have to die, he wanted an example, just as the others did, and Papa Haydn was giving one.

Everything seemed prolonged, life, time and the presence of death. The volunteers worked in relays, for it was a tremendous job and it tired them insidiously. Foul air, cold sea, and the first heavy breath of chlorine gas. In the engine-room the sea had reached the batteries, and that was the last straw. The stern torpedo tubes had been opened, and the sea poured in. But only so far. The water stayed at their thighs, held there by the air pressure within the twisted shell.

Paul listened to the volunteers above, straining at the hatch, trying to force it upward so that the tons of sea could pour into the hole while they tried to fight the inrush and go up. He could have thought of more personal things, for the last minutes were fleeting. He could have wondered what his new baby girl looked like. She'd been born, back home, while he was on the Asiatic station. He could have pictured his wife as he had last seen her, a vision which

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he had often fondled tenderly before in that repetitious mirror of his mind.

But instead he thought of the thrilling sight of that carrier in the full of the moon, and he wondered if he had got her.

Vidor stumbled over to him very wearily. "The crew is unable to open the hatch, sir."

Paul nodded haggardly. "Very well. All Momsens ready?"

"All ready, sir."

"I am going to have the watertight door forward opened. The submarine will be flooded. If your nerve is bad, you're goners. Do you all follow me?"

They followed him.

"Very well. In line here at the ladder. Don't move out of line . . . Michaels

and Vidor, you go up the ladder. When the sea floods us, open the hatch, let the life line go up . . . Vidor will then descend, kick my hand twice if all is clear. Thereafter, I will punch each man's arm twice when I want him to ascend the life line. Understood?"

Understood. Grimly, wanly understood.

"Open the bow door," Paul said. "Momsens on all."

Everybody put the pincers over his nostrils and adjusted his Momsen lung, breathing from it. The change was marvellous. Paul knew it would be. Clean oxygen to lift their spirits. Vidor and his men opened the forward watertight door, which had been shut during the accident. The dark sea curled in.

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A Peaceful New Year**



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Still, they did not fill completely. The bad air was pocketed by the sea and stayed there, and the lights remained on, working from the emergency supply. Vidor and Michaels ascended the ladder.

They stayed up there, grunting and cursing. Suddenly Lieutenant Vidor yelled, "She's giving! She's going to open!"

Simultaneously, sea poured into the control-room from the conning tower. It was a bursting torrent which crashed down with terrific force. Then everything went dark, the lights gone, as the cold sea filled the compartment, its strength dissipating with its bulk.

PAUL stood by the ladder. The life line, which had been made fast to the ladder, had gone up, its cork float popping surfaceward. Paul reached the first man in the line and punched him twice. He felt the man start climbing the ladder and when he could no longer feel the man's legs, he touched the second in line and punched him twice. The second man caught his hand, squeezed it, and went up.

Hannigan, the boatswain, was the last to go. His electric torch being waterproof, it still functioned perfectly. He had once been a signalman. He flashed, "OK CUM ON," close to Paul's eyes. Paul punched him twice and nodded vigorously.

He followed Hannigan up the ladder. Vidor was still sitting up there atop the hatch, where he had been feeding the men up the life line. Hannigan's electric torch showed him there, holding himself down by having hooked a leg through the ladder.

Paul punched him twice and, in the torchlight, pointed up. Vidor followed Hannigan on the rope, and the skipper, in the tradition, came last.

The ascent to the surface was where cold nerve told. The inclination to let go the rope and swim up into the clear, into the world of light and darkness, of fresh air and infinite skies, was a terrible temptation. But they put it behind them. At intervals, they paused, letting their bodies become accustomed to the decreased pressure of the shallowing depth. Then, up again, feet around the rope, hand over hand slowly and measuredly until the next pause. Paul did not realize that he had broken surface until he felt hands slapping his back with overenthusiastic zeal, and someone tore the Momsen from his face.

Then he could see. The same moonlight lay upon the sea. Around him in a ring, treading water, he counted twelve men, including Hannigan and Vidor. "Only twelve?" he croaked.

"Some couldn't wait," croaked Hannigan.

"Lungs burst—bends—" Vidor croaked. "Dead—floated off."

Paul treaded water and looked to the west. But the island of Japan was dark and quiet beyond the horizon, the mouth of Tokyo Bay glittering with a thousand diamonds, and no spirited warships beat southward where he had last seen them. There was nothing but the land and the sea and the moon.

After a while wreckage floated by, and they clung to it, regaining their strength. Before the moon waned they spied a black submarine, just her conning tower broaching, as she moved slowly toward them from the northeast.

"The Seahorse!" Lieutenant Vidor coughed. "By God, sir, Red Wilson in the Seahorse!"

Paul nodded. "Hannigan," he said, "can you make a signal with that flashlight?"

"Yes, sir," Hannigan said. "Shall I send Request Assistance?"

"No," Paul said. "Tell him he is standing into danger. There is a mine field here. Identify us as the Squid survivors. I'm sure he knows that anyhow. I can see men in the tower."

Hannigan made the signal as the submarine Seahorse hove to, her tower pointing southward. She blew her tanks and rose completely to the surface, big and sinister; her gun crew ran forward and stood by the three-inch gun, poised for action. From deck, two men put off in a carbon-dioxide-inflated rubber raft and rowed it to the circle of survivors. Some climbed aboard. Some clung to the life lines around its perimeter, as the

raft was rowed to the Seahorse.

Paul Haydn stood on the bridge for a moment with Lieutenant Commander Wilson, who said politely, "The hospitality of my ship to you, Commander." And then, as soon as the enlisted men were out of hearing, "You lucky son of a sub!"

"Oh, very lucky," Paul said dryly. "We poked a mine. The mine won."

"I know," said Red Wilson; "I saw it. I saw everything. And me sitting up in the northeast while those babies run for the south. Oh, golly, Paul, what a picture it made. It broke my heart not to be able to get a couple in. I didn't dare poke one at the can that chased you for fear of hitting you."

"Did I get her?" Paul asked. "Did I get the carrier?"

"You got her," said Red Wilson. "You got all seven hundred feet of her. She was a furnace from one end to the other; you'd have thought she was a tanker. You hit her amidships and aft, and she lighted the bay clear up to Yokohama. She sank in six minutes, and I damn' near cried in envy."

"Enemy aircraft approaching sir," said the lookout.

"Okay," Red Wilson said. "Take her down. Come on, Papa Haydn, you father of the symphony." It was always a joke between them. "You're shivering anyhow."

Paul went down the ladder into the submarine. He felt a little cold and very tired. It had been a long, hard night, and the fruit of honest labor was sleep, which he felt he had coming to him.

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THE COUNTRYWOMAN

Thank God for little common things
Small lovely things of every day—
Candles that flicker in the dusk
And firelit rooms where shadows play;
For stars that prick through drifting clouds
And dawns that flame in gold and red.
Thank God for common lovely things
That are the spirit's daily bread.

—Author unknown, taken from an old scrapbook.

Joy In Simple Things

SIMPLE things take on new value and added meaning these days. Almost it seems that in retreat to them, at times, we save our sanity. Life has become so complex as to overtax our powers of comprehension. Perhaps it is that we are hardly ready to think in world terms, to withstand the sound and fury of a world torn by terror and violence. Against the awful backdrop of our times there are certain things which we have learned to treasure deeply: children's voices and the sound of their laughter; the nearness of our loved ones; firm rafters and sound walls of our dwelling; stores of good food; warmth of fireside cheering us to the marrow of our bones; lamplight flooding a room and spilling out the windows without thought of possible marauding enemy aircraft being led towards us; our treasured household possessions about us; quietness for reading and conversation; freedom to gather with friends; the sanctuary of home and chosen place of worship.

These things are the portion of most people in Canada this Christmastime, for which our humble and heartfelt thanks may well be given. In possessing them, we should be that much better prepared to take our full place as citizens of the world of tomorrow. The courage of our hearts, the keenness of alert minds and the sanity of good judgment will be needed, to back those whose duty it will be, to win and maintain lasting peace.

A Famous Conversion

IF you are looking for a concise expression of opposite attitudes to Christmas and ways of keeping it, permit me to recall the dialogue between the miserly Scrooge, whose mind was cluttered with the cares and worries of business, and his nephew. It is from the famous and much-read Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens. It makes good reading for a Christmas Eve gathering of friends or family. The young nephew, Fred, had had the good sense to marry the girl he loved and set up his own little home. The family were in the midst of preparation for the festivities connected with the season. He invited his uncle to join them but the invitation had been curtly declined, whereupon Fred made bold to wish the unkindly old man a "Merry Christmas" and brought forth the reply:

"Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and not having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

To which his nephew replied: "I am sure that I have always thought of Christmastime, when it comes round, apart from the veneration due its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to

How Christmas is kept in the hearts and homes of Canadians this year is a matter of interest and importance

By AMY J. ROE

the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good and will do me good; and I say, God bless it."

Then, you will remember, Scrooge went to his lonely room and locked himself in, only to be visited, later that night, by ghostly figures. First there was the Ghost of Jacob Marley, his former partner, which warned him that he would have three other shadowy visitors. To the old man's plaintive question:

"Why do spirits walk the earth and why do they come to me?"

Marley's Ghost returned: "It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men and travel far and wide; if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness."

Then in turn came three other uninvited, shadowy guests: The Ghost of Christmas Past; the Ghost of Christmas Present and the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Be. They each had business with Scrooge. In spite of his protests they induced him to look upon his own and the lives of others, which touched on his. When they all had finished and departed he was left, a shaken and changed man, but with a wish for an altered life and the will to vow:

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, Present and the Future. The spirits of all Three shall strive in me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach."

Christmas As Usual

A FRIEND in Alberta, who has been ill for some time, wrote this month telling of a trip to eastern Canada saying: "While I was away, in Nova Scotia, Montreal and Toronto and when travelling on trains I was struck by something which parents told me about letters from their boys in the Forces. Invariably the boys said that they expected Christmas to be as usual at home and that they wanted long detailed accounts of it. They live on memories. One of their fondest boyhood memories is of Canadian Christmas; the homey-sort of Christmas, no great amount of luxury or lavish display, but loads of laughter, happiness, wholesome food, boisterous games and fun. The boys remember the fragrant evergreen tree in the corner, gay with shiny colored balls and tinsel, the wreaths in the window, the tissue-wrapped parcels full of mystery, the odor of roast turkey, mince pie, plum pudding all mixed in one heavenly aroma. They

remember skating in the afternoon, the dance, or perhaps just a sing-song around the piano in the evening. That is the kind of Christmas our boys like to remember, while they go on with the business of fighting for us.

"Throughout the year how many mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts have had letters from their men saying that they hoped to be home—not for Easter, Dominion Day or their birthday—but for Christmas. So I would like to urge everyone here at home to make 'Christmas as usual' and then tell their boys about it."

That same friend spent many dreary days on a sick bed, many weeks and months in a cast, suffering intense pain at times. From that experience she adds another thought for our consideration: "I wish that I could let everyone know what a little Christmas cheeriness can mean to a bedridden person. I have spent many holidays and other days in hospital but I never expected to have to spend the Yuletide season there. However that was my lot last year. I went into hospital just a week before Christmas and when I realized that I would be there for the holiday my spirits were anything but festive. Fortunately my spirits seem to be of the rubber-ball variety and have plenty of 'spring' in them.

"I have always loved a Christmas tree so I had a tiny spruce tree set in a jardiniere and decorated with tiny ornaments. Small red wreaths were hung in the windows of my room, greens were tucked here and there. My presents, gaily-wrapped were piled in a tempting array on my table. Even while lying flat on my back I was able to have the fun of wrapping and tagging my modest gifts for others. The nurses and other members of the staff came into my room on Christmas eve to let me have the fun of seeing them unwrapped. One of the up-patients brought her dinner tray into my room on Christmas day. I knew that my family and friends were having a wonderful day at a ranch but I couldn't feel sorry for myself or blue. There was an old man of over 90 years in hospital. He ordered flowers for himself, just in case no one remembered him. A nurse took some of the evergreen from my room, standing it up in a flower pot and making him the dearest little Christmas tree, gay with bits of color. The old man cried when she brought it to him. But his tears were from happiness. Oh yes, it takes very little to brighten up Christmas day for a person who is confined to bed."

At This Season

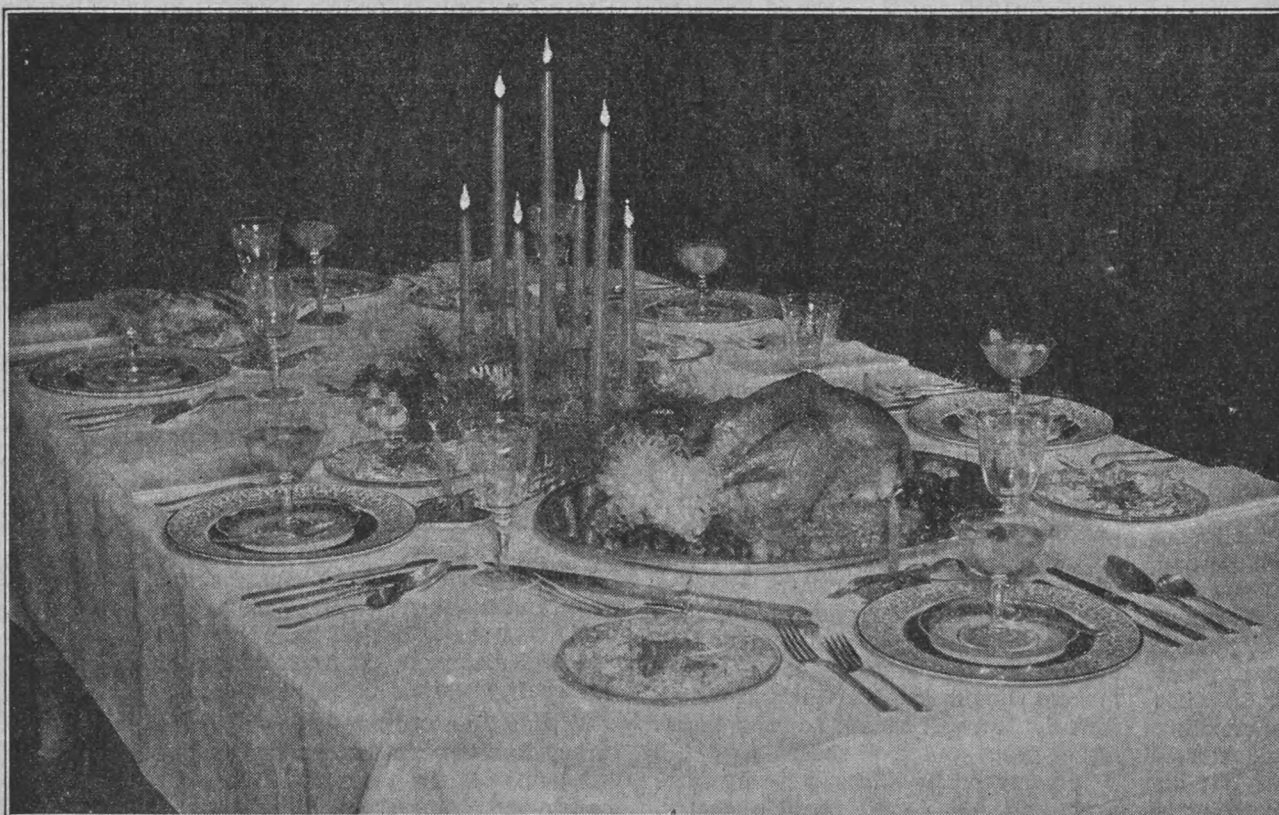
AT no time in human history, have there been so many fervent prayers for peace, as at this Christmastide. In many lands, in countless hearts that prayer ascends again. While our allied armed forces pursue the war to its logical and necessary conclusion, we have a hope, now, that peace will come soon. We should be better prepared to appreciate the blessings of peace because of our experience with war scattered over the wide world. We know the dreadful cost of war. That knowledge may well give a growing core or centre of strength to our planning of peace. If our prayers are answered we must build a peace that will last for succeeding generations.

* * *

There will be a shadow of sadness on the hearts of many who have lost loved ones because of war, this holiday season. Families and close friends of men who have been wounded or killed, should be especially in our thoughts. Little acts of thoughtfulness, a letter, a call or some kindly remembrance may help ease somewhat the memory of their loss, which is apt to be most keen at the time of other homegatherings.

* * *

The first Christmas card was only a visiting card on which was written the greeting "A Merry Christmas." Snow scenes, holly branches and robins appeared later on embossed cards, picturing English winter scenery, as the robin is known in England as the Christmas bird, because of the legend of its red breast.



Candle light, attractive table, the noble bird and other good food combine to make Christmas dinner a real event.

Christmas Packet

SO we come to our sixth war Christmas! How shall we celebrate it with scattered

families and half the world in the throes or aftermath of war?

As Christians, with deep humility that we have escaped so much, through no wisdom of our own.

As Canadians, with thankful hearts that the miseries of battlefields and bombings have been spared our fair land.

With genuine sympathy and remembrance for those whose vacant chairs will never again be filled by loved sons who gave their all.

With a renewed value of family Yuletide gatherings and a way of life which makes them possible.

War years have done much to curb foolish expenditure on Christmas gifts. One finds that a well-chosen card of greeting—especially if accompanied with a letter—brings the thrill of remembrance even better than a more expensive and frequently unsuitable gift. An original verse by those who have a flair for writing is usually appreciated.

For the family who read and treasure books, a second-hand bookstore is a bonanza. There the price of a recent best-seller will provide a book for each member of a fair sized family. For those who favor a family gift, a combination game board fills a need and will provide hours of enjoyment on winter evenings.

Christmas is a children's festival, so as long as there are young people in the family there should be young guests besides the childless relatives and the lonely bachelor neighbor.

This may be our last war Christmas and therefore our last opportunity to invite a lonely serviceman from some distant land or corner of our Empire to a real Canadian family Christmas. His presence may help us over a day somewhat dimmed by the absence of son or daughter serving too far from home to join the family circle.

"Christmas comes but once a year.

And when it comes, it brings good cheer."

The joy of Christmas is sharing one's home and hospitality, not only with one's family and friends, but with the stranger within our gates.—Mabel W. R. McPhail.

Send A Bit of Christmas

THIS Christmas, all over the world there will be homesick Canadian boys and girls dreaming of Christmas back home. To some this will bring memories of a simple feast in a log cabin, deep in the snow carpeted pine woods, with smoke puffs spiralling into the sky at dawn; to others it will mean a comfortable home with holly wreaths in the windows and an electric lighted Christmas tree within. To all Canadians there will be the common memory of sparkling snow—of winter sports—the spicy smell of good things cooking.

You, in turn, will be thinking of your boy or girl, trying to picture their Christmas day in a strange land—wishing you could somehow share with them, this precious day at home. How about sending the absent one an hour by hour diary—a word picture of your Christmas Day. Let Dad begin the story as soon as the fire is lit, by telling him about the weather—if the stars are sparkling in a clear blue sky; if the new snow makes the prairie look like a giant birthday cake—or perhaps it has not snowed at all and the dust is crawling along the roadway and the wind whistling around the house corners has an ominous sound and the thermometer is dropping fast.

This year we will dwell on some small things of great importance to members of the family circle

No doubt Big Sister can best describe the opening of the gifts and the presents each one received—but leave it to Small Brother to tell about the feast, how much the turkey weighed and how good Mom's pudding was, though she only used one tablespoon of sugar in it saving the rest for the sauce. And he was so full of turkey, continues Small Brother that he had to let his belt out two holes before the pudding was served.

And so each hour of the day unfolds, described in turn by each member of the family and a brief note added by each of the guests present. It is fitting that it is Mother, who at bedtime, brings the diary to a close—in a way that she alone would know.

A few spruce needles from the Christmas tree along with a sprinkling of spice will give the letter that special Christmassy aroma. The pages should

feed for two days in advance, so that they are free to help me Christmas Day. So long has it been their custom to help with the dishes, peel the vegetables and freeze the ice-cream on that day it has become a tradition in our family; the change in work, too, being as good as a rest for them.

Ordinarily we milk the cows before breakfast, but Christmas morning I prepare a light breakfast of package cereal and fruit while the children show their Daddy what Santa Claus left in their stockings. While the barn chores are being done I do the breakfast dishes and put the turkey in to roast (it has, of course been drawn and stuffed the previous day). Junket tablets are soaked in readiness for ice-cream, immediately the milk is brought in and fresh cream separated, a double recipe of junket ice-cream is measured into the freezer can and put aside to chill, no extra



One of the joys of Christmas is sharing one's home and hospitality.

be fastened together with a strand of tinsel thread from the tree.

Perhaps you had been saving a film so there will be a picture of the table with the turkey in all its glory, and another one of the family and the tree.

Do this, and thus keep Christmas bright in your special family tradition for the one who is absent, we hope, for the last time on Christmas.—Marjorie Stiles.

Mother's Christmas Day

INSTEAD of time for leisure and good cheer, Christmas Day can be one of crowded drudgery for the farm mother because in addition to washing the cream separator, dishes and attending to the regular chores, there is the preparation of the feast with the extra work entailed in using the best china and linen to make the occasion memorable. However by judicious planning and obtaining the co-operation of the family, be they capable teen-aged daughters, ganglings sons, like my own, or toddlers, who need waiting on; all homemakers should so plan Christmas Day that she too, will benefit from its blessing of peace and good cheer.

The day before Christmas, my husband and son do all possible chores, such as cleaning the barn and hauling

dishes to wash or stirring custard over a hot stove. By the time the chores are completed it is ready for the boys to freeze.

While I put the pudding on to steam and make our favorite sauce, one of the men-folk peel the potatoes—other vegetables for Christmas dinner being canned, to further reduce my work.

With the smell of roasting turkey mingling with the spicy goodness of plum pudding filling the house we are at last ready to sit about the Christmas tree and open the family gifts. The children remove the gifts from the tree, one by one, presenting it to the owner, who in turn displays it for all to see. Most orderly in the beginning, but it usually ends in a riot of tissue paper and tinsel string with squeals of delight from the children as their treasures are disclosed.

All the while I am frantically making a list of who gave each gift to whom. I do this ever since the Christmas I wrote and thanked Cousin Hilda for the teddy bear she DID NOT send the baby and neglected to thank Aunt Emma for the lovely sweater she DID send him!

By the time order reigns again the turkey is crisp and brown and everyone helps set the table and carry the food to the dining-room, while I attend to the details.

When the feast is over, this procedure is reversed, everyone helping until the last dish is washed and put away. Then, Mother, too, is able to

join the family circle, and is not too tired to enjoy the sing-song of Christmas carols and a round of favorite games.—Marjorie Stiles.

A Family Takes Action

CHRISTMAS began in November for one Canadian family this year. It started this way. One member of the family suddenly asked:

"What's the matter with us anyway? We give each other gifts at Christmas and sing about peace; we even forget our disagreements with relatives and neighbors for a few days and exchange friendly greetings. But as soon as the candles and the bare turkey bones go out, the spirit of Christmas goes out too and the old wrangling and inharmonious begin again."

They decided to do something about it and that night OMFTA was born. The letters stand for the words, One Man's Family Takes Action.

The first meeting was held in the kitchen around the cheery cook stove. Delegates to the conference ranged in age from eight to eighty. Not all were agreeable at first, not all were in sympathy but all were given a chance to speak and decided that a gift which would banish discord from the home for weeks was preferred to one which achieved an armistice just for as long as it took to unwrap a tinselled package and return thanks.

The charter when drawn up, made it clear that each must analyze past disagreements in the home and see to what extent he or she had contributed to them. Their gifts are to be aimed at doing away with this dissension. But once given, they must be lived up to.

On Christmas day there will be a tree in this home, as usual, hung with starry packages. But inside these will be funny cartoons, serious verse, or cheery notes describing the gift of "self" which the giver is offering.

For instance, Big Sister has always been lazy in the mornings. Mother has to call her again and again until her patience is exhausted, Father is angry and everyone else upset. Big Sister's gift to Mother this year will be her promise to get up the minute she is called. It will be more appreciated than anything she could buy.

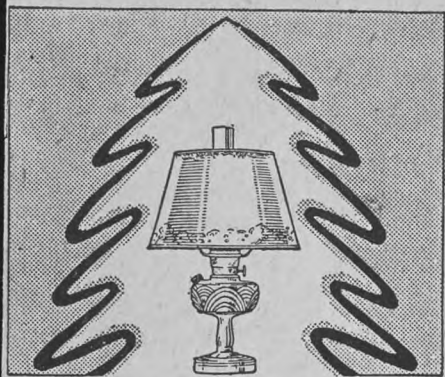
Grandma is hard of hearing. Jack, when he speaks to her, refuses to raise his voice. By the time she has asked him to repeat himself three or four times, they are both so annoyed that what he has to say is of no consequence. Jack's gift to Grandma will be his promise to stop mumbling.

Big Brother is giving Big Sister a present which will rid her heart of a load of bitterness. He has promised to take her out with him every other Saturday night to enjoy an evening's fun together.

Little Brother has drawn a picture of himself throwing wood into the wood-box with a gusto that will please Dad more than the best chosen necktie.

Married Brother in the city is sending his promise of a letter or telephone call once a week from now on without fail. A sister in Montreal is to get a letter from some member of the family once a week. That will please her greatly and help to make her less lonely.

A neighbor, instead of getting a fancy card is getting a compromise in the dispute over the line fence. The school teacher is being given the assurance of co-operation for the coming year, instead of unjust criticism.



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Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for its effect on throat membranes. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

OMFTA has started something. It is planting in December for harvest every month of the year. What is more, the seed will spread from home to district, to province, to the whole Dominion. It is one family's Christmas gift to the cause of world peace.—Rae Tooke.

Santa Came After All

IN the morning before Christmas, 1914, stars still sparkled in a clear blue sky, though we had already covered several miles of the distance between our homestead and the little new village of Veteran. My brothers were crowded into the front of the sleigh, they did not mind dodging the clumps of snow the horses churned up. My little sisters and I were in a row along the side of the sleigh box, cosy under the blankets on a bed of straw.

A trip to town was a rare and exciting event for children in homestead days; today it was increasingly important because we were meeting the train that was bringing my sister home from attending high school in Edmonton, even the baby understood she would bring with her a bulging suitcase of presents for us all. We had talked about it for weeks.

We were lined up like stair steps along the station platform when the old "mixed" train rattled into the station, and my sister, the only passenger getting off at that station was almost knocked off the train steps as it shuddered to a stop.

"Where is your suitcase?" My big brother's changing voice interrupted our greetings. When she handed him her little overnight satchel, he cried in alarm, "Don't tell me THIS thing is all you brought us for Christmas?"

"Certainly not," she rejoined in her best grown up manner, "I brought Aunties' Gladstone bag FULL of presents. See, here..." But there was no suitcase to be seen where she pointed. Nor was it in the train, though the big conductor came and helped them to search through every inch of the only day coach the "mixed" boasted of.

"Sure, you didn't forget it in the station when you changed trains at Coronation?" he asked with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

"I—I don't think so," Edith faltered, "I KNOW I had it in the waiting room there, and I am almost sure I carried it onto the train."

"I'll bet a cookie, it's safe and sound in the Coronation waiting room," the conductor insisted. "I'll go wire, Bert Taylor, the agent there, right now and have him look it up."

Sure enough, his reply came within ten minutes, that a bulging Gladstone, so heavy it must be loaded with bricks, and that looked as if it would split open any minute, was located under a seat in the waiting room. Mr. Taylor promised to forward it on the next train.

"The next train!" we chorused in dismay, "But, that won't be till next week, and Christmas is tomorrow."

"Best we can do, kids, the conductor explained. "You're lucky someone else hadn't already carried it off."

We smaller children had a merry time on the trip home, chanting the songs and recitations we had learned for the school concert, but the older ones were strangely glum, casting accusing looks in Edith's direction.

"Mother, Mother," we shrieked as the sleigh drew up in front of the house, and Mother being out on the doorstep to greet us. "Edith lost her suitcase with all the Christmas presents."

"Lost her suitcase!" Mother echoed in alarm. "Surely not... Why Edith how could you be so careless?... Well, come on in now, dinner is ready and after we have eaten we'll see what we can do."

Immediately after dinner we younger

Turn to page 50

It's the day before Christmas



1 It's the day before Christmas
And all through the shops,
Poppa is running
With starts and with stops.



2 What to give Momma?
What to give sister?
What to give grandma?
(It bothers the mister!)



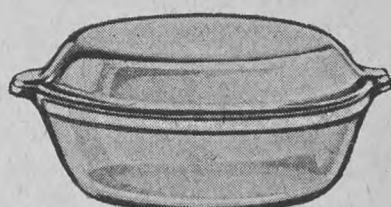
3 When just as he's ready
To give up in despair,
What does he see
But a sign "PYREX WARE"!



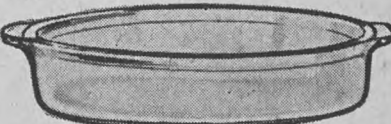
4 He knows that his wife
And his Aunt and his Cousin
Could use one or two,
Or maybe a dozen.



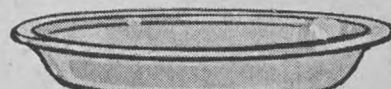
5 So he takes off his hat,
Throws it high in the air,
And solves his gift problems
With smart PYREX WARE!



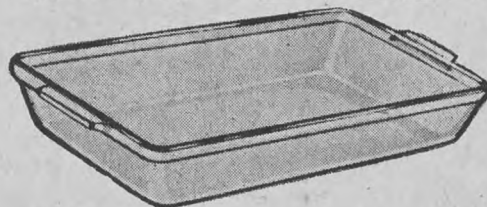
POPPA LOVE MOMMA? This Pyrex Double-Duty Casserole has a dozen different uses. The cover is an extra pie plate! Four handy sizes—96-oz., 64-oz., 48-oz., and 32-oz.



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A food, high in nutrition value, at a cost of only seven cents a pound, is something every thrifty Housewife will welcome. Here it is:

LEMON PIE and TART FILLER

(Great Food Value)

1 pound of Sugar (about 2 cupsful)	8c
2 pounds of Water (about 4 cupsful)	0c
20 drops LOVES Triple Lemon Flavor	2/3c
4 Egg Yolks	10c
3 oz. Corn Starch (9 level tablespoons)	1 1/2c
1 oz. of Butter	2 1/2c
Pinch of Salt and a teaspoonful of LOVES Fruit Acid Solution, or a teaspoonful of Vinegar	2/3c

Total cost for 3 1/4 pounds or, less than 7c a pound...23 1/3c

Twenty drops of LOVES Concentrated Lemon takes the place of five lemons and is like buying the fresh fruit at only three cents a dozen.

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Festive Meats

For the best results and as timesavers consider important points when dressing and baking the bird for holiday meals

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

EACH family has its own favorites for Christmas dinner, but it may be that this year you have no poultry suitable for the occasion. So why not try baked ham? It is a tasty, handsome dish, and has the added advantage of reducing the work to be done at the last minute.

Supposing you just have one plump chicken. You can serve several people if you boil a piece of ham to go with it; or instead you might consider sausages or bacon. These meats are perfect accompaniments for chicken or turkey and make the meat go much further. Use sausage meat when available for part of the stuffing. Until you have tried it you have no idea of how the flavor of one meat serves to bring out the full flavor of the other.

Lots of stuffing helps, too. It saves time and labor to be sure that you have made enough for the bird and some over for the day after. Birds vary, but, generally speaking, you can allow the following, after drawing and removing head and feet:

8 c. crumbs for 5-lb. chicken	6 c. crumbs for 5-lb. duck
16 c. crumbs for 12-lb. turkey	8 c. crumbs for 8-lb. goose

A baker's loaf makes about four cups crumbs, or one quart. Use bread at least a day old, the crusts as well as the inside. Brown is as good as white and adds flavor. Instead of breaking up the loaf as usual, try cutting the slices into cubes about 3/4 of an inch square. Cubes need not be regular in size, but should be small enough to absorb the seasoning evenly. This makes a light dressing.

Cut or mince the onion finely. Cook until clear in the fat. This makes all the difference to the flavor. For the fat, use dripping, or cooked bacon or sausage fat. Do not even consider butter. Every bit you avoid using eases the national butter situation.

To season, use salt, pepper, paprika, dried or fresh celery leaves, parsley, and mixed herbs. Amounts are determined by personal tastes. If the fat is salty, less salt will be needed. Go lightly on herbs. Better to use a little of several than a lot of one.

Mix crumbs and seasonings using a fork, rather than a spoon. Add the onion cooked in the fat and mix lightly. Hot liquid is better than cold as it penetrates more thoroughly. Broth, milk or water can be used for moistening, adding only enough to hold the mixture together.

Here is a stuffing for a 12-pound turkey. Increase the amounts if for a larger bird, or if you have a lot of young folks to consume it. If your bird is smaller, make plenty anyway, and bake the extra separately. It is grand with left over turkey.

Turkey Stuffing

1 c. melted fat	1/4 tsp. pepper
3/4 c. minced onion	1 tsp. poultry seasoning
16 c. stale bread	
3 tsp. salt	3/4 c. liquid

Melt fat, add finely chopped onion and cook gently until a golden color. Prepare crumbs, add salt, pepper, and a mixture of herbs. Mix well, add fat and onion and toss lightly. Moisten with about 3/4 cup hot liquid. You may need more or less according to the dryness of the bread. If desired, add 2 cups minced celery with the onion and 1/2 cup chopped parsley. Celery salt and dried parsley can be substituted. Taste the mixture to make sure that the flavor is exactly right.

In stuffing a bird, do not pack it in too tightly, especially in the neck, or it will not have room to expand. This will cause it to be a solid dense mixture. Sew up the openings, truss the bird and weigh it.

Leave plenty of time for the roasting so you will not be rushed:

5 lb. chicken—40 min. a lb.—at 325 deg. Fahr.
12 lb. turkey —18 min. a lb.—at 325 deg. Fahr.
5 lb. duck —36 min. a lb.—at 325 deg. Fahr.
8 lb. goose —30 min. a lb.—at 325 deg. Fahr.

Would you like to skip much of the business of basting? Here is how I do it. I lay a piece of cheesecloth over the bird with the ends in the dripping. After dipping the first few spoonfuls of hot fat over the top this acts as a wick and the basting is automatic. By keeping the temperature down to 325 there is no danger of burning and the result would please the most critical. Duck and goose contain so much fat you won't need to add any to the pan.

Temperature Important

From every standpoint, it pays to use moderate temperatures when cooking roasts or poultry. Intense heat has a shrivelling effect, it dries the surface, draws the moisture from the interior, cheats you out of flavor and is one of the reasons for inferior gravy. Not only do you get less satisfaction, but you have more work. When fat sputters, the roaster is harder to clean, and who enjoys wrestling with burned-on fat in the oven? Nobody in wartime or anytime can afford to expend much extra energy.

Don't let the heat go above 325 degrees, or medium heat. Arrange the cooking of the vegetables on the top of the stove so that you do not need to stoke up the fire near the last in order to get them done. It is a good trick to bake one vegetable in the same pan as the roast. Then bring out some canned peas or mixed vegetables that require only reheating as a second.

Set the bird on a rack in an open roaster. Brush it with unsalted fat to produce a glazed surface. At the start place it breast down. This helps to keep the white meat moist. Add no water. Finish the roasting with the breast up. Towards the last, if the legs and breast seem to be browning too much, lay strips of bacon or salt pork over them.

Carving Pointers

Save yourself work by using a platter large enough for the festive roast. This simplifies the job of carving, father's style is not cramped, accidents are avoided, thus reducing the work of wash day. Garnishes for the bird are nice, but the fewer there are the more time you will save and they won't complicate the carving.

In the case of a large party, it simplifies everything if the carving is done at a side table, the plates being passed by a daughter or son. Maybe father will not dodge the job if he can carve out of sight of other experts, though most people agree that carving of the bird or roast is an important part of the meal. A keen blade makes carving a pleasure, it cuts the meat economically, and keeps the slices from being ragged. Let the men do their share by seeing that the carver is properly sharpened.

Left-over Poultry

Cut the cooked meat into cubes or small pieces, mix with white sauce or gravy and serve between large baking powder biscuits.

Bake extra stuffing in a well greased ring mold until brown and set. Let it stand for a few minutes. Turn out on a plate and put above mixture in the centre.

Apples stuffed with turkey or chicken are also good. Remove cores and enough apple to form a cup. Fill with left-over fowl and stuffing, moistened with gravy. Bake for 40 minutes at 300 degrees.



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For extra economy
get large size

**GROVE'S
COLD TABLETS**

Cranberries for Christmas

By EFFIE BUTLER

CRANBERRIES, those plump, red berries as crimson as Santa Claus' bright suit, are typically a North American fruit. They are a special gift from the benevolent hand of kind Providence and grow wild in the marsh and swamp areas in Canada, from the borders of Alaska in the north to Quebec and Nova Scotia in the east, where they are also cultivated.

These luscious red berries were first discovered growing wild on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. The Pilgrims gathered and cooked them to serve with their wild turkey and game. Originally, they were called "craneberries," possibly because the curved stem of the fruit so nicely resembled the neck of the crane.

Mossberries, which closely resemble the cranberry, grow and ripen extensively in the swampy, unproductive regions of Ontario and the prairie provinces. They have a delicious acid flavor, are prime when firm and plump, and vary in color from a bright pink, sometimes spotted, to a deep crimson.

Mossberries or cranberries, without which no Canadian Christmas dinner is quite complete, may be used in the following recipes.

Raw Cranberry Salad

1 c. ground cranberries or mossberries	1 c. finely diced celery
1 c. ground apple	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ c. ground nuts	2 T. plain gelatine
	$1\frac{3}{4}$ c. boiling water

Prepare cranberries, apple, nuts by putting them through a food chopper. Dice celery and add with sugar. Dissolve gelatine and add boiling water. Combine the two mixtures. Allow to set and serve with or without dressing.

A very simple salad or relish to use with poultry meat, can be made by putting two cups raw cranberries and one orange, including rind, through grinder. Add one apple chopped and sweeten to taste with sugar or syrup.

Cranberry Jelly

4 c. cranberries	2 c. sugar
2 c. water	

Pick over and wash the cranberries. Boil with the water 20 minutes. Strain through a sieve. Boil juice two minutes, add sugar and boil for three minutes. Pour into molds or jars.

Cranberry Apple Sauce

1 c. apple (diced)	1 c. cranberries
1 c. water	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar

Place apple, cranberries, and water in a covered saucepan. Cook slowly until the cranberries have begun to "pop" well. Stir in the sugar and continue cooking until the berries are all cooked and the sauce has thickened. This is a delightful accompaniment for cold meats and may be used with the Christmas turkey if your budget will permit but a small quantity of cranberries.

Cranberry Pudding

$\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar	2 tsp. baking powder
$1\frac{1}{2}$ c. boiling water	1 T. of sugar
3 or 4 apples, peeled and sliced	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
1 c. cranberries	$1\frac{1}{2}$ T. shortening
1 c. flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. sweet milk

Place apples and cranberries with water and sugar in a casserole dish (with a cover) and bring to a boil. Make a biscuit dough with the remaining ingredients. Shape into a round to fit over the cooked fruit. Cover the dish and allow to cook gently on top of the stove for thirty minutes. This pudding may be cooked in oven (uncovered) for the same length of time (at 350 degrees Fahr.).

Cranberry Cocktail

6 c. cranberries	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
2 c. water	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. ginger ale

Cook cranberries in the water until soft and tender. Press through a sieve. Add sugar, stir and heat until it is thoroughly dissolved. Chill. Dilute to taste. Ginger ale may be added just before serving.



**HEAR YOUR
FAMILY CHEER!**



MAGIC'S LUSCIOUS PRUNE BISCUITS

1 cup sifted flour	grated rind 1 lemon
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder	4 tbsps. shortening
$\frac{1}{2}$ tspn. salt	$\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
1 cup whole wheat flour	6 to 12 chopped, stewed prunes, as desired
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar	

Sift together first three ingredients. Add whole wheat flour, lemon rind. Cut in shortening until mixed. Add milk to make soft dough. Roll out $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick, spread with well-drained chopped prunes; sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch pieces; stand on end in well-greased muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Makes 15.

You'll win top family honors with Magic's Prune Biscuits—so melty-rich, so *deliciously different* the folks will vote them "Best we ever ate!"

But don't take chances with ordinary baking powders. Always use Magic and *make sure* of finest results in all baked dishes. 3 generations of Canadian homemakers have depended on Magic's wholesome purity to guarantee finer, lighter texture, more delicious flavor.

Magic is economical, too—costs only 1¢ per average baking. So treat your family to Magic's Prune Biscuits tonight!

YOU'LL CHEER DEPENDABLE MAGIC



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Marshall-Wells ranges are continually abreast of the times in latest design and new and exclusive features.

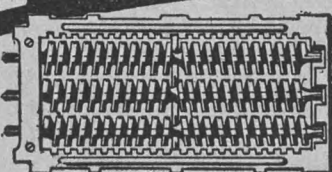
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The RANGE WITH
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NEVER
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SANTA CAME AFTER ALL

Continued from page 47

children were hustled out to sleigh ride and were not admitted to the house again until supper was on the table at dusk.

Some of us had our doubts when we were hanging up our stockings that Christmas Eve, but they were soon submerged in the simple faith of childhood. As usual we crept down stairs in the chilly dawn of Christmas morning, sure enough there was a row of knobby, bulging, stockings hanging from the chair backs (there was not, at that time, an evergreen within fifty miles). In one there was a beautiful Red Riding Hood doll, with a tiny basket of candy on her arm in the top of one stocking; from another there was a clown doll with a red and green ruffle around his neck; Baby's stocking was bulgy with a furry teddy bear, with shoe button eyes, sister thought at first it was a pig, but Mother said no, it was a teddy bear. (We never did find Baby's white coat afterward, but it was getting too small anyway.) And it was not till after breakfast that we discovered they were our own old dolls with new clothes.

There was a gorgeous red sleigh under one stocking, with real iron runners, but the paint was sticky in spots, so my brother had to put it away for a couple of days until it dried. In each stocking there was a brand new porridge dish—just like the ones we sometimes got in the rolled oats packages. There was a pair of new mitts for each one of us, too, and deep in the toe of each stocking a shiny red apple.

In the excitement of hunting through our stockings, we almost missed the letter Santa Claus had pinned to the clock shelf, it said,

Dear Boys and Girls,

There are so many new homesteaders in Eastern Alberta, this year, with boys and girls needing presents that old Santa has run short of toys. However, I know you boys and girls will not mind sharing some of the things I planned for you with the newcomers. I am going back to my workshop at the North Pole and work all week and I will be back again on New Year's Eve, so hang up your stockings again that night.

Merry Christmas,

Santa Claus.

And you should have heard the whoops of joy, when that letter was read. And Santa Claus did come to our house again that New Year's Eve.

And that is the way my Mother handled the toy shortage during an emergency in the last war. There will be similar shortages, in this, Canada's sixth war Christmas. However we can depend on the good sense of farm women to overlook these shortages and emphasize the abundance of good things we have—the turkeys and chickens and hams; the suet for puddings, the fresh cream and ice to freeze ice-cream, the shiny red apples and the bins of vegetables in our cellars.—Marjorie Stiles.

Fireside Fun

NIGHT falls. Fun-loving crowds gather. What to do?

New games are best; home-made, inexpensive, fireside games which can easily be set up, and which have no complicated rules. It's fun for all. Let's go!

1. Ring toss. Fruit jar rubbers are thrown across room. Idea is to make as many as possible land and stay on seat of chair. A landing and slide-off counts one point, a safe landing two points. Choose sides. Game is for 21 points.

2. Bean ball. Dishpan is placed about eight feet from chair. Inside dishpan is a smaller dish, and inside this stands a cup. Players take ten shots in turn from

the chair. A safe bulls-eye (bean staying in cup) counts ten, a bulls-eye (shot bouncing out of cup) counts eight, a safe inner (bean staying in small pan) is six, an inner (bean bouncing out of small pan) only four, an outer (bean in dishpan scores two. A miss (shot landing or bouncing outside dishpan) is minus five.

3. Hat trick. Place contestants on a chair about six feet from a hat. Idea is to toss, one at a time, as many playing cards as possible in the hat. Each player gets full deck and may reach over as far as possible without losing contact with chair. Looks easy. Very deceptive. Over half the cards in hat is excellent, 20 to 26 is good, 10 to 19 is about average, less than 10 . . . well, don't be surprised if this is you. Just try it!

4. Dart game. Tooth picks are blown across table through straws into six drinking glasses placed on sides with openings facing players. Use books for stoppers. Shots part way in count one, right in two, at least one toothpick fully in each of the six glasses doubles the score. Each player gets 18 shots.

5. Bounce ball. Idea is to bounce a ball into a dish pan placed eight or ten feet from starting line. Ball must touch floor once and only once before landing in pan. Two points if ball stays in pan, one if it legally lands in and bounces out. Try this while pianist plays chorus of popular song allowing each player as many throws as he can manage before music stops. Each player chases his own shots of course.

6. Mental arithmetic game. Players pick sides and come in room one at a time. Referee gives this problem: start with 1,040, add 40, add 1,000, add 10, add 10 more. What is the answer? Strange as it may sound, over half the contestants will say 3,000. Funny that the answer obviously is 2,100.

Well there you have six parlor pee-wee games. Minimum trouble; maximum fun. With these on the top shelf of your mind you will never be at a loss for home-made hilarity. Do not try all the games any one evening. Too many make too much. An evening's tournament of four or five selected games will give you over an hour's tip-top entertainment. Shut off at the high peak of fun. That way, your guests will be looking forward to their next party at your house.—Walter King.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Continued from page 8

the shallow thing that comes from a moment of material joy. It is the deep permanent happiness known to all Christians springing out of the knowledge that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Are not these thoughts the gladdest of tidings? Glad? you say. What about the thousands in sorrow? What about the countless war sufferers? Can you talk of gladness in a world such as ours today? Yes! Perhaps there is not much gladness in countless men's hearts, but think for a moment of the message of the Angel to the shepherds, "Peace on Earth, goodwill to men." That was a promise. A promise to be fulfilled when men follow God and love Him and obey His laws. Do they? Well, look in to your own heart first. Get God's peace there and it will spread to your neighbors. The message of Christmas is a message of peace—a peace for the world that comes straight from the heart of God. So let each of us come this Christmas to the Crib of Bethlehem as came the shepherds and Wise Men of old and lay at the feet of Jesus our treasures: the gold of obedience; the frankincense of prayer and the myrrh of repentance. There is the only hope of peace in this world, but it is a real hope. Shall we not make this Christmas the merrier by spreading this faith through our sin-sick world?

Gifts For Aid Of Beauty

Some of the little luxuries we can delight in giving now that they are plentiful

By LORETTA MILLER



Susan Peters, beautiful motion star, is an example of bright-eyed loveliness which comes from careful grooming and her share of rest, exercise and fresh air.

fastidious. Or, wrap a group of brightly colored puffs in a cellophane paper, tie with a ribbon and make a big bow, and let this truly usable and feminine gift solve the powder puff shortage for a friend.

FOR a super Christmas gift, of course, the obvious thing is to give a gift certificate which will entitle the holder to a permanent wave or a series of beauty treatments at her favorite salon. These certificates range in price from a few dollars to several dollars, depending upon the shop . . . and your purse.

A bottle of hand lotion, or a jar of hand cream, and a pair of special sleeping gloves, or the most inexpensive cotton gloves you could find, will make a nice gift for the girl or woman whose hands require special pampering. Add a pretty little hand brush or an orange-wood stick or two, and the gift becomes more elaborate.

For the young lady who is just beginning to learn the importance of fastidious grooming, a few of everyday grooming aids put into a container is perfect for building self-confidence. Group together a handbrush, cake of scented soap, washcloth, toothbrush, bath brush, talcum or bath powder, orangewood stick and perhaps sachet. Select a box large enough to hold all of these. Cover the box outside and line it inside with oil cloth or waterproof leatherette. It will be a joy to have all grooming items together and will do much to encourage tidiness and good grooming.

Make a lovely pillow of balsam needles. Use a heavy ticking and over it an embroidered or plain case of a color to blend with the furnishings in the room. The balsam needles will give the entire house a lovely fragrance.

MAKE your Christmas packages lovely to look at. A little branch of pine, spruce or balsam tied with the bow that decorates your gifts, will give even the smallest package an important, festive look.

And when Christmas comes, don't forget the importance of looking your loveliest, for others as well as for yourself. Knowing that you look your best will honestly help make you freer to enjoy the day. You will have a new confidence that will make your personality sparkle. Put on your smoothest make-up and fashion your hair in its most flattering arrangement. Get your share of sleep before Christmas so when the joyous day comes, it will find you bright-eyed, fresh, and lovely.

God's greatest blessing to all of you and may the bright beam of Peace cast its shining light to mark the pathway for your happiness.

Fewer Colds—Shorter Colds

Among Children in Test of Plan for Controlling Colds

With so many doctors busier than ever these days, it is the duty of every mother to get her family through the winter with fewer colds and shorter colds. Results of recent winter tests among school-age children now promise valuable help to mothers faced with this problem.

Carefully supervised under clinic conditions, extensive tests among 2,650 children revealed that there were 20.64% fewer colds, and colds were 36.39% shorter, among children following this Clinic Plan than among other children following usual practices in treating colds.

Because children as a group are particularly susceptible to colds, the results of this Clinic Plan (fewer colds and shorter colds) are especially worth consideration by all mothers.

Under this Plan for controlling colds . . . better known as the Vicks Plan—you just do these three things: (1) Observe a few simple health rules; (2) When a cold threatens, use Vicks Va-tro-nol to help prevent its developing; (3) If a cold should develop, use Vicks VapoRub to relieve and shorten its miseries.

You will want to (and certainly should) put the Vicks Plan to work in your home today. Look for full details in your package of Vicks.



Help Prevent Many Colds from Developing!

At the first sniffle, sneeze, or other sign of a cold, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Va-tro-nol—used in time—works right where trouble starts—aids your natural defenses against colds—helps prevent many colds from developing . . . WHAT'S MORE—when a head cold stuffs you up, Va-tro-nol relieves distress 3 ways—(1) Shrinks swollen membranes, (2) relieves irritation, (3) helps clear clogged nasal passages. You'll like the results!

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Gives Mother *Easy* Way To Relieve Miseries of Children's Colds



Acts Promptly to help Relieve Coughing Spasms, Congestion and Irritation in Bronchial Tubes

Because its *penetrating-stimulating action* (as illustrated) brings such grand relief, most young mothers rub VapoRub on the throat, chest and back at bedtime. It starts to work at once and keeps on working for hours to bring relief. Invites restful sleep. Often by morning most of the misery of the

cold is gone. When you see how effectively this *penetrating-stimulating action* works, you will understand why VapoRub is the best-known home remedy for relieving miseries of children's colds. Try it!

VICKS VAPORUB

WITH "peace on earth" uppermost in our thoughts, Christmas brings a new meaning to us this year. We have come to be increasingly grateful for the meaning of peace; for the comforts of home, the love of family and friends, and the hitherto everyday things that bring joy to our hearts and easy, happy living to our way of life.

Having done without so many things in recent years, has made us appreciate such commonplace essentials as pins and hairpins, safety pins, little luxuries for ourselves and our homes, and pretty and amusing gadgets. Also missing from the well-stocked dressing table and bureau drawers, have been the fancy pre-war packages, streamlined lipstick containers, elaborate compacts, fluffy, down powder puffs and many of the old-time essentials we thought we couldn't do without.

This Christmas, more than ever, gifts will be wisely chosen and sincerely appreciated. The presents which will shine most brilliantly under the Christmas trees of women and girls, will be those which can be put to practical use. If you can't find a nice compact for Cousin Sue, you can make a dandy from a little piece of nice silk, satin, wool or cotton. Line it with outing flannel, put a clasp on it to hold it closed, put a colorful powder puff in it, and you will swell with pride as Cousin Sue heaps praises upon your head Christmas morning. Or, if you prefer, crochet a puff case. Make two round doilies, stitch them together around the edge, and line the case with a contrasting color. For extra measure put a puff in the case. Give either of these puff cases alone, or put it with a box of her favorite face powder.

A MANICURING kit which you can assemble yourself will bring joy to the heart of any girl or woman who does her own nails. A bottle each of polish, polish remover and cuticle oil, a little bundle of orangewood sticks tied together with bright ribbon, an emery board or two, and a large fluff of cotton, all put into a festive looking box and decorated with Christmas seals and a big bow, will make a lovely gift.

A beautiful, old-fashioned rose bowl, reminiscent of grandmother's day, can be easily made at home. The directions vary, according to locality and the types of roses available. A number of rose petals is put into a glass bowl, sprinkled lightly with spices and allowed to dry. The bowl is left uncovered until the petals become dry. It is necessary, however, to shake the bowl each day in order to change the position of its contents. Fresh rose petals, and perhaps a few spices, should be added from time to time.

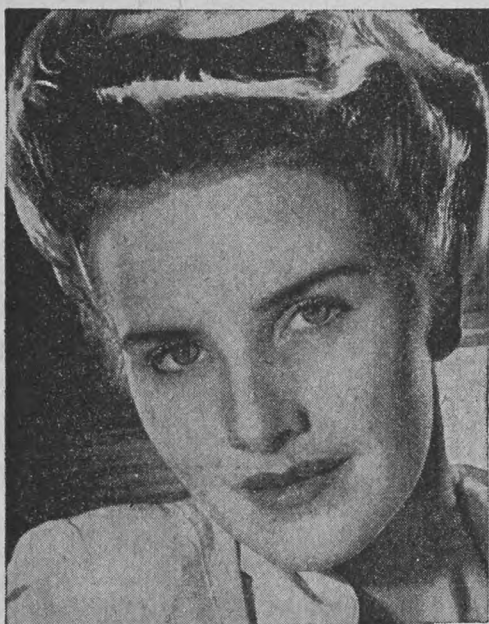
Washcloths crocheted of natural, white or colorful cotton, made with a harmonizing or contrasting border, and put into a box with a cake of lovely soap, make a bright, cheery gift for the regular soap and water user. Soap shaped like an animal, or perhaps a doll (for a little girl), and boxed with a washcloth or a little brush, make a nice children's gift. Pieces of Turkish towel-ling, with crocheted borders, solves the problem of what to do with partially worn out bath towels.

A lovely toothbrush, packaged with a tube or container of dentifrice, and tied with a festive touch, will certainly gladden the practical heart.

An assortment of powder puffs of different colors and sizes will thrill the

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December Designs



No. 2507—Lovable, huggable rag doll with a jumper outfit. Her hair could be in a bright color yarn. Cut in one size, 13 inches tall. Body requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 35-inch material; for hat, jumper and panties $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35-inch fabric, 2 yards ric-ric; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 35-inch fabric for blouse.

No. 3487—Smart two-piece dress for casual or for better wear with jewelry ornament or fancy buttons. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch material.

No. 3845—A demure jumper for a little girl, charming scallops down the front, edged in ric-rac if you prefer, worn with pretty blouse. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch fabric for jumper; $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric for blouse.

No. 3680—Pinafores make pretty home-front uniforms. This ruffle style is equally charming with or without a blouse. Choice of U or V neckline. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric with $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards ric-rac.

No. 2526—Ever charming princess style including a choice of the season's popular notched collar. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric.

No. 3896—A popular jumper that is easy to make and features the U neckline. The blouse pattern can be used for either a tuck-in blouse or jacket. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch fabric for jumper, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric for blouse, 2 yards 39-inch fabric for jacket.

No. 3410—Pattern offers a variety of blouses much needed for girls to wear with jumpers and suits. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Size 12 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch fabric for overhead blouse; $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35-inch or 39-inch material for the others.

Patterns, 15 cents each.

Fall Fashion Book, 15 cents.

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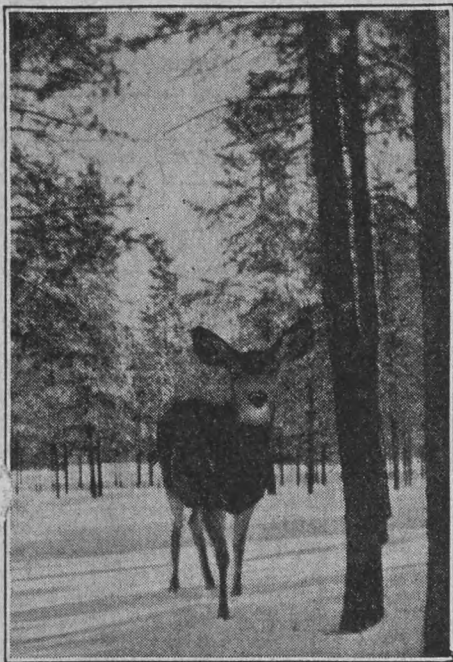
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THE COUNTRY BOY AND GIRL



Royalty

By AUDREY MCKIM

Little princess
Of the wood,
Be gracious please,
A princess should.
A downy carpet
Shimm'ring white
Was spread for you
Throughout the night,
And I have waited
Half the day,
Now you've come
Don't dart away,
Your friendly trees
Still guard the clearance,
On this your first
Public Appearance!

Willie Weecat and the Policemouse

By MARY E. GRANNAN.

WILLIE WEECAT was thinking. Willie Weecat had looked at the calendar on the kitchen door that morning and had seen that it was December.

"December's the month that Santa Claus comes, isn't it?" asked Willie of the old Tortoiseshell cat under the kitchen stove.

"Yes," said the Tortoiseshell. "but it doesn't make much difference to us, does it? Santa Claus never comes to cats, does he? Do you ever hang your stocking Willie Weecat?"

"No," said Willie, "but there isn't any reason why I shouldn't." He knew Santa Claus would be sure to come if he did hang a stocking, and he said so.

"Oh, forget it Willie," said the Tortoiseshell. "Don't be starting anything like that. You'll just upset Santa Claus, that's all you'll do. He's been getting toys and things ready for the children. He hasn't been getting ready for cats and kittens."

"Well, I'll help him," said Willie. "I know what I'll do. I'll start catching mice right now. . . nice fat mice, and I'll put them all in a big bag Christmas Eve and give them to Santa Claus. He can take a mouse to every kitten that hangs a stocking on Christmas Eve."

Old Tortoiseshell thought that it was a good idea, "But," he said, "I wouldn't tell the kittens though. I'd let it be a surprise for them."

"But what about the stockings?" asked Willie. "They have to hang stockings."

"Santa Claus will put the mice in Christmas stockings," said old Tortoiseshell. "because you know as well as I do, Willie, that we kittens and cats have no stockings."

Willie knew old Tortoise was right. The whole thing would be a happy surprise for the kittens and cats. He'd get the mice. . . Santa'd give the stockings. He started out right away to catch mice. The first one he caught was a little baby grey one. Her name was Pearlie and she was sleeping in her baby carriage on the porch of her nest. She cried out as Willie Weecat carried her away. . . but Willie didn't mind. He just marked

December is an exciting month! You are likely taking part in practices for the school Christmas concert or social. There are plays, dialogues, recitations and songs to prepare and this comes in addition to your school work. At home, mother and possibly sisters are busy preparing extras in the way of food. Perhaps you are going to have visitors or a special guest at your house for the holiday. That will be fun! There is often whispering and a good deal of laughing going on and mostly the family do not want to tell you what it is all about. They say that it is a "surprise" in store for you. Surprises are exciting! Why not think up a few of your own this year. Think how you could "surprise" mother or father or someone else in the family. Grown-ups have quite a large number of things on their mind these days. No one can be really happy until the war is over. Doing something kind and thoughtful may be a very pleasant surprise for mother or dad and they would probably feel just as excited over it as they would over a gift bought for them. I'm sure that you can work out your own Christmas surprise.

down, Pearlie, Number One. The next mouse he caught was a traffic cop.

"No. . . no," cried the policemouse, "You can't take me. . . I've got to direct traffic. Jimmy Jumps and Mattie Mouse are getting married in that mousehouse over there. There's a big crowd in there. I've got to stay here to direct traffic."

Willie Weecat laughed. "Ha. . . a whole crowd of mice together! That's wonderful. I'll just go and catch them all."

The policemouse got pale. . . "No," he said. . . "No you wouldn't do that. You wouldn't spoil Jimmy's and Mattie's happy day."

"Oh but I'm going to make a happy Christmas day for kittens and cats," said Willie. "I'm going to catch a million mice and take them to Santa Claus to give to a million kittens for Christmas."

The policemouse shook his head sadly. "I don't think the million kittens will have a very merry Christmas if they know they've spoiled Christmas for a million mice. Mice like Christmas, too, you know."

Willie Weecat loosed his hold on the policemouse. "Policemouse, you are right and I am wrong. I didn't think about what I would be doing. I wouldn't be happy if I spoiled Christmas for someone else. I'll let Pearlie go too, and will you wish Jimmy and Mattie a happy wedding day, for me?"

Willie went back to where Old Tortoise lay under the stove. "I've got to think up something else for the kittens' stockings, Old Tortoise. That wasn't so good."

"I wouldn't worry about it, Willie Weecat," said Old Tortoise. "The children will share their Christmas with us, just as they always have done."

"Yes," said Willie. "Yes, they will. Old Tortoise, I think I'll go to sleep." And Willie Weecat did, and he dreamed Christmas dreams, and purred contentedly.

Paper Chains

OF course you all know how to make the usual kind of paper chains, by pasting one strip of paper into a ring, running another strip of a different color through it, and pasting that also into a ring, continuing until complete.

Another way of making paper chains is by pasting a sheet of colored paper about eight-inches wide to form a tube; press this flat, then cut it across into strips about one-inch wide, each strip being a flattened ring. On the outside in the centre of one ring put a dab of paste, then press another ring on that. Put a dab of paste on the second ring on the opposite side, and press another ring on that. Make your chain to the length required.

The Christmas Tree

QUAINT, realistic looking Christmas trees, can be made in almost any size you wish by the following method. Tiny ones made from green paper would make charming table favors, and a slightly larger one could be used as the centerpiece. It will be well for you to experiment with some newspapers or other scrap paper first, to get an idea of the size of tree that will result. You will probably be surprised that you can make quite large ones from comparatively small sheets of paper.

Roll five or six sheets of paper into a tube, pasting each piece to the one that went before. The tube should be quite firm, although not too tightly rolled. When you have all the sheets rolled,

hold them from unrolling by putting a rubber band, or a piece of string around one end, as in Fig. 1. Now cut three slits in the tube about two-thirds of the length of the tube as shown, also in Fig. 1. Bend down the three parts of the tube to form Fig. 2. Now put your forefinger into the tube and draw gently upwards, so that your finished tree looks somewhat like Fig. 3. Simple, isn't it?

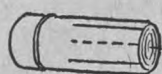


FIG. 1

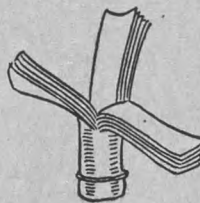


FIG. 2



FIG. 3

A Five-pointed Star

HOW often have you wished to cut out a five pointed star for purposes of decoration and such like at Christmas time. But it is so difficult to get the points even, isn't it? Here is a method by which you can produce a perfect one with a few folds of the paper and a single cut of the scissors.

You start out with a square, the size depending on the size of star you require. Experiment first of all with a piece of paper five inches square. Fold it from corner to corner, as in Figure 1. The base line A-B is then seven inches long, and the centre point should be marked D. Measure one-third of the distance from A to C and mark the point E. As A-C is five inches long, E will be 1 11/16 of an inch from A. Fold corner B over to the left, so that the edge B-D passes through point E (Fig. 2).

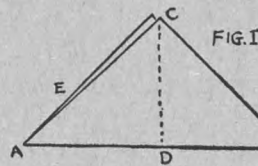


FIG. 1

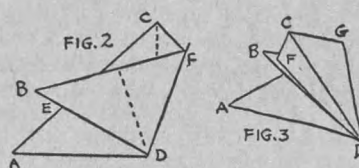


FIG. 2

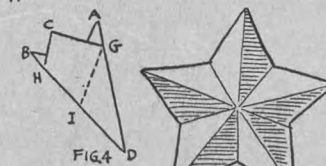


FIG. 3

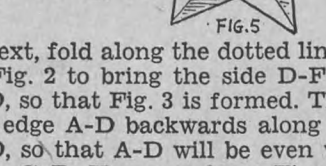


FIG. 4

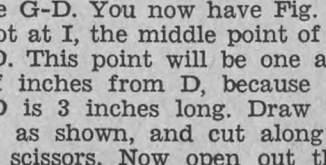


FIG. 5

Next, fold along the dotted line shown in Fig. 2 to bring the side D-E to edge B-D, so that Fig. 3 is formed. Then fold the edge A-D backwards along the line B-D, so that A-D will be even with the edge G-D. You now have Fig. 4. Make a dot at I, the middle point of the line H-D. This point will be one and one-half inches from D, because the line H-D is 3 inches long. Draw the line G-I as shown, and cut along it with the scissors. Now open out the right hand part of the paper, and you will find that you have a perfect five pointed star as shown in Fig. 5.

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LAND: This is light land, but has produced good crops with proper supervision and normal moisture. It is good for mixed farming; about 160 acres under cultivation, but this land was not cropped in 1944 because of labor shortage. Price \$3,000 cash. Apply:

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INCORPORATED 2nd MAY, 1670



Straight from the Grass Roots

WRITES D. L. Davis, of Vanscoy, Sask.:

"I have just been listening to your broadcast on this date, and I heard you mention a paid-up subscription until 1954, with the remark, 'Can you beat it.' My father celebrated his 78th birthday on Dec. 1, 1944, and he is the possessor of a paid-up subscription to your paper until June, 1960. He was not listening to the broadcast as he was out tending to his chickens at the time. He does nearly all the work in connection with feeding and watering the flock of around 500 birds which, as soon as the poultry inspectors arrive, will be government approved. I am enclosing the label from the last issue of the paper received, the November issue, which he still reads and enjoys."

* * *

A PRAIRIE farmer had built a new barn. A visitor came along and noticed that one of the side-walls was curved in about two feet in the middle. "How come you didn't build the wall straight?" enquired the visitor. "We-ell," replied the farmer, "it was like this. When I built that wall a northeast wind was a-blowin' and it sure put a bend in her."



"ONE day last spring," writes Thos. Sobieshanski, of Garland, Man., "I was plowing on my father's farm and had a package of tobacco that I didn't care to smoke. So, I just dropped it in the furrow and plowed it under. In the fall, when we were harvesting the crop, to our amazement we found a sturdy tobacco plant with no less than a hundred expertly rolled cigarettes hanging from it."

WE knew it! Those B.C. fellows were not going to let us get away with an apple a mere 3 1/2 inches across. And so we were not surprised when Percy R. Couch, out New Westminster way, took pen in hand and penned this:

"I want to let you know how much we enjoy your magazine. I especially like the stuff you write in Straight from the Grass Roots. Sometimes I think you are kidding us but just to let you know I am not kidding I am sending you this apple. I picked it from the lower branch of one of my trees."



I would like to send you one from the top, but with the labor shortage around here I could not get anyone to help me lift it down. Maybe this one will top Mr. Svarich's three-and-a-half incher."

And by the same mail, parcel post, came the whopper of an apple. It weighed 16 1/2 ounces after it got here,

which for all we know may or may not be the best they can do in B.C. How big can an apple grow out there anyway?

AT a sale of odds and ends for war work I rolled up the numbers of The Guide containing the story, My Friend Flicka, and almost started a scrap. Everybody wanted it. I wish some editor would get the idea of printing stories so that they would be more easily removed and kept for future reading.

Now for that farm house plan. Where, oh where, is the downstairs bedroom where maw can snatch her forty winks after dinner or snap into a fresh house dress when she sees a car roll into the yard.—From a letter by Mrs. Chas. Morrison, Hartney, Man.

WHEN ducks and geese get so thick or so careless that they can be pulled down out of the air by hand—well, it saves shells, anyway. The North Battleford News carried this goose story: Frank Kohles and Lou Sylvester were crossing Jackfish Lake in Frank's speedboat—and we do mean speedboat. Right ahead of them a flock of Canada geese started to rise from the water. On a sudden impulse, Frank stepped on the gas, the boat shot forward, and one goose, a little slow in the take-off, passed over the boat. One of the lads reached up, grabbed the goose by the neck, gave it a slight twist and there lay Mr. Goose on the floor of the boat.

The Boissevain Recorder has a somewhat similar story about a wild duck. One foggy night Roy Birbeck was getting his car ready to go home when a wild duck, attracted by the glare of the lights, flew in front of the car. Roy made a grab for the bird and was able to catch it. So he became the owner of a nice wild duck, without the trouble of spending his time hunting.

The Stonewall Argus also had a goose story. Constable Harpell, of the R.C.M.P. was driving along the road about two a.m. when he observed an object which at first appeared to be a lump of mud. But just as he was about to pass over it he got the surprise of his life to find that it was a wild goose. He stopped the car and got out. The goose, which had strayed from the flock, plainly admitted that it was prowling around on business of a suspicious nature, and readily surrendered. It was brought home and placed in a pen and appeared none the worse for its experience.

* * *

IF you will only allow me space in your Straight from the Grassroots for another tall story I will thank you. When my father was farming in Iowa, beside the Missouri river, our collie went down to the river to bathe. Coming out he got his hair full of that Missouri river mud and then trotted home through a field of ripe red clover. A lot of clover seed got into the mud on his coat and sprouted. From the crop of clover that grew on that dog's back we pastured three cows all summer and had two rack loads of good clover hay left over. But we neglected to cut the aftermath, and it grew so luxuriantly all over the dog that it smothered him to death.—I. N. Skidmore, Denholm, Sask.



* * *

CANADIAN PRESS despatch from Carrington Grange, England: Thomas Joseph Ward, 73, whose 7,000-acre farm in Lincolnshire and Norfolk is one of the largest in England, has just died.

Pretty good sized farm too, for little England, when you come to think of it.

* * *

LAST summer the Seamans Gazette discovered the laziest man in the district. Two men were standing talking when one of them pointed to a third man who was in the sheltering branches of an oak tree. "There," he said, "is the laziest man in this community."

"Now, now," replied the other one charitably, "you may be too harsh in your judgment. After all, it's a hot day and what's the harm in catching a little nap?"

"Nap," exclaimed the first man. "Do you know how that lazy loafer got into that tree? Well, I'll tell you. Thirty years ago he laid down on an acorn."

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Practical Books and Bulletins

"A Country Guide Service"

21. Grafting and Budding Fruit Trees by G. F. Chipman—25 cents post paid.
22. Hardy Fruits, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
23. Farm Workshop Guide, edited by R. D. Colquette—Illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid. (Available Feb. 1, 1945.)
50. The Countrywoman Handbook Book No. 1 — Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c post paid.
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